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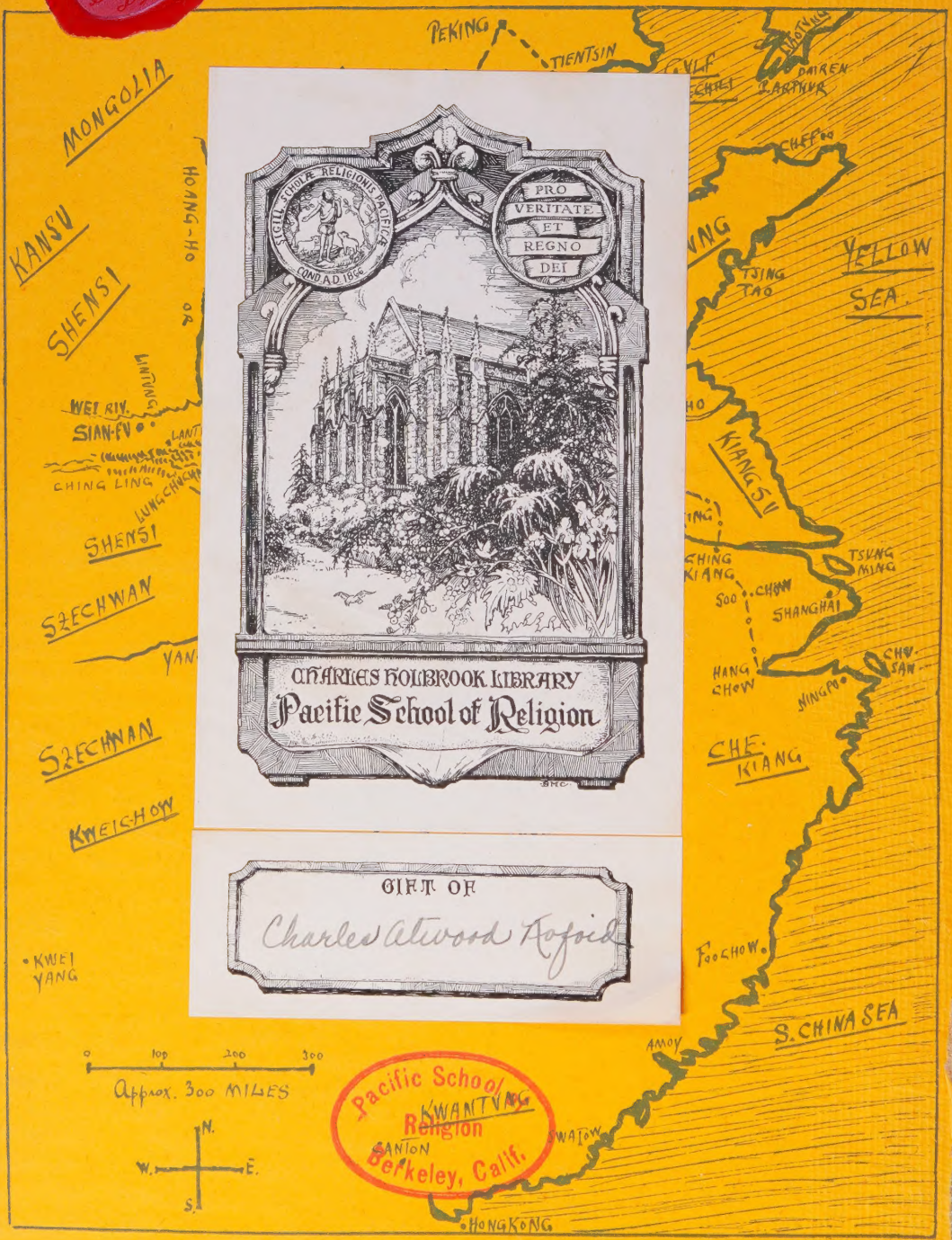

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MY NESTORIAN ADVENTURE IN CHINA

A POPULAR ACCOUNT OF THE HOLM-NESTORIAN
EXPEDITION TO SIAN-FU AND ITS RESULTS

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THE AUTHOR.

My Nestorian Adventure in China

A Popular Account of the Holm-Nestorian Expedition to Sian-Fu and Its Results

by

FRITS HOLM, G.C.G.,
LITT.D., LL.D., D.C.L.

Hon. Chamberlain to H.R.H. the Count of Caserta, G.M.G.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

THE REV. ABRAHAM YOHANNAN, PH.D.

Professor in Columbia University of New York City

Illustrated with a Map and Thirty-three Photographs by the Author and a Frontispiece

LONDON:

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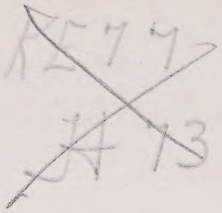

MOST REVERENTLY INSCRIBED
TO THE MEMORY OF

HIS MAJESTY FREDERIK VIII
KING OF DENMARK
MCMVI-MCMXII

DURING WHOSE REIGN
THIS DANISH EXPEDITION WAS UNDERTAKEN
AND
WHOSE GRACIOUS INTEREST IN THE AUTHOR
DURING HIS CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH
HAS EVER REMAINED A SOURCE
OF
GRATITUDE AND INSPIRATION

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COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY
IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK
DIVISION OF ORIENTAL LANGUAGES

January 24, 1923.

Excellency:—

It gives me great pleasure to give this book of yours that cordial send-off which your grit and perseverance and energy warrant. Sixteen years is a long time for anyone to devote to a stone, even though that stone be the Nestorian Monument of Sian-fu.

As you know, I was reared in the Nestorian Church in Western Asia; and, during my childhood, I was taught the history of the early Nestorians or Chaldæan Christians, and I learned about their astounding missionary activities far and wide across the continent of Asia.

Such are the antecedents of these historical Christians, and such is the testimony of this silent witness of the faithful labours of the Nestorian branch of the Church in early days.

Later, as an ordained priest of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and as a professor in this University, I have continued studying Nestorianism, about which I have written at length;

and I have in the meanwhile enjoyed your acquaintance and advice for many a year, while I have attended your lectures with deep interest.

It seems but natural, that men like President Theodore Roosevelt; as well as the present Nestorian Patriarch, His Beatitude Mar Shimun; His Excellency Doctor Vilhelm Thomsen; Professor Friedrich Hirth; and Professor P. Y. Saeki, have united with many other scholars and orientalists in lauding your successful efforts in rendering the Nestorian Monument known throughout the world. Indeed, one can hardly improve upon what Archbishop Ireland wrote you some years ago:

> "It is no surprise to me that the Holy Father has thought it his duty to bestow upon you the honour of Knighthood as Commander in the Order of St. Sylvester, and that other honours have come to you in profusion from Sovereigns of States and high-ranking societies of learning.
>
> "The Nestorian Monument is a wonderful relic of past ages. Through your enlightened researches and wonderful industry you have drawn it from oblivion, and made it a living mouthpiece

of remote history to present and future generations.

"I congratulate you upon your great achievement."

I thoroughly agree with these words of His Grace.

In conclusion I wish to say how glad I am that you have been willing patiently to await this propitious moment, when you adjudge your archæological mission consummated, for bringing out the interesting account of your great expedition and its important results.

With best wishes, I remain, Your Excellency's,

Sincere friend and admirer,
ABRAHAM YOHANNAN.

H. E.
Dr. Frits Holm, G.C.G., G.C.O.M., G.C.C.M.
Fourteen John Street, New York.

"The great, northwestern provinces of Shensi and Kansu, far from railroads and approached only by the roughest of roads or tedious water routes, and through their isolation having no commercial intercourse with countries outside China, are to most foreigners *terra incognita.*"

—From The New York Times
Book Review, Jan. 14, 1923.

Foreword

AT the end of the Bund, where sluggish Soochow Creek runs into that ever dirty Whampoa River which, some fifteen miles further downstream, joins the mighty Yang-tse, is Shanghai's public garden.

Near the entrance, when you come from the Bund, is—or at least was, some twenty years ago and more—a tiny artificial hillock with a bit of a summer-house, placed just above the sloping stone-embankment, where once a stranded countryman of mine committed suicide.

In the spring and early summer of 1901, when I first came to China, a compatriot, Gilbert Berner, and I used to meet every morning early in the little summer-house for a chat before our duties separated us for the rest of the day.

He was the second son of the head in China of the Great Northern Telegraphs, Denmark's premier undertaking abroad.

He had his family in Shanghai. I was entirely alone.

We were both young and, therefore, eager. I was nineteen, Gilbert a little more.

At that time the imperial court had fled from Peking, and the allied expeditionary force under its German commander, Field Marshal Count von Waldersee, occupied the capital, while returning troops were temporarily garrisoned in the coastal cities.

They were great, those Boxer days, early in the century!

Chinese governmental edicts were issued daily from Sian-fu, the provincial capital of hidden Shensi, the imperial residence for the nonce.

My friend and I burned to go to Sian-fu in order to report to the outer world the doings of a Celestial empress-dowager and emperor in exile, and we looked about for ways and means.

I secured the best maps from Kelly & Walsh, on the Bund, and I began measuring distances and things, which greatly excited me.

Eventually I suggested that—after Sian-fu—we might as well finish the job and ride straight across Asia and Europe to Denmark, where a grateful populace might issue forth to acclaim us on strength of our extensive if somewhat aimless peregrinations.

Nothing, however, resulted, though I still treasure as souvenirs the gold-embossed, neatly-bound maps with route-tracings and distances marked, all in polychromatic constellations of vivid inks.

Prosaic duties and complete lack of capital detained us, although I have not forgotten the patience and kindness with which Mr. J. O. P. Bland, municipal secretary and Times's correspondent, listened to my schemes.

They were the same qualities that Mr. Bland again demonstrated in Peking, some seven years later, when my expedition all but came to grief, thanks to various fortuities and to the financial panic in the United States of that memorable year.

Gilbert worked in the Russo-Chinese Bank, while I was soon to embark upon some of the first inspection-trips ever made for the American Tobacco Company up the Yang-Tse and elsewhere.

Yet, it must have been then and there, on the little hillock in the public garden of Shanghai, twenty-two years ago, that the seeds were sown which, later on, brought me back to the Far East from Copenhagen, and London, and New York in order that I might, despite six years' delay, proceed to Sian-fu, imperial capital of yore, there to see what could be done with the Nestorian Monument, there to visit the sights of what must some day prove the greatest archæological field within Chinese territory, there to inspect the empress-dowager's crammed quarters and even, at Lintung-hsien, but sixteen miles from

Sian-fu, rest more than once overnight in Her Majesty's long-abandoned, red-painted, wooden bedstead — amid sedulous scarabs and taily scorpions, and the other living things, whose crawling you experience, when you venture too far into the interior of the Middle Flowery Kingdom.

The history of the Nestorian Monument, the Chingchiaopei or Luminous Teaching Tablet, undeniably forms the most unique chapter of our era, so far as proselytism is concerned.

For the bilingual inscription reveals to us the wondrous tale of the first mission to China that ever made converts there to the Church of Christ arriving, as it did, in A. D. 635, overland from West Asia—from Ta Tsin, probably meaning Syria.

Since those early days we Christians have become increasingly divided, so that a great American-born movement is now on foot in order to unite as many creeds and sects as feasible under one banner.

It is well so!

And it behooves us, in this connection, conscientiously to pay heed to what Dr. Lowe Chuan Hwa wrote in The Nation on Feb. 7th, 1923, referring to the "West's conflicting creeds" and the various denominations so confusingly represented in China:

"To acquire a secure footing among the educated and intelligent Chinese, therefore, it is imperative that Christianity should be presented to them in a form that can bear the closest critical scrutiny by the unprepossessed intellect. A Christianity that is decaying in the Occident, a Christianity that is mischievous and obsolete, a Christianity that is morally ineffective, philosophically unsound, and historically untrue will never find a permanent home on Chinese soil."

F. H.

New York.

I

ON THE GRAND CANAL IN CHILI

IN the evening of the twelfth day of January, 1907, at Queen's Hall in London, H. R. H. the Duke of the Abruzzi, the distinguished Italian sailor and alpinist, delivered, in the presence of King Edward VII, the Prince of Wales, and the Fellows of the Royal Geographical Society, his illustrated lecture on "The Sources of the Nile," being the account of his explorations among the equatorial mountain-ranges of the Ruwenzori in Africa.

For a year and a half I had been a constant reader in the inexhaustible library of the British Museum with a view of endeavouring to perfect my knowledge concerning certain things Asian, notably Chinese.

During a three years' stay in the Far East I had acquired and cultivated a keen interest in, and a profound admiration for the ancient Celestial Empire, its history, its religions, its relics.

While in China, I had heard mentioned more than once the shamefully neglected Nestorian Monument of Sian-fu, from our western view-

point undeniably China's foremost monument, and it so happened that on the very day I attended the duke's lecture in the evening, I had spent the afternoon studying extracts from various sources concerning the venerable Chinese Stela of early Christian origin.

I listened absent-mindedly to the duke's lecture and to His Majesty's congratulatory speech, hardly realizing that all the while nebulous ideas and plans were subconsciously taking shape in my brain.

Two days later I found myself closeted with a somewhat irascible, elderly official in one of the oriental departments of the British Museum, discussing the possibilities connected with an attempt to obtain the Nestorian Tablet, or a perfect Replica in stone—not a cast—of that famous Monument, for the western scientific world.

From my learned interlocutor I gathered that, if anyone were to bring the original Nestorian Monument into the British Museum, they would take as excellent care of it there as they do of the Rosetta Stone, inviting any possible objector to come and take it.

As to a Replica, even of absolute perfection, he was somewhat less positive, although he thought that it would gratefully be accepted and erected, if made of stone.

As to the plan in its entirety, he expressed himself, with an impressive shrug of intolerance, as follows:

"Young man, can you not understand that, were it possible to transport this huge Tablet, or a stone Replica of it, along the impassable Chinese roads, such a venture would have been undertaken long ago. You'll certainly get killed, if you try!"

To this encouraging admonition I mumbled something about only difficult things being really worth while trying one's hand at, whereupon I descended into the famous circular reading-room to my books and notes on China.

During the following two weeks I brought my ambitions before Sir Clements Markham, Sir Martin Conway, Dr. Scott Keltie, Mr. Yates Thompson, Dr. Frithjof Nansen, then Norwegian Minister to the Court of St. James's, and others, and it appeared to me that almost everybody manifested sympathy and interest so far as my archæological scheme was concerned.

Eventually I became the happy possessor of the initial capital through the sacrificial expediency of disposing of my personal belongings, including books I loved, clothes I wore, and jewelry I used.

I thereupon left London ultimo January and travelled, via my native Copenhagen, where my

family was made to invest, to New York, where I arrived on board the R. M. S. "Hellig Olav" on February 20, 1907.

In New York I had a standing engagement with the well-known American editor and author, James Davenport Whelpley, whom I had luckily been able to render some insignificant service on a former occasion.

Mr. Whelpley, who displayed a keen interest in my plan, went to Washington to see Dr. Cyrus Adler and other orientalists concerning the Nestorian Monument, and in order to inquire into the feasibility of my suggestion, and, upon his return to New York, he declared himself willing partly to obtain from the late H. D. Lyman, of the American Surety Company, and partly to invest, the balance of the capital needed.

Sir Purdon Clarke, then the beloved director of the growing Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, received me several times to discuss details, and so as to let me benefit by his own experiences as a traveller in other parts of Asia. I shall not forget the fatherly encouragement that this old Englishman gave a young Dane—such a contrast to the temper of his choleric colleague in London.

In the basement of the museum Sir Purdon even arranged for me to learn something of taking plaster-casts and making paper-"squeezes."

Finally I departed from the old Grand Central Terminal on March 12th for Vancouver, via Montreal, catching the C. P. R. R. M. S. "Empress of India," which I left, after a stormy passage, at Yokohama.

I proceeded by rail to Kobe, and thence by the Japanese vessel, the N. Y. K. S. "Chefoo Maru," via Nagasaki and Taku, to Tientsin, arriving on April 10th. It had proved quite merry to meet old Far Eastern friends once more, after three years' absence, in both Japan and China.

The weeks from my arrival in Tientsin until May 2nd, when I started for the interior, were busily taken up with engaging, or rather searching for, a well-recommended interpreter and a body-servant—called "boy" in China even when seventy—chartering a houseboat, buying equipment and a few provisions, and three hundred and twenty-one other important things.

I spent almost a week in Peking in order to obtain a Chinese passport through the Russian Legation, then in charge of Danish interests, and, while waiting and sightseeing, I had occasion to consult a number of men who had formerly travelled in the interior.

Among them I recall first and foremost, and with infinite pleasure, the American Minister, Dr. William W. Rockhill, whose explorations in northwestern China, Thibet and Mongolia, some

years previous, had aroused the admiration of lay and learned alike.

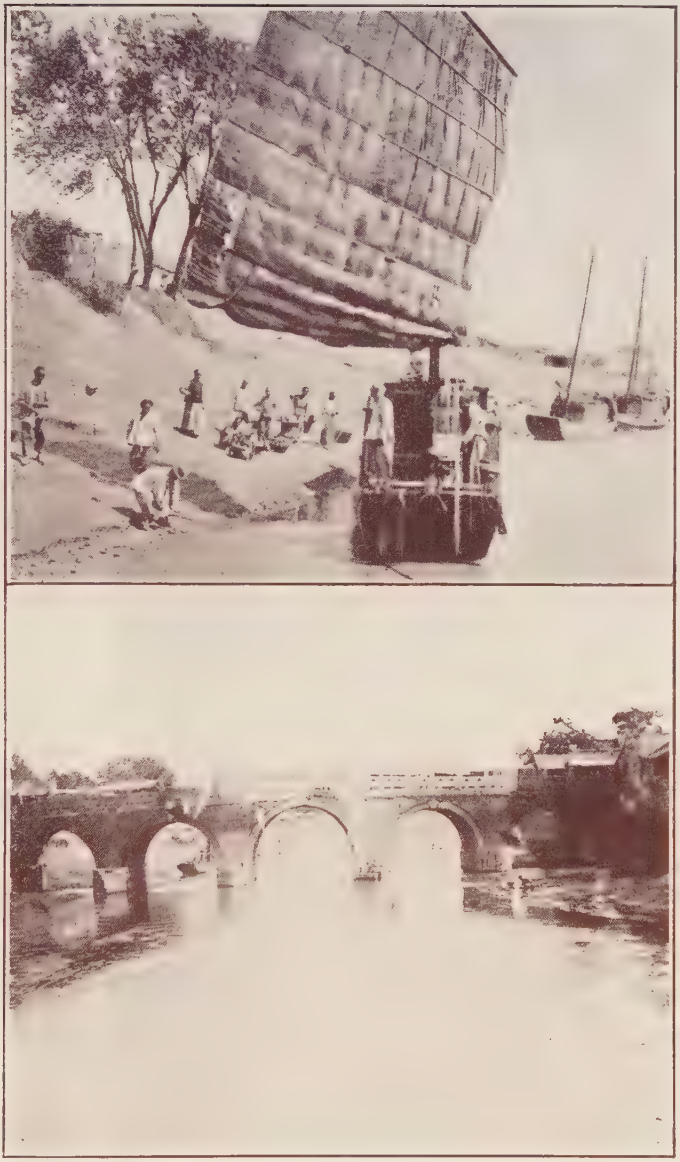
Although considerable time had passed since his last expedition, Mr. Rockhill was able to give me many a valuable tip; and in later years I had the pleasure on several occasions of exchanging letters with him concerning matters of mutual interest.

Finally I received my passport from the Foreign Office through the legation, whereupon I returned to Tientsin. There the last touches were put to my meagre outfit which was designed to stand between me and actual discomfort during the ensuing year.

It was early morning on the 2nd of May, when my interpreter, Mr. Fong, and my servant, Masi, presented themselves at my room in the Astor House Hotel at Tientsin, telling me that the houseboat was ready for departure.

We made our final arrangements on shore, and at 8.15 a. m. started in our chartered vessel from the Peiho Pontoon Bridge, going up the river, passing the various foreign settlements and Viceroy Yuan Shi Kai's yamen, the simplicity of which, from the river at least, gave one the impression that Yuan's austere economy must have been of a most self-denying character!

Passing under the yamen-bridge, we entered



(*Top*) My houseboat on the Grand Canal and the Wei; the sail was made of flour-bags from Minneapolis.

(*Bottom*) Bridge over the Wei River; the only one between Tientsin and Taokow.

the native city where mud-houses were leaning over the steep banks at very suspicious angles.

Years ago, when first in China, I forced my nostrils to accept with resignation the obnoxious smells and incredible filth of Chinese city life; but having been away from the Far East for some years, I must have become europeanized once more. Consequently, the hours we spent forcing our way through the impenetrable traffic of small and large cargo-junks, trade-boats, ferries, and pedlar-sampans, by no means constituted any pleasure so far as the functions of the smelling organs were concerned.

It must be said that our "captain," who by the way, had an excellent helmsman in his wife, and his crew of five sturdy fellows, despite much unnecessary shouting and yelling, did not allow themselves to let any chance for making progress go by.

During the five hours it took to reach the boundary of Tientsin outer city, they employed at least half a dozen different ways of propelling the houseboat. The outstanding methods were sail, oar, pulling-rope, punting, and scolding each other and everybody.

There has always been something about the disagreeable man getting along!

I had found no great difficulty in making a contract with the owner of a fairly neat-looking

native houseboat to take us to Taokow, in the province of Honan, with all due speed, for a consideration of forty-five dollars Mexican. This could not be termed excessive for a two weeks' trip, with a crew of practically seven men, including the captain and the "Mrs. Captain."

When making an agreement of this kind, it can easily be understood that it is greatly to the interest of the boat-people to hurry on to the best of their ability—exactly as it is to their advantage to be slow when the boat is taken by the day.

My secretary-interpreter, Mr. Fong, a former station-master of the Imperial Railways of North China, who was born on the island of Chusan, near Ningpo, and who seemed to possess rather peculiar notions as to his conception of China and the "Sons of Han," spoke English and a little French; while my boy, besides Chinese, spoke only some German.

I was thus in the fortunate position of being able to talk with either of them without the other understanding a word. Any expert of the Chinese and their subtle mind would justly smile at this remark, well knowing that the two would invariably intercommunicate afterwards in Chinese; but I have a few good reasons to believe that here we met with an exception, thanks, mainly, to Fong's semi-megalomania.

When at 1.30 p. m. we arrived at the boundary of the Tientsin district, we were stopped, and my Wai-Wu-Pu, or Foreign Office, passport from Peking was examined. The same interesting and important process had to be gone through later, while passing through the city of Yang-liu-hsien, which has the creditable reputation of supplying Tientsin with most of its Chinese "sing-song" belles.

While approaching a small, insignificant village in the afternoon, my factotum and myself sitting on the little foredeck, we heard a great deal of shouting, and some fearful shrieks. I already hoped for some excitement—but, alas, the whole thing turned out to be a striking example of much ado about nothing, consisting of a flaming though insignificant fire in the corner of the straw-roof of one of the mud-houses. The conflagration-to-be was duly subdued and extinguished before we had even passed through the village.

When it grew dark, the "hook was dropped" on the mud-embankment, and at nine I was sleeping on my wooden bunk, a mode of resting that reminded me of my earliest navy days, when we snatched a nap on the bare deck at noontime.

My sleeping cabin was right in the middle of the boat. The aft-quarters of the vessel were occupied by the skipper, his wife and his two

children, separated from me only by a thin wooden partition. In front of my den was our living cabin, then a small room where my two Chinese slept, and finally the fore-deck, where I sat in the daytime trying to make observations.

When stretching myself on my bunk that night I noticed a busy, black cockroach of rather imposing size, but I paid no heed to the creature, having heard frequently that this peculiarly dry kind of insect was usefully instrumental in destroying, with never-ceasing energy, smaller creatures of a still less inviting nature.

At one, however, I suddenly woke up, hearing the sounds of many small workpeople and feeling busy feet crawling over face, hair and hands. I felt somewhat disgusted when, after striking a match, I found the cabin literally swarming with large, busy, black cockroaches.

It seemed that the light rather frightened the poor things, for most of them disappeared mysteriously through secret trap-doors of their own and all kinds of creaky crevices, in the course of less than a minute.

One large fellow, sitting on the ceiling, or rather under the deck, directly over my head, got such a scare that he landed with a thud on my forehead, where he was duly caught and afterwards deposited in a turned-down glass. I measured him with mathematical conscientiousness,

finding him one and a quarter inches long, before sending him back to his brethren.

I was thankful that I had a mosquito-net with me. It never was out of use when I was lying down—especially at one a. m., when energetic cockroaches desired to hold their general shareholders' meeting on my face and hair.

I did not sleep very soundly after this incident, as I had to keep the candle burning for obvious reasons, my net not yet being in commission.

Already at about 3 a. m. the boat started on its southbound voyage, and at five I got up, and to the undiluted consternation of the "Mrs. Captain," who was at the helm, enjoyed a refreshing cold tub on the "promenade"-deck.

Neither my alarm-clock, nor my repeated passing through their cabin, woke up my two Chinese companions, so, when I had dressed and smoked a pipe on deck, I took the immense liberty of waking them up, a proceeding which evidently did not meet with their full approval. For which very reason I then and there ordered breakfast *ready* at 7 a. m. every morning.

In the forenoon we passed the great village-inn at Tungkiutien, and later on we stopped at Tsinghai-hsien, where Masi went shopping to buy provisions.

Mr. Fong and I took our chance here to go

ashore in order to enjoy a walk. I had, thanks to old experience, taken a Cossack whip with me, which, as expected, proved very effective in keeping away the numerous, objectionable, stray dogs.

It is but a few years since the Shanghai Volunteer Corps was ordered out to shoot all stray dogs in the vicinity of the city, as cases of hydrophobia were getting disagreeably frequent. These mangy beasts never attack the natives, but lose their temper very effectively whenever a foreigner heaves into sight.

We walked along the Grand Canal, making a few short cuts, and passed several villages, where I found the population busy and peaceful, although, of course, the adults stared wildly, the children usually ran away, and an occasional outburst of "Yang Kwei Tsz," or foreign devil, might be heard.

In the afternoon the boatmen took a little rest at Tungkwan-hsien, and while waiting there, two large junks, loaded with railway sleepers for the Peking Syndicate at Taokow, our own present destination, passed us.

My boy wanted to buy some beef, but the local magistrate had forbidden the slaughtering of cattle, animals for field-work being very scarce. Still, he was able to obtain a small piece of veal from some irregular source.

On both sides of the Grand Canal a well-trodden path is to be found. Most of the boats are pulled along by from two to seven men according to size, a long rope being fixed to the mast-head and extended to the coolies on shore, who each carry a sling and yoke over the shoulder as the easiest way of pulling. It must be almost as hard work to be a land-sailor of this description as a 'rickshaw-coolie—both very often working almost constantly sixteen hours out of the twenty-four.

We did not anchor till 9 p. m. for the night at a village cheerfully called Liuliho. It was a beautiful starlit night; and Mr. Fong and I enjoyed a smoke and a talk on deck before turning in.

We left Liuliho at three, and when I got on deck at daylight, I found that the scenery had by no means changed. We were still passing slowly along, pulled by our five land-sailors, at a seeming speed of about two miles an hour, between the eternal mud-banks, passing innumerable boats of all descriptions and being stared at by everybody who saw us.

Thanks to my mosquito-net, I spent an excellent night and the gigantic cockroaches held no meeting on my forehead.

After having worked for a couple of hours, I jumped ashore and took a lonely walk along the

mud-embankment, Mr. Fong having said that he could "smell the rain coming."

The district around Sinho-hsien seemed rather poor as far as the population was concerned. I noticed many beggars, especially very old women and small naked boys. The ground itself, however, seemed to be as fertile as everywhere else and well cultivated, the one wheat-field following the other in endless, blessed succession.

The irrigation of the fields is carried out on quite an elaborate scale. Along the embankments we constantly passed constructions for irrigation purposes, making one think of Egypt and the Nile in the days of King Tutankhamen.

A hole of about the size of a square yard is dug in the mud, so that the milk-chocolate-coloured water of the canal may freely flow in and form a small pond. On either side, and above this muddy pool, and almost exactly half way up the embankment, two coolies are stationed. By manipulating and constantly swinging a double set of ropes, which is attached to the edge and bottom, respectively, of an ordinary round basket, they cleverly succeed in throwing upwards a basket-full of water—alternately dipping and turning the basket through the medium of the ropes—the water "landing" in an upper

pond, dug on the top of the embankment, from which it is led through miniature canals all over the fields.

In some cases, where the embankment is very high, four coolies and three ponds are necessary for the carrying out of the work, and in a few instances, but these are exceptions, we find that a well has been dug a little distance from the bank, its bottom being under the level of the water-surface—thus simply allowing a single man to pull up a large pail of water at the time, which is disposed of in the usual way.

In the afternoon we had quite an exciting race, when our pull-man decided to overtake a large cargo-junk, loaded with mats; we had only five men, while the cargo-boat used seven. I never found much "sporting" ambition in China, but I must say that I did admire the twelve fellows who literally ran amuck with the passion of hoped-for victory.

After about twenty minutes, we had crept up close to the stern of the larger boat—inch by inch —and ten minutes more sufficed to bring the victory home to our men, who had then been working, with two very short intervals, for fourteen hours.

That evening we anchored south of the city of Changsha-hsien, in heavy rain and strong north-east wind.

In the late afternoon I was sitting on deck, when we passed what had once been a little live baby-girl. She was lying stiff and cold on the mud in rather a desolate part of the district, and I have not the faintest doubt that it was a genuine case of infanticide—one of the worst curses of Chinese community life. Her tiny neck was quite swollen, as if she had been strangled before having been thrown into the water.

Infanticide in China is a common crime. Yet, a boy, unless deformed, is never deprived of his life—the girls, only, must suffer.

In the district of Hankow on the Yang-tse, statistics have proven, so far as I remember, that the proportion between the sexes is ten to seven. In Fukien province, Amoy being the worst offender, an average of upwards of forty per centum of the baby-girls are put out of life before having peeped into it. The law does not try to cope with this evil, because such infanticide is not considered a crime from a Chinese point of view.

Poverty, of course, is the main reason, but often disappointment at not getting the longed-for son, or desire to save the inevitable dowry, or the likelihood of not being able to find a suitable husband, are considered quite sufficient excuse for committing this more saddening than really infamous crime.

Greece and Rome did not give a good example. Solon gave permission to practice infanticide, while Plato and Aristotle strongly encouraged the act. In old Rome, likewise, infanticide was officially permitted, or at least tolerated.

The captain started our vessel before sunrise, and when, a little later, I ascended the "companion-ladder" which very modestly consisted of one step, I watched the beautiful dawn while enjoying my cold tub. After "shaving and hairdressing," and a quick breakfast, consisting of two eggs, dry biscuit, and tea, I spent a few hours on deck, where the strong sunlight permitted me to take some fine snapshots with my kodak.

At the village of Fungkiakow we passed a Chinese camp, which is supposed to hold five hundred of Yuan Shih Kai's banner-men.

If Mr. Fong had not told me the opposite, I would have thought the camp deserted some decades ago, as we could see no sentries, nor any banners flying from the solitary flagstaffs. But, as it was only noon, perhaps nobody was up yet.

In the afternoon we passed a second case of infanticide, only that this time the poor child was floating on the surface of the dirty water.

As is generally known, Sunday is not celebrated, or rather no weekly holiday exists, in China. A working Chinaman gets only one holi-

day, in the prolonged meaning of the word, during the year. That is when Chinese New Year sets in.

But then he certainly makes up for lost time and eats and drinks for close on a fortnight, like a madman.

Chinese New Year usually falls from four to six weeks after our own. It is a generally acknowledged fact even among the Chinese themselves, that the death-rate among all classes rises enormously during the two weeks of the New Year celebrations, thanks to all forms of immoderation.

Our land-sailors worked all Sunday, until we anchored for the night just outside the city of Tungpaotu-hsien.

Mr. Fong and I succeeded in finding quite a catching, if not wholly complimentary, name for our five land-sailors. We called them "camel-men." To sit on the observation-deck and look at these fellows, as they walked slowly but steadily ahead, is really a study that craves for an analogy of some kind.

And I think we have found the right idea! They walk along, behind each other, steadfastly, in slow tempo, with an aspect as if they were carrying on their bent, pulling necks and backs the greater part of "peccavi mundi."

I pity them as they work along in the scorch-

ing midday sun; but I cannot alter their lot—only occasionally buy them an orange. And I do not think they suffer; their deeper instincts are not sufficiently developed to allow them to reason much. They think but very little, know no agitators, and eat precisely like animals, gestures and sounds; they take what sleep they can get, and they perform without demur their —camel-work.

While in Peking I several times had an opportunity to go out to the western part of the Manchu city, and it thus came to pass that I often followed the camel-track through greater Peking. I tried to study the strange way of behaving, peculiar to these animals, as they walk along one after another—a string of camels—in a slow and dignified procession.

Their eyes are very expressive, sometimes supplicating, and they always turn their heads and look attentively at you.

They have a weird, unnatural way of carrying their heads, as if desirous of intimating that they are under perpetual unjust treatment. When their humps are heavily loaded with cross-sacks, containing all kinds of merchandise, some of their strange pride seems to vanish; but when they return without burden, their heads and necks sway from one side to another in a strange, frivolous, cast-back manner.

I have little or nothing to say about Peking.

It is unquestionably one of the most interesting cities I have ever had the good fortune to visit, but it is not my intention in this book to try to describe accessible Peking. What is the good of my endeavouring, after only a few days' visit, to give anything like an exact or complete account of even my own impressions of that magnificently walled city, with its legations and legation-guards; its mediæval, crass-conservative, and yet internationally modern aspect; its filth and awful dust when the wind blows; its beautiful "temple" and Altar of Heaven, where the emperor worshipped at summer and winter solstices; its interesting, decaying lama-temples; its "big bell"; its wide, imperial avenues, and narrow, poverty-stricken lanes; its vices; its tremendous wall pierced by sixteen gates, each an imposing tower; its "Forbidden City"; its "China in Convulsion"; and its many more unique features; what is the use, I say, when so many far more able men have already done so before?

We left Tungpaotu-hsien in the middle of the night, making our headway along the ever-winding canal.

It was quite a cool day, the thermometer only registering 62 degrees at noon, so when I had finished my morning's work and ascertained that

we had gained twenty-four miles during the past twenty-four hours, with sixteen hours' continual work, I went ashore to get a little exercise. Mr. Fong again appeared hostile to the idea of promenading; at any rate he did not want to come.

It certainly was considerably more interesting to walk on the high mud-embankment, where a fair view of the country, with its numerous mud-built villages, and fertile wheat-fields, might be obtained, than to sit all day on the observation deck, watching the embankment, which practically conceals everything except the backs of the "camel-men" and the "café-au-lait"-coloured water, with its many water-snakes, its floating filth, its sparse water-fowl, and an occasional frightened turtle.

I walked quickly along the bank, leaving the boat far behind me; I passed unmolested, though wildly stared at, through a couple of small villages, and eventually, when I wanted to rest in order to allow the boat to overtake me and pick me up, I came across a big flock of sheep, herded by three or four sunburnt lads from fifteen to eighteen years of age.

They looked the very picture of health and evidently carried all their belongings with them in a strap over the shoulder. They governed their flocks with long whips without ever actually hurting the animals.

The boys were just going to water the sheep, when I turned up at the ferry-landing, where I intended to wait for the boat; and so it happened that we met.

They were not a bit shy—these sons of nature—they came and touched my sun-helmet and goggles and tried my Cossack-whip, which I regret to admit they evidently found useless for their purposes.

We quickly got on amicable terms and, during the half hour which ensued before the boat arrived at that sunny place, we played "hide and seek" amongst the hilly graves on the fields; we ran races, all of which I lost; we caressed the newly-born lambs, and we even arranged a real fight between two paterfamilias of the goat-tribe, who certainly did their best to dash out each other's brains—ramming one another in admirable naval style.

Eventually my houseboat came up, and I had to leave the merry company.

Mr. Fong, the interpreter, was on deck, somewhat uneasy about my long absence, and the young suburban shepherds besieged him with questions in order to satisfy their natural curiosity. He later on told me that they had asked about my name, age and occupation, and that they thought I was a Japanese schoolboy!

No love was ever lost between my secretary-

interpreter, Mr. Fong Hsien Chang of Ningpo origin, and my boy-cook, Masi, of Tientsin city. I was happy that it was so. It may sound paradoxical, but I preferred that they should not be on the best of terms. I foresaw in Tientsin that it would come.

I took very good care not to let them meet until the morning of departure in order to prevent any previous understanding between them —partly because I dislike the oriental passion of mind for secret union, partly because it might hurt the ultimate hoped-for results of my mission.

Indeed, until Mr. Fong and Masi parted company on the upper Tan river many a week later, they never had a chance, thanks to the hostility between them, to indulge in any intrigue against their alien employer—a great boon indeed.

After a good day's work we anchored at 7.30 p. m. near the village Anling-hsien, this being our last "port" in the province of Chili—the domains of that energetic viceroy Yuan Shih Kai, the man who came nearer than any other Chinese since the days of the Ming Dynasty, to creating a China for the Chinese, but whose imperial, imperialistic, and imperious tendencies in the long run proved his own undoing.

II

THROUGH SHANTUNG INTO HONAN

AT 2.30 a. m. on May the 7th I woke up, and the usual, inevitable set of noises informed me that we were leaving Anling. When I got on deck we had crossed the border between the provinces of Chili and Shantung.

Shantung is the kitchen garden of North China, the amount of vegetables grown in the province far exceeding the production of the neighbouring provinces. All through the day we passed men and boys busily occupied in washing vegetables in the delicious mud-water of the canal.

We passed Sangkiayuen early in the morning, being our first visit to a Shantung city. I was quite unable, in spite of Mr. Fong's promises, to detect the faintest difference between this town and Anling, or any other Chili hamlet.

In the forenoon I went ashore alone for a two hours' stroll. I walked across country, proving the cause of many an encounter between the mangy stray dogs and my good whip. I believed myself unlucky so far as Chinese pariah-dogs

were concerned, because, whether in the country or in a city, I invariably was attacked.

I once, some five years ago, had to shoot, in sheer self-defence, a big brute of a yellow cur in Tiendong, close to Ningpo; and I shall certainly take great pleasure in exterminating a few more *pro bono publico,* before I once again get back to western civilization.

Walking along, I struck upon a "joss-house" in sad decay. Mr. Fong, being an adversary of exercise, was not with me; although of course it really was part of his duty to accompany me. I concluded, without the corroboration of Mr. Fong, that this temple had once been dedicated to the God of Agriculture by the villagers of the vicinity.

Now it was certainly in a most distressing state of disrepair. Half of the roof had fallen in, while wind and rain had washed away the gilt and colour from the face and garb of one side of the poor joss.

Minor idols were standing on either side of the farmers' god, or rather had been standing, two of these having been buried under the ruins of the roof, and two others—the one being the Goddess of Mercy, Kwan Yin—leaning affectionately against one another, each having lost a foot.

The whole scene was painful, whether the decay was due to poverty of the district, want of

interest in those special deities, or perhaps to that marvelous and almost incomprehensible Chinese idea of "supposee one thing makee spoil, no use makee repair."

During the day we passed an impressive fleet of seven large junks, with new sails unfurled from strange tripod-masts, reminding one of H. B. M. S. "Dreadnought"; and late in the afternoon we met one of Yuan Shih Kai's river despatch-luggers, speeding northwards for a fresh breeze.

In the evening we arrived at Teh-chow, where we were to spend the night; and when we had finished our frugal dinner, a note written in faultless English, and signed J. Wong Quincey, was brought to me. Mr. Quincey intimated that he was dead tired of his own society after eight days' solitude in his houseboat, and that he would be glad to call.

We, ourselves, were not averse to a temporary caller offering a bit of mental change, so we spent a couple of pleasant hours after young Quincey had made his debut.

He was quite a handsome young Chinese, who spoke excellent English and who was open to enter into animated discussions on all subjects that ever came within the scope of human effort. He was evidently subconsciously anti-foreign, in spite of the fact that he, as he intimated, was a

great friend of Diana, and foreign guns, and other alien paraphernalia. To my amazement he declined a Manila cheroot, but asked whether he might not borrow one of my briar-pipes.

I was, of course, delighted!

He used eighteen of Bryant and May's large, expensive club-matches for half a pipe of tobacco, and then stopped in despair.

Mr. Quincey, senior, whose name I knew well, had an interesting career. He was, as it pleased his son to express himself, formerly closely connected with General Gordon and his "Ever Victorious Army" during the Taiping rebellion. Later, General Gordon took young Quincey, senior, with him to England and there gave him eleven years of good education.

The elder Quincey then returned to his native country and has since been engaged in police work. He has, with great success, superintended the Chinese police forces in Shanghai and Tientsin native cities; and he was then organizing the police of Tsinan-fu, the capital of Shantung.

His youthful son was going to visit him on his way from Tientsin to Shanghai, and thus we had the good fortune to meet him at Teh-chow, where he was going to leave his boat and proceed by cart.

We left Teh-chow at the unearthly hour of 1.30 a. m. The morning was rather cold and

windy for May, and having the wind against us, we only made slow headway.

At about 10 a. m. we stopped for a while at a small town called Hsiaotsichwang, where Mr. Fong, who appropriately wore a pair of black embroidered satin slippers, and I went ashore to look at a Buddha temple.

The statue of the son of the King of Kapilavastu, who later became the Buddha, "The One Through Whom Truth Is Known," was old and faded, but the temple possessed a sub-department for finances, where the indigenous civil and military gods were exhibited for money, attired in gorgeous gold and silver caps and gowns, helmets and uniforms. They displayed vivid, colourful countenances, with black glass-eyes, beaming with satisfaction at the thought of heavily filled money-bags, and their protruding stomachs made one think of tables groaning under dishes unnumbered.

We were shown around by a very kind Buddhist priest, who invited us to tea; but unfortunately we had to decline, time not allowing us to stay longer than a few minutes.

The weather being very unsettled, I did not go ashore for my daily walk, but spent the afternoon reading, writing, eating, smoking and observing the turtles, snakes, and other branches of natural history from the observation-deck.

At night we anchored in the wilderness, several *li* * from the nearest town. All around us, thunderclouds were reaching up towards the zenith, concealing moon and stars, and shooting forth dazzling lightning.

And so we all went to bed tired, tho' prepared for a night of nature's troubles—

Kublai Khan, Emperor of China, of Mongol birth, and peerless beacon of the Yuen dynasty, China's first foreign reign, is frequently adjudged the greatest emperor the Far East has ever seen.

About Kublai Khan the famous Venetian adventurer and traveller, Messer Marco Polo, says "that the emperor has caused a water communication to be made from this city (Kwachou) to Peking in the form of a wide and deep channel, dug between river and river, between lake and lake, like a great river on which large vessels may ply."

And, indeed, it must be said that Kublai had the work carried out to such a degree of perfection that we, who travel on the "Chah Ho," or "River of Flood Gates," today, must admire with something almost akin to awe, this tremendous piece of work, which was successfully consummated some six centuries ago.

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* About 3 *li* to 1 mile, although the *li* varies.

The Grand Canal was dug so as to establish an inland water-communication between north and south, between Peking and Hangchow, and from east to west by linking up the large rivers with one another.

Today the Grand Canal practically starts in Tientsin native city, but formerly one might continue the voyage along the Peiho River to Peking and disembark, under favourable water-conditions, close to the British Legation. The bigger boats unloaded at the east-gate.

Now the waterway only takes one so far as Tungchowchi, a few miles from Peking.

During the past week I had constantly noticed that the canal has indeed a very winding course, except for a few long straight stretches. There can hardly be any doubt about the fact that, when the canal was originally dug, nature was employed as extensively as possible to facilitate the enormous task.

I thus feel confident that what would represent a stupidly winding course for an artificial canal through unobstructed flat territory, is simply the bed of former rivers which have, so to say, been absorbed by the "Yun Ho" or "Transit River." The former rivers and rivulets, furthermore, were deepened and widened so as to correspond harmoniously with the interlinking straight lines of artificial waterway.

All along the canal we find small hills of mud on both sides. They are deposited there for the frequent and very necessary repairs of the banks. Although the Chinese mind is not usually bent on repairing anything, it must be admitted that the Grand Canal is kept in a remarkably good condition considering its great age, and its enormous importance is by no means underestimated by the Chinese officials or population.

The Grand Canal and the Great Wall are the two grandest monuments to Chinese inclination of bygone days for titanic undertakings. The former is today almost as important for inland communication as it was on the day it opened; while the latter is more like a tombstone to wasted human labour and imperial vanity, although a tombstone well worth studying.

We spent rather a miserable night, for nature was very angry.

At about one hour after midnight the expected thunderstorm broke loose over our heads, signalling its coming by sending forth a few blinding darts of lightning accompanied by several regiments of heavy field-artillery.

When the captain's children began to cry on the other side of the thin partition which separated me from them, and when from my *castrum doloris,* in a flash of lightning, I had perceived Mr. Fong busily securing windows and fancy-

doors, I got up on deck myself, in order to admire the beautiful and violent spectacle.

It was a "cold" thunderstorm, which promised nothing good for the coming day; but the sight, which lasted for a little over half an hour, made one forget both the temperature and the desolate surroundings.

I was almost blind and deaf when I turned in once more; and before I fell asleep I had time to think about the fate of a houseboat, far away from human aid, struck by lightning, and consequently metamorphosed into a bonfire for the delectation of roving ancestral spirits.

In the early morning we stopped at a village called Chengkiakow, where Masi went ashore in order to buy provisions. I gave him my last few Mexican dollars, but he soon returned, saying that he could not have these coins exchanged for copper cash, the little Chinese coins with a square hole in the center, worth about 800 to a Mexican dollar.

If I had had some lately coined Chinese dollars, it would have been all right in every town along the canal; but as I had none such with me, we were obliged to resort to the Sycee, with which the Chartered Bank had furnished me.

Sycee is paid in "shoes" of so and so many taels, a tael averaging about $1.33 Mexican.

The "shoes," which by the way happen to look like soft hats and not like foot-gear, are simply silver ingots of a certain weight.

The Sycee system is exceedingly difficult and disadvantageous to the itinerant merchant, explorer, or traveller, who constantly loses when exchanging—the "shoes" being quite expensive to buy, but comparatively difficult to sell at a decent rate of exchange. Thus, on a ten tael "shoe" I received seventy-five Mexican cents less than I had paid for the identical "shoe" a week before in Tientsin.

And still it is necessary to carry Sycee along, because it is by no means feasible in the farther interior to use even Chinese-coined dollars or ten-cash pieces equal to one Mexican cent.

And while on the subject of troublesome native money, I may as well dwell on another aspect of finance, the Chinese system of "squeeze," a pet-system of graft and corruption obtaining in the old Land of Sinim.

It is part of native life, and morally fully recognized, even permitted, that everybody who has the faintest chance to do so, shall "levy a tax" or "secure a commission" on every copper-cash that goes through his hands.

This is called squeezing.

Everybody squeezes in China—the highest official as well as the humblest coolie.

When in China you order a carriage through the hotel, the porter gets his squeeze from the livery-stable; when you give the boy your laundry, he gets his squeeze from the washerman; when you travel in the interior—Heaven forbid you should ever have to!—and you have to entrust your boy-cook with funds, he will get his squeeze on both his own provision-bill and from the provision-dealer, besides a very good squeeze from the exchange-shop, amounting altogether to some fifteen or twenty per centum. When, in China, a government official has to buy fodder, guns, ammunition, uniforms, or anything else, or when he has to pay out salaries, allowances or wages, he holds himself indemnified for the trouble by pocketing a good squeeze in hard cash; and when you die, you may rest assured that your life in China, as well as your funeral, represents a beautifully selected bouquet of more or less conspicuous squeezes.

Yet, all this is only a side-issue of life in China, and it is no use to kick unless one is actually robbed.

Being springtime, it was hardly to be expected that we should be able entirely to avoid a sand-storm.

One fine day we went through that experience from 10 a. m. till 7 p. m., and it was, to say the least, very trying. I was sitting writing in the

forenoon, when suddenly one of the windows blew open and a strong gust of wind swept away my maps and loose calculation-slips. I thought that we had deserved a pleasant day after the thunderstorm of the night, but my hope was doomed to disappointment.

The storm had been but a messenger of warning.

For nine hours the houseboat with the twelve human beings it contained, was kept a prisoner, chained to the same spot, on the bank of the desolate canal, the craft quivering from mast-top to keel every time one of the violent gusts of wind shook its frame, as if trying to break it asunder, pressing it with full force against the muddy bank.

For nine hours we saw no sun, no sky, and no clouds!

Overhead a thick, impenetrable pall of yellow-gray sand-dust had lowered itself. The storm whirled the sand in every direction, and as the trying hours passed, everything became covered with a thick layer of immovable sand-dust, the gravity of which was such that, when a book was raised from its horizontal position, the sand would gracefully slide off and fall in a smoking heap on the table.

The sand, as the hours went by without the wind diminishing at all, got into our ears, eyes,

mouths and nostrils. We suffered agonies, and became irritable and nervous; we found sand in our butter and in our soup, and our hair grew dirty and discoloured from the dust.

Eventually, being afraid of completely losing my temper from sheer nervous irritability at the disagreeable and trying situation, I turned into my bunk which was literally covered with sand in spite of the mosquito-net, and slept for two hours, a large silk handkerchief tied around my head.

Everybody was feeling nervously exhausted, and I do not wonder that ague is a common disease among the people of the Grand Canal.

We started from our desolate anchorage in the middle of the night, and before breakfast we succeeded, thanks to the assistance of the captain, in getting a few pounds of the worst sand-dust removed from our living quarters.

In the morning we passed two or three places where the canal, which is unquestionably in better repair in the province of Chili than in Shantung, was very narrow, small islets having formed in the middle of the current. We passed the wreck of a large cargo-junk, which had doubtless foundered in the darkness of some stormy night.

At the district city of Wucheng we stopped for provision purposes. The boy went up to the

town, while Mr. Fong and I took a walk up and down the embankment.

But the mob of curious natives, mostly street-arabs and old men, were so annoying that I preferred to board our proud vessel again and smoke a solitary pipe in meditation, trying to figure out why the people of Shantung did not seem half as nice as the people of her northern sister, Chili.

In the afternoon, although a disagreeable wind raised tons of dust in the air, I went ashore for a cross-country walk, Mr. Fong, as usual, preferring to remain on board. I peeped into many houses of farmers and labourers.

The men, and even the women, were busily occupied in the surrounding fields, and I consequently found most of the houses deserted for the time being. Everywhere I noticed an utter absence of comfort. No furniture, no wooden floors, very few utensils—at most an abandoned oil-can, or an occasional uncovered couch.

They, I mean the men and women of inner Shantung, must be almost entirely cut off from the outer world. They seem a strange mixture of the refreshing, work-inspiring sea-breeze from the east, and the stale, mind-depressing, Chinese civilization, four thousand years or more from the west.

Shantung is historically famous because the

great teacher Confucius was born, B. C. 551, in the southern part of the province. The well-known philosopher, Mencius, Confucius' interpreter, who was 23 years old when Plato died, was also born in Shantung, B. C. 371.

I visited another Buddha temple during my afternoon walk. The priests were very kind and evidently most astonished at seeing a white man unaccompanied. They were as anxious to examine my Russian whip, and especially my stockings—I wore khaki knickerbockers—as I was to examine their temple and idols, so we got on very well together.

Besides the newer temple, which was in tolerably good repair, there was an old temple on a little artificial hill behind the new one. This temple had evidently once been a costly structure and still contained the upper half of a bronze Buddha, who had been sitting on a large lotus flower. This idol, or rather what remained of it, had fallen to the floor from the smashed altar, and rather looked as if it had originally been cast in Japan.

Half an hour's brisk walk brought me to the village of Yufangcheng, where I waited for the houseboat. Eventually, this excellent vessel, pulled by its five "camel-men" who had celebrated the sand-storm of yesterday as a holiday, arrived.

Mr. Fong, who had borrowed my collapsible field-chair for use on the observation-deck, told me a sad story about an unexpected gust of wind, which had carried my chair away to an eternal rest at the bottom of the canal. I quietly reminded him that, as I had especially asked him before I left not to leave the deceased chair unguarded on deck, I should find it necessary to deduct three dollars when his salary was once more due.

At 9 p. m., after having left behind us twenty-seven miles, besides the folding-chair, we anchored for the night amidst the noises of the village of Panpitien.

The skipper started the boat a little later than usual, but I was up early to admire the Ta Wan Pagoda, which is over a thousand years old and nearly 150 feet high. The pagoda is situated in the vicinity of the city of Lintsing-chow.

This town, which exercises the power of a "fu," or prefectual city, is called Lin-tsing-fu on the German map which I use; but this is hardly correct as the city has only got the rank of "chow," also pronounced "cho" or "chou," or first-class district town.

The German military maps of China proper are undoubtedly the best maps accessible to the general public, though the spelling of the names is sometimes most confusing when one has to

write in English. The drawback about the German maps is that most of the distances are not quite accurate.*

It was abnormally cold for the middle of May, the thermometer only registering 58° F. when, at 7 a. m., we anchored near Lintsing-chow.

When the boy had finished his provision purchases on shore, and I the writing of my diary, Mr. Fong, most elegantly attired, and I, went ashore together. We headed for the American Protestant mission, where we had the good luck to meet Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, who received us in a most hearty manner. They, together with a woman physician, were in charge of this mission-station, where schools for boys and girls, a small hospital, native teachers and preachers, and several other departments are maintained at a considerable yearly outlay of money.

After a cup of coffee—we kept only tea, cocoa, and beef-tea on the houseboat—Mr. Fong went to have his forehead shaved and his queue beautified, a process that occupied the better part of ninety minutes for any true gentleman.

In the meantime, Mr. Ellis was kind enough to take me for a long walk.

We first went to the site of land where the American mission had formerly had its buildings. It was discouraging to hear that only

* There are later and better maps now.

seven years before, a large station with its pulsating life had been standing here, and that Boxerism had not left a single stone, when it swept the country in 1900.

We passed a Mohammedan mosque—there were not less than four in the city—and a little later arrived at a Buddhistic temple in good repair.

We went inside and looked at the gilded image of Buddha, as well as the richly coloured Chinese idols, representing law, authority, war, music, and a half dozen other faculties.

The sun was out, and the temperature was rapidly mounting, as we walked along the city wall, a heavy stone structure, which indicates that Lintsing-chow was once destined to become an important center.

Outside the north-gate we found a couple of scores or more of big mud-hills and two huge tombstones with elaborately chiselled inscriptions. These mounds cover the graves of all the local victims of the Taiping massacre of the early sixties.

I am indebted to Mr. Ellis for the following story.

After the fateful massacre of the peaceful citizens of Lintsing-chow, the central administration at Peking despatched a special commissioner to investigate the extent of the damage done by

the Taipings and the number of victims of the massacre. The mandarin reported that the number of victims was 100,000, but the government forthwith informed him that this figure was by no means satisfactory. He accordingly added an 0, which brought the total up to one million. The latter figure was more appreciated! Today, the story goes that every one of the graves contains 10,000 victims. The men and women were buried separately and each sex has its own tombstone.

We entered the city by the north-gate, and it was strange to notice that, within the wall, like in old Babylon, extensive wheat-fields were cultivated, with plenty of room to spare for growing vegetables and the like. Where the fields are now, houses formerly were standing, but political rebellions, like the Taiping and Boxer troubles, were not only guilty of murder and plunder, but also of sweeping the country clean after them, as they went.

Near the northern gate is a beautiful Confucian temple.

In these quiet temples are no idols, no priests, no pictures, no noise, no need of reform. The Confucian temples all over China—they amount to about 1,400 and are mostly found in bigger cities—are solemn, heavy structures of wood, painted a sombre red. In the anterior court is

found an artificial stone-pond with marble or granite balusters and a stone-bridge, and in the main-temple, on the central altar, in front of which is placed a bronze incense-burner with candelabra, we notice a simple but beautifully carved tablet, giving the name of the great sage, and mentioning the fact that he has been exalted to share rank with the gods.

On either side of the main altar we find the names of six of the twelve Confucian apostles, and in two long sheds on both sides of the court, and consequently not in the chief-temple proper, we find the names of the seventy odd disciples.

The sanctity and solemn peace of a Kong-fu-tsz temple is rarely forgotten by anybody who has been, if only for a few minutes, under its spell.

We walked back through the city and, passing one of the mosques with its lively-coloured, triple-pointed roof, entered. As we had no desire to take our shoes off, we did not walk into the building itself, but simply looked into the large, gloomy, chilly room from the outside. Arabian characters were in evidence everywhere, and had it not been for the Chinese surroundings, I might have thought myself in Port Said or Constantinople.

The Moslems in China—there are over 200,000 in Peking alone—are forced to put a tablet with

the emperor's name in their mosques, but they place a tablet, dedicated to their great prophet immediately behind it.

The province of Kansu in northwestern China is almost entirely Mohammedan, and, in 1860-1875, the greater part of the bloody Moslem rebellion was instigated and fought in that far-off province, and in its eastern neighbour, Shensi.

The Alkoran has never been translated into Chinese.

From the mosque we went back to the mission, on the way passing the old bed of the Grand Canal, which was abandoned by Kublai Khan and re-dug outside the city. Some six bridges lead over this dry bed.

About two years ago, one of these stone bridges was on the verge of collapsing, but nobody took the initiative to have it repaired. It would have meant disaster to the neighbouring houses, were the bridge not repaired at once, so a Buddhist priest, realizing this, voluntarily incarcerated himself in a stone-pillar of the bridge, swearing that he would not eat nor drink until sufficient money had been collected for effecting the essential repairs. Private contributions saved the life of the enterprising and courageous priest, so that his departed spirit should not haunt the district.

At the mission I bade Mrs. Ellis good-bye,

but not until I had, with some hesitation, accepted a welcome gift of tinned butter and condensed milk from their admirably well-provisioned store-room.

Mr. Ellis came down to the boat and did us the pleasure of sharing our frugal tiffin.

We left Lintsing-chow a little later, after a most interesting stop of some five hours, and went up the Wei-ho, or Wei River—Lintsing-chow being the practical terminus for larger boats going south on the Grand Canal. Still further south, from the city of Tungchang, as far as Tsining, the canal is devoid of water; but from the latter town it is possible to proceed south by boat as far as Shanghai and Hang-chow, crossing the Yang-tse at Chingkiang.

South-south-west we sped against the current of the Wei-ho which hails from the mountains in southeastern Shansi. There is, incidentally, in China at least one other river Wei, which passes near the capital of Shensi province, Sian-fu, and forms a most important affluent of the Yellow River.

Late in the afternoon we passed the body of a drowned man, surrounded by curious spectators, evidently waiting for the magistrate's deputy to perform an inquest.

Some years ago, at Shanghai, I had to cross the river once a day from the Chinese Bund to

the Yangkadoo Wharf. I usually employed the same sampan to take me to the opposite bank of the Whampoa.

One day I found a drowned man tied with a bit of rope to one of the poles of the jetty. The other end of the rope was knotted around his ankle. I concluded the corpse was awaiting the Chinese coroner's examination.

Thirteen days in succession, I beheld the dead body, the appearance of which did not improve. On the fourteenth it had vanished. I hoped it had been buried.

But the next morning I encountered the same corpse some four miles down the river, when visiting the Hongkew and Shanghai Wharf. The bit of rope was still around the ankle—but the other end had been cut clean with a knife. Probably the Chinese ferry-folk at the native jetty got tired of waiting for the coroner and cut the poor departed loose from Chinese territory.

That very same afternoon, after I had seen him for the fourteenth time, he was buried by order of the authorities of the Municipal Council of the International Settlement.

Our second houseboat Sunday turned out a quiet day of rest.

It was rather hot in the middle of the day, the thermometer showing 92° F. in the shade; and after having finished the preceding notes on

Lintsing-chow and some other work at about eleven o'clock, I found that it was already too broiling for a walk on shore. I consequently stayed on board, sleeping two hours and a half in the afternoon, Mr. Fong being on the look-out for worthy objects for my camera on the observation-deck, with instruction to call me if anything should occur.

But nothing happened, and I enjoyed my peaceful Sabbath fully as much as the "camel-men" had enjoyed the sand-storm three days before.

The Wei-ho is not as wide as the Grand Canal, and in some places the river is very shallow. We touched the bottom every quarter of an hour, and a few times were delayed through running aground.

It will easily be understood that when the "camel-men"—we now had six, since leaving Lintsing-chow—suddenly pull their long ropes sideways, the rope as already mentioned, being fixed to the top of the mast, the boat is apt to careen very sharply.

Such a manœuvre resulted in the breaking of our three solitary saucers! The cups themselves did not share their fate, the reason for which stroke of luck I was unable to ascertain; but every single plate had surely broken had they not been—enamelled. Such was our simplicity of

household, that we ate everything on metal plates, imagining that it was sterling silver, and only our tea was drunk out of porcelain cups—subsequently minus saucers.

When eventually we got to Sian-fu, I expected that we should have retained only a fraction of our property—having already lost a chair, a carving-knife, and three beauteous saucers. I shivered when I thought of the possibility of losing my "library"-trunk, or even my seven razors from William Whiteley.

We anchored at Chinkwan for the night. It was a warm, starlit evening and I enjoyed a pipe on deck before joining the cockroaches.

The following day we continued our winding way against the current of the Wei-ho, the water getting perceptibly clearer and cleaner as we were nearing, mile by mile, its mountain sources. In some places, where the water was not too deep, it was possible even to discern the bottom, covered with coarse greenish-brown water-plants.

Once more it was a very hot day, and I was agreeably surprised to observe even adult Chinamen come down to refresh themselves with a bath. It has always been said, and not quite without foundation, that the Chinese wash their clothing, while the Japanese wash their bodies. This old saying seemed to be contradicted along the banks of the Wei.

At about 10 a. m. we left the province of Shantung with its too dense and consequently very poor population, which in some instances amounts to two thousand souls to the square mile, and entered that southern arm of Chili, Nan-Chili, which reaches down between Shantung and Honan as far as 35 degrees N. L.. We re-entered Chili close to the village of Hsiautan-hsien and, after another uneventful day, anchored in the evening at the village of Chataukow.

We started long before dawn from this hamlet, and the only thing that happened during the day, worth recording, was that we again left the province of Chili, entering its neighbour Honan.

We were stopped and "examined" at the first Likin, or internal revenue station in Honan; and when the petty official had admired a tattered "Union Jack," which the captain had insisted upon flying ever since we left Tientsin, because he labours under the delusion that he is carrying a British officer as passenger, and had inspected my crimson, Chinese visiting-card, which clearly shows that I am a Dane, the rusty wire-rope barring the river was graciously lowered, and we proceeded in peace, the official evidently having forgotten all about the possible existence of a Chinese Foreign Office passport.

We crept slowly along all day, having both

wind and water against us, and eventually stopped over night at an insignificant village called Santichwang.

Strange to say, fine as some of the German General Staff maps are, the Wei-ho and surroundings have certainly been step-motherly treated. I thus found a stretch of nearly thirty-five miles, where not a single name appears along the river-bank on the map, but where we passed several towns and villages.—

The forenoon following, we saw but very few boats. Those we met were going down-stream with heavy cargoes of gray granite, which we were told came from the mountainous parts of southeastern Shansi.

The day was fairly cool, so, having finished writing, I put on my walking-boots, when, to my consternation, I observed in passing through the fore-cabin on my way to the deck, Masi, the boy-cook, behaving himself in the strangest way on his bunk. He twisted and writhed as if suffering from an attack of cholera or cramp, and when I asked him what was the matter, he started crying —he was very manly then, this "boy" of thirty— and stammered in worse German than usual that he had pains in "the head, and everywhere."

I had not the slightest doubt about the fellow simulating, so I told him not to behave as if he were a child of five, and then went ashore, telling

Mr. Fong to go down and find out whether Masi was perhaps devising some ingenious scheme for carrying himself and my "Sycee"-shoes back to the fleshpots of Tientsin upon our arrival at Taokow.

An hour later, I was onboard again after a most refreshing walk among wheat-fields, and pariah-dogs, and irrigation-coolies.

Mr. Fong reported that Masi, who had been perfectly all right in the morning, had told him that he felt very "faint," and that he had never been "abroad" before. This was contradictory to his original statement that he had travelled in Mongolia, so I gave him his choice between leaving the boat immediately—what a mess if he had done so!—or getting up at once and preparing tiffin.

He chose the latter alternative, washed the tear-grease off his face, prepared tiffin, and once more got on good terms with us and his health. He was not "dying," after that, but I firmly believe that he suffered somewhat from a form of lazy nostalgia, which made him think that we were getting too far away from Tientsin for him ever to get back.

In the afternoon we passed Kauticheng, and later arrived at Wulung, where I perceived a boat like ours, flying the French *tricolor*. This looked, indeed, like the possibility of a social

entente cordiale on Chinese soil. As we drew nearer, Mr. Fong was able to read the characters in the white of the flag; they showed that the boat belonged to a Roman Catholic mission.

Meanwhile, the customs officials came down to inspect our boat, and I let my interpreter ask whether the boat carried any missionaries.

"Oh, no," was the reply, "the captain of the boat, like many others, are converts, and sail under the French flag, whereby they are usually much more quickly passed by the inland revenue authorities than ordinary boats."

In the afternoon we were able to see the Tung-shan, or Tung mountains, in the distance some thirty miles away. It was quite refreshing to the eye to see some hills again, after two weeks of pancake-country.

There was an appreciable difference between the skipper's and my own calculations concerning the exact distance from Tientsin to Taokow.

According to my various maps, the distance is 315 miles, which means that sixteen working hours per day during fourteen days gives an average speed of 1.4 miles an hour, or twenty-two and one-half miles *per diem*. This, I think, is almost correct, when taking into consideration my several walks ashore, when I have been in a position better to compare the speed of the craft.

The captain's idea was 1600 *li*, or ca. 484 miles

—rather a difference! I do not think that the unmapped windings of the Grand Canal and the Wei-ho make up for a difference of 169 miles, which would show an average speed of 2.2 miles per hour and 34.6 miles per diem of sixteen hours—a speed I consider well-nigh unattainable when pulled by "camel-men."

In the evening we anchored close to a small village called Sankuinmiao.

III

FIRST TASTE OF CARAVAN TRAVEL

I HAVE later been able to ascertain from outside sources that my houseboat skipper's estimate of the distance from Tientsin to Taokow is the more correct, the distance being usually put down at the figure of five hundred miles. All credit is thus due to our boatmen for a speedy passage, and the average progress of the "camel-men" must, accordingly, have been a fraction over two miles per hour.

The value of the German ordnance-maps, which one would certainly think ought to be correct so far as the province of Shantung is concerned, can thus hardly be said to meet the requirements of the traveller who seeks exact information.

The English military maps are, in so far as I have been able to find out, only procurable by applying directly to Staff Headquarters in India. I have never seen the British maps, but hope that they are more correct than the German.

The best general map of China proper today, although on a smaller scale, is unquestionably

Dr. Bretschneider's Russian map, an English edition of which was issued in 1901. Still, in the interest of truth, it must be said that even this map gives the above-mentioned distance as only about 350 miles.

The China Inland Mission published a map of China in 1905, which is an excellent copy of Bretschneider's English edition, but on a larger scale. This map may be had in London, Shanghai, Toronto, and Melbourne, at the mission offices, for a most reasonable price.

We started, as usual, early in the morning, and at 9 a. m. arrived at the old city of Hsun-hsien. We had to lay down the mast here when passing under the first bridge we had seen since leaving Tientsin, two weeks earlier.

There are no bridges over the Grand Canal, and all cross-traffic is undertaken on ferries, of which one or two are to be found in all the cities and villages, and everywhere, where a highway or common road crosses the more important waterway. Ferries of this kind, which are able to cross with carts, mules, pack-animals, merchandise of every description, and passengers, are really government property and gratuitous to the traveller, but the boatmen are always on the lookout for a few copper-cash as squeeze which in most cases are very well deserved.

A little distance from Hsun-hsien, when

speeding along before a strong northerly breeze, we passed a fisherman standing on a small bamboo raft. He caught his fish through the medium of four cormorants, strange-looking birds that dive under the surface of the river, catching every fish they can get hold of. A piece of string, tied around their necks, prevents them from actually enjoying their prey, and when the birds have caught a few victims, their master pulls them back to the raft, where they willingly give up their take. This way of catching fish is very ancient and simple and is more common in South China—that is south of the Yang-tse—than in the north.

Early in the afternoon—after two weeks of continual travel—we arrived at our first destination, Taokow.

This village was originally intended to become the chief shipping-place of the Peking Syndicate; but since the Kin-Han, or Peking-Hankow Railway, has been completed, its significance has greatly diminished. The syndicate has built a mining railway from the coal-mines at Chiaotso to Taokow, but this line has now, like most others, been taken over and "bought" by the Imperial Government, although the Peking Syndicate still manages the line on behalf of the Chinese.

After having paid off the houseboat, together

with a little wine-money for the "camels" and a few ten-cash pieces for the skipper's children, we had our luggage loaded on a couple of large carts, which took it to the small but neat railway-station.

Viceroy Yuan Shih Kai has instituted an effective protection system on all governmental lines, every station having a "garrison" of an officer and some twenty soldiers or perhaps rather *gens-d'armes.* They are armed with modern rifles and with sticks, and appear on the platform whenever a train comes in.

The Chinese station-master, who was kind enough to shelter my luggage and allot a room to Mr. Fong and my servant, introduced me to the two foreigners on the spot, Mr. Clark, who was in charge of the engines, and traffic-inspector Watson. The former hospitably put me up at his house, where I spent a very pleasant evening, and where for the first time in a fortnight I rested in a comfortable bed.

I had the good fortune to meet the mandarin-comptroller of the line, Mr. Wong. He was a most intelligent Chinese gentleman who had studied in the United States. After having found out that we had several mutual acquaintances in Chinese official circles, we had a long and pleasant talk together.

The next morning we took the early train to

Chiaotso, where the present sphere of action in Honan of the Peking Syndicate is centred.

The Syndicate has not been dancing on roses. The Chinese Government, especially since the Russo-Japanese war, has done nothing but make matters as difficult as possible for this promising concern. It appears that the Chinese are unwilling to permit the officials of the syndicate to carry out their duties according to the concessions originally granted, and while it is perhaps true that the Chiaotso coal-shafts do not, as yet, yield a dividend, it should not be forgotten that the syndicate's most valuable property lies in the province of Shansi and that the Chinese Government, for the time being, hinders the syndicate in working its property in that rich province. The British and Chinese governments are naturally exchanging notes in this important matter, but the result is difficult to predict, and the question may, of course, create considerable friction at any moment.

In the beginning of 1908 the Shansi concessions of the Peking Syndicate were yielded to the Chinese against an indemnity. There were many foreign residents who expressed their astonishment at this unexpected result of the prolonged negotiations.

The comfortable train passed the old city of Weihui where we obtain an excellent view of the

city walls and the tall pagoda from the station platform.

At noon we passed the junction between the syndicate line and the Kin-Han railway, and at 2.30 p. m. we arrived at Chiaotso.

The Peking Syndicate's mining property is situated about a mile from the station.

The engineer-in-chief, Mr. Alexander Reid, received me in a most cordial manner, put me up at his house and arranged a small dinner-party in the evening, Dr. Bryson, Locomotive-Superintendent Ridgway and Mr. Brown, manager of the local mines, being present. The accountant, Mr. Foley, joined us in the evening.

Before dinner I was, by the kind permission of Mr. Reid, shown over the works; the shafts, the machinery, the work-shops alike commanding my deepest admiration when I remembered that we were in the heart of the Chinese Empire.

In the afternoon I was introduced in the small club, maintained by the score of foreigners on the spot. I found English beer, an English billiard-table, English papers and an excellent American gramophone.

The following day being Saturday, I was invited to young Dr. Bryson's hospitable roof, and after having visited the little hospital, where numerous victims of railway accidents are looked after, Mr. Foley, the doctor and I had an ex-

cellent cross-country ride lasting some three hours. Afterwards we went for a swim in the cool reservoir—nine feet deep—the thermometer having registered nearly 100° F. in the shade.

Overwhelmed by the hospitality and kindness of the Peking Syndicate people, and full of pleasant memories of the past two days, I took the train Sunday morning early for the terminus of the line, a town by the name of Tsinghwa, where I was met by a guard of honour.

The railway had altogether carried us ninety-three miles from Taokow, but it will easily be understood that it was never the intention to terminate the line at Tsinghwa, but to build it further into Shansi, a scheme that has now been frustrated by the Machiavellian machinations of the Chinese Government.

Forty *li* from Tsinghwa, is the town of Hwaiking-fu. We hired two big carts to take our baggage, magnificently guarded by a couple of armed soldiers, given us as an escort by the commandant of the railway-guard.

Mr. Fong and I rode in two bamboo chairs, through the fertile country, where wheat and opium grew side by side. It was once more an abnormally hot day for May, and a half-closed sedan-chair is but badly ventilated.

We accordingly suffered from heat, thirst and

(*Top*) My military Guard of Honour at Ching Hua.
(*Bottom*) Typical courtyard of native inn, with the "Kulanebra" and a warrior, given me for "protection."

dust and felt rather worn out when, at 3 p. m., we arrived at Hwaiking-fu.

Outside the city walls we saw four or five large, fortress-like brick-buildings, and on proceeding thither we found that these martial-looking edifices formed the Canadian Presbyterian Mission station.

I was kindly received by the Rev. Dr. Menzies and Mrs. Menzies, who had already been over twelve years in China, and put up in their comfortable house for the night. As it was Sunday, I retired immediately after tea, in order not to disturb the missionaries' Sabbath, and in order to take a few hours' rest after the heat of our afternoon journey. A hospital managed by Dr. Menzies, assisted by Dr. Scott, is attached to the mission, and gives the two medical men plenty to do.

The missionary doctor had been kind enough to engage two carts for me, but unfortunately the price proved to be considerably higher than the terms Mr. Fong had already been able to obtain in the city proper.

On Monday morning we started on our two days' trip of 160 *li* to Honan-fu, the second town in importance in the province of Honan, which simply means "south of the river"—the river alluded to being the Yellow River or Hwang-ho.

It is a most trying experience to travel by native cart in North China. They are heavily and clumsily constructed and possess no springs. Furthermore, the so-called roads are in a very sadly neglected condition, the state of even the most important highways being of such a nature that it would be impossible to employ any other kind of vehicle than the springless torture-implement named a Chinese cart.

If Dante had ever tried to ride in a cart in North China—and the roads were better when he lived than now—I have little doubt that he would have introduced this mode of travelling as a form of punishment in his "Inferno," and the Fathers of the Holy Inquisition would have welcomed an artificial combination of Chinese roads and carts as a worthy addition to their torture-chamber.

The luggage was divided between the two carts. Mr. Fong and I were sitting in the first, and my servant and two new soldiers from the magistrate's yamen at Hwaiking-fu in the second.

After several hours of shaking and near spilling, we arrived at Meng-hsien, where, for the first time during our journey, we had to put up at a Chinese inn. The local mandarin sent a minor official to inspect my passport, and upon being asked how the magistrate could possibly know that we had arrived, he answered that they

had expected us for some time, having been advised by telegram from Viceroy Yuan Shi Kai at Tientsin.

It seemed to me strange that that high official took so much trouble in insuring the safety of a Danish tramp-journalist; but later on it proved correct, that the viceroy had despatched telegrams along the greater part of our intended route after our departure from Tientsin early in May.

The assistant magistrate did not return with my passport until midnight, which allowed me a rest of only four hours during the night. I consequently promised myself never again to part with my passport for a moment, but to be more liberal, even extravagant, with my Chinese visiting cards which would have to suffice.

As soon as we were outside the city the following morning, we entered a region of Loess, that much talked of formation which still puzzles the geological world in spite of Richthofen's and other theories. I shall later return to this interesting question.

At noon, after several hours' ride through narrow defiles and ravines, we reached the enormous Hwang-ho, "China's Sorrow" and inundator, the Yellow River.

Our two carts and four mules were taken on board one of the huge government ferries, and a

strong northerly wind and swift current took us safely to the southern bank in less than twenty minutes. The mules seemed to like the maritime experience, for they were very unwilling to leave the ferry, and consequently gave the mafoos a good deal of trouble.

We paid the Kang-Yu ferry-men a little money, as they had taken us over in a special ferry by virtue of instructions given them by the Meng-hsien magistrate through the medium of our military escort.

In the afternoon we passed several beautiful Loess perspectives. The weather being warm but not too hot as on the preceding days, we were able to enjoy the superb scenery, which is hardly adequately describable by words, although a landscape-painter of talent might quickly become both famed and wealthy in case he took up interpreting the weird formations of the Loess.

In many places the road was too narrow for two vehicles to pass one another, but our soldiers proved very effective in forcing a quick passage. They did not always restrict themselves to gentle means; and it often happened that a blow or kick in the stomach of some obstructing party had to be applied before they would get out of the way by forcing the animals into some incredibly small corner, if in a ravine, or into the surrounding fields when on level country.

This violence on the part of the soldiers was greatly against my desire—but I knew that interference would never be understood—at best only found ridiculous.

Darkness came upon us as we entered the suburb of Honan-fu, where we paid our cartmen the balance due them. We put up at the cleanest native inn we were able to find. It was very dirty.

I slept like a stone after the two days' caravan journey, and did not get up until eight o'clock. After breakfast I called at the Swedish mission-station, where I met Pastor Anderson, who wore Chinese dress and a pigtail.

In the evening I had dinner at the mission with Mr. Anderson and Dr. Beinhoff, who both lived a simple life in hard work. The mission field belonging to Honan-fu is undoubtedly one of the worst in China, and the Swedes were the first who have been able—about one year and a half ago—to establish a permanent mission in this pronouncedly anti-foreign city. The converts at Honan-fu numbered but sixteen, in spite of superhuman zeal on the part of the missionaries.

Originally it was not my intention to stop over at Honan-fu, but unfortunately it proved very difficult to get together a small caravan, as a big military transport to Ili had temporarily swept the city clean of carts and animals.

The province of Honan is the Chinese Eldorado for robbers, thugs, desperadoes, brigands, banditti, and highwaymen.

In the wintertime when food is scarce and the temperature low, murders and robberies are daily perpetrated in the immediate neighbourhood of Honan-fu, especially in the mountainous regions towards the south.

On the same evening we arrived, a peaceful wayfarer had his throat cut outside the west-gate, and a short time before the prefect's own secretary had been attacked in full daylight on the highway from the provincial capital, Kaifeng-fu, east of Honan city. The latter exploit cost the robber organization some ten captives, who were all executed on the spot.

IV

ON THE ROAD TO SHENSI

MR. FONG, as once before, had luck where the mission failed, and succeeded in obtaining two covered, springless carts for himself, my servant and the luggage, while he got hold of a mule for me, a pony not being procurable.

Our little caravan, when we left the next morning, passing out through the west-gate, thus consisted of five mules, two carts, three mule-drivers, two armed soldiers, my servant Masi, Mr. Fong, and myself.

I did not envy Mr. Fong, who had a cart-trip of over 250 miles before him; but on the other hand I must say that, even if my mule were considerably better than a cart for travelling purposes, I by no means experienced anything akin to comfort, for my animal had a very strange character, and I truly wondered whether it was in reality a mule at all.

Some of the great explorers of Central Asia, Prejevalsky and Sven Hedin, speak of wild asses, the latter, I believe, calling the animal a "kulan." Remembering the description of the

kulan, I came to the conclusion that my riding-mule, as far as its looks went, must be related to that animal through intimate ties, while its peculiar obstinacy of mind and dislike of the rider pointed to a relationship with the zebra.

Therefore, I decided to create a new zoological name, and I called my Rosinante a "kulanebra."

My heart swells with pride when I think of this new addition to zoologic terminology, which I trust may graciously be accepted by Sir Ray Lankester and other authorities.

And I am equally proud when I remember, that none of the kulanebra's daily vicious attempts on my "balance" succeeded—thanks to constant vigilance on my part and perpetual though mild application of the distracting whip from Russia.

The worst thing about the kulanebra, however, was that, despite assurance from the head mafoo, it had obviously never been used for riding purposes before. This necessitated the continued presence of a mafoo, and as the proper mafoo ran back to Honan-fu on the first evening, saying that he forgot to bring his winter clothes for the "cool" nights, I took the liberty of using one of His Imperial Majesty's soldiers in said humble capacity.

From the very first moment, when the Tsinghwa officials gave us a military escort of

two riflemen, I had objected to the idea, but in vain.

Personally, I do not believe that the mandarins on our way took the slightest individual interest in the safety of my person or property; but to send soldiers along with me was always a precaution, vitally concerning their own peace of mind in case I should get into serious trouble or even be killed on the way. It should, furthermore, not be overlooked that the soldiers were always able to furnish an exact account of what I had been doing during the day—in other words, they did very well as spies.

Every evening, when we arrived at the destination of our day's travel, usually a hsien, or district city, we would have to change our soldiers; and we thus changed our escort over a dozen times on the road from Tsinghwa to Sian-fu. As to the worthy soldiers themselves, they appeared increasingly poorly uniformed, shod and armed as we proceeded west, excepting, however, our double escort of four soldiers from the important city of Tungkwan.

While Yuan Shi Kai's railway troops were armed with modern breech-loading rifles, we arrived in Sian with soldiers who carried no arms at all. *En route,* we observed the receding stages of muzzle-loaders from the early sixties, iron swords in leather-sheaths, as used in the Boxer

and Taiping rebellions, and round, black-painted sticks that could hardly kill a puppy. There is something distressing in such a state of things in one of the largest empires of the world, but, of course, it is no use crying. The necessary reforms are sure to come here as elsewhere, if not before, then when the railway has been extended along the banks of the Hwang-ho and the Wei into Shensi.

One day, one of our soldiers saved me from what certainly looked like a very serious accident.

We passed through the dark and narrow thoroughfare of some small village in the afternoon. Due to the fact that the street was full of ox-carts, which made a quick passage impossible, I had induced my kulanebra to walk on the stony "sidewalk," which was elevated some eleven feet over the deep-cut main-road.

My soldier, a tall, poorly clad, but good-looking young chap, was walking a little distance ahead, the sidewalk being only some three feet wide on this particular spot. Suddenly he turned and ran towards me, catching hold of my mule by the headgear, and in the same moment I observed a runaway pony coming towards us at a terrific speed, swaying to and fro as it galloped along the narrow, elevated sidewalk.

A few seconds more, and the white runaway, which was mad with pain or fear, had plunged

its head into my left knee with such force that the hind feet of my mule slid over the slippery stone edge of the sidewalk—I, myself, having had no time at all to dismount. Had the mule fallen down the half-score of feet I should undoubtedly have had my back or neck broken, and credit is solely due to the energetic pulling of the courageous Chinese soldier that no accident, except a bruised knee, befell me.

The white pony, after the collision, half fell, half jumped down into the main road, and having been inspired by a new direction of thought after the fall, turned round, mounted the opposite sidewalk, jumped over three small naked children playing in the sand, and eventually disappeared in a dust-cloud outside the village.

It can easily be understood that I paid the soldier, who had indeed acted as a true "bodyguard," a handsome gratuity when he left us, and he insisted on "kowtowing" in the dust several times before leaving my company.

Our two carts were very strong vehicles, covered with semi-circular wood-frames which, with their outside cover of faded blue cotton, were intended to keep out sun and rain. Against the terrible dust in the Loess plateaux the covers are, however, quite useless. It would be altogether impossible to construct anything "dustproof" in

North China. Ask the diplomats who have to keep their expensive, gold-embroidered uniforms in Peking!

The mafoos showed themselves to be very unobliging, intriguing fellows. Although I had paid the customary substantial sum in advance—the total price for the whole caravan being fifty-six taels, or about forty dollars gold, from Honan-fu to Sian-fu, on account of the harvest, which always raises the price of carts—they invariably came every other night and desired to borrow money for buying "horse-chow" or fodder. I resolutely refused these unreasonable demands and at last threatened to deduct one tael every time I was bothered about advances. That threat stopped the practice!

The four cart-mules were not bad, except one. This poor animal had the skin worn off in several places by the stiff harness. Three days before our arrival in Sian-fu, this mule had a violent attack of sunstroke.

An old Chinese "vet" was sent for, and the treatment of this excellent man, who seemed to be well up in sunstrokial veterinary surgery, cured the animal. He poured cool water into the ears of the stricken beast and pierced its nose, eye-sockets and other soft accessible parts with red-hot, four-inch nails. This made the patient dance as perhaps never before. The doctor got

his fee of a couple of dimes, and the animal worked comparatively well for the rest of the way. Antiseptics had, of course, not been used, and the eyes of the not very attractive animal were flowing with matter.

At nightfall, when we arrived at the inns which were to shelter us for the night, the five animals had a charming habit of rolling themselves in the inch-deep dust of the court-yard; this proved especially beneficial to us when the wind bore the dust towards our already sufficiently filthy rooms. The animals took the dust-bath as soon as they were relieved of the harness in order to soothe the pain of insect-bites received during the day. Perhaps they also cooled off unpleasant memories of the everlastingly applied whip.

The dozen or more Chinese inns we frequented during the westward journey were all built alike.

Facing the street is a "restaurant," the food offered in these regions being very poor and monotonous, always consisting of wheat in some shape, eggs, weak tea, thin vegetable soup and, practically never, rice. Next to the open restaurant we find a large gate with cheap prints of the God of Protection pasted on the doors in multi-coloured display.

Inside is found a large square court-yard, part of which is always covered with a wooden roof for protecting the carts, not the animals, against the

rain, when that rare visitor arrives in the autumn.

In the furthest end of the court-yard are the entrances to the "state-suite" of rooms. These usually consist of two or three rooms with a table and a few suspicious-looking chairs or benches, which seem to have been constructed so as to force, through their lack of comfort, the traveller to go to bed on his "kang" as early as possible.

The "kang" is the bedstead of northern China, and is not found in the south. It must not be forgotten that houses in North China are built of mud, intermixed with straw, and the inns form no exception. Even large bricks for city walls are made of mud. The kang is simply a solid bedstead, some seven feet long, about three feet high, and four feet wide, or even larger, built of mud. A foot or so from the ground we find one or two deep, horizontally excavated holes, which in the cold winter months are filled with fuel in the shape of dried camel, donkey or mule manure.

The kang is thus known as the "hot bedstead," and I thank Providence that it has not yet been my lot to sleep on a heated kang, which I fancy must be one of the most effective creators of rheumatism ever invented.

Mr. Fong, who had brought no mosquito-net, suffered greatly from the iniquitous vermin in these inns, not a single one being found so much as tolerably clean; and even I, who had the ad-

vantage of a new mosquito-net, was very badly treated all over the body, and even in the face, by these indefatigable night-visitors. I tried various kinds of disinfectants and powder, but they were of no earthly use, and eventually I had to put up with the pest.

Incidentally, we did not live like princes on the way.

When we arrived at our overnight place, we were always ravenously hungry; but our dinner, during eleven days, consisted, with one single exception, only of scrambled or fried eggs, Chinese coarse wheat bread, and tea. Our breakfast invariably consisted of three boiled eggs, cocoa, or beef-tea, and the same bread; and our wayside midday-meal of two hard-boiled eggs and cold tea without sugar or milk.

I do not believe for a minute that this was a healthful diet, but as we could get no decent Chinese food, which by the way, I highly treasure, and as I, in order to reduce the bulk of our luggage, had brought but very few conserves, we had to resort to eggs, which are at least clean and easy to prepare. We only had one change on the way in the form of a boiled chicken, which was prepared on an evening when we "got in" at five p. m. instead of the usual seven or seven-thirty o'clock. Fortunately, I did not feel any worse after the ardently pursued egg-cure.

The Chinese inn-keepers, as a rule, are elderly, obliging men, who charge very little for the dirty rooms they let. On the average we paid from twelve to twenty-five cents gold per night for the "state-suite" and, when it happened that this had already been taken by travelling mandarins, and we accordingly had to content ourselves—it fortunately only happened twice—with the small prison-like side-cells, we paid still less.

For boiling water, the water usually being drawn from a deep well, we had to pay a few copper-cash extra, and the mafoo furthermore, had his bill to settle with the inn-proprietor for mule-fodder. Still, I do not believe that the total bill ever reached 400 large copper-cash, or half a dollar Mexican, a night, excluding the fodder.

Only once or twice did we meet with incivility on the part of an inn-keeper.

The first evening after our departure from Honan-fu, we found that all the inns at the town of Sinan-hsien were more or less occupied, and we were unable to find any habitable room. I at once sent a message to the magistrate with the request that he would kindly see that we were accommodated in some way or other as soon as possible. This official was not only kind enough to have rooms prepared for us in an inn in the

suburb, but he himself came in his sedan-chair to see that we were comfortable.

The situation for the mandarin was not so very easy, for it was a fact that the vanguard of the military transport to Ili had ordered rooms and fodder all along the main-road. Still, what made me angry was that the inn-keeper had not at all given the true reason for his inability to receive us, but had informed Mr. Fong that he was not willing to receive any foreigners as they "always wanted everything their own way."

It would be of interest to know how many foreigners the said inn-keeper, outside missionary circles, had encountered in his lifetime, as they are somewhat scarce in Honan.

About a week later we had a similar case, which was amicably settled without official interference.

Once during the journey it happened that a petty officer of the military transport's advance commissariat rode up in front of the quarters I was actually occupying, loudly demanding that I give up my room to the military mandarin in command. I got very angry indeed at this piece of tactless incivility on the part of a Mr. Nobody, but when Mr. Fong had told him that I was (*sic!*) a travelling high official from Europe, he disappeared in a fit of polite haste.

We daily had to cross a number of small

rivers, tributaries to the Hwang-ho. They came from the southern mountains and were usually easy to ford. In Honan we found no bridges across the rivulets, but in the once imperial province of Shensi stone-bridges were frequent.

Several times we caught glimpses towards the north of the Yellow River with its dark-coloured, shallow waters. Little, or practically no navigation is found here, the only boats being the large ferries or scows, and a few heavy flat-bottomed lighters which bring soft coal from near Tungkwan, in fact from as far up the Wei River as Sienyang, the "port" of Sian-fu.

On Wednesday, May 29th, we passed into the province of Shensi and stayed overnight in the western part of the important town of Tungkwan, which is not only a considerable trade-centre, being the corner-stone of the three provinces of Shansi, Shensi, and Honan, but also a military city of some consideration. The great numbers of travellers coming and going, was interesting enough to watch, but made the inns the most dirty and vermin-infested we had as yet seen and experienced.

Just west of Tungkwan, the Wei River, locally called, or perhaps rather pronounced, the Yü, joins the broad Hwang-ho, which here bends eastward from the north, after forming the

boundary between Shensi and Shansi for several hundred miles.

From Tungkwan, which we left early the following morning, we still had at least ninety miles to Sian-fu.

In the afternoon we stopped for a few hours at the village of Hwayinmiao, situated at the foot of one of China's five holy mountains, the Hwa Shan. A very large and beautiful Taoist temple has been built here. I found it in fairly good repair, the scenery from the upper balcony of the tall main-temple being very attractive indeed.

The most celebrated of the Chinese holy mountains is probably the Tai Shan in Shantung. When at Lintsing-chow, on the Grand Canal in Shantung, we found the city overcrowded with pilgrims from far and near, who were waiting for the yearly descent of the "Great Goddess" of the Holy Shan, in order that she might stay one month with her faithful on earth. Enormous numbers of pilgrims come to Tai Shan every spring in order to remain on a good footing with the superior forces reigning from the mountain-top. There is another holy mountain south of Honan-fu, one in Shansi, and a fifth in Honan.

Taoism was founded by the interesting thinker Lao-tse, who is said to have been born in Honan,

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604 B. C., or over fifty years before Confucius. It has also been said that Lao-tse travelled much and even visited India, Persia and Judea. His one short work, the Tao-Teh-King, or Theology of Reason and Virtue, is probably influenced by the Persian Bible or Zend-Avesta.

One may safely say that his writings are very elastic and consequently give rise to many different interpretations. Lao-tse may be translated "old boy," which seems a somewhat humorous name for the founder of a religion; but Lao-tse was carried by his mother for eighty years prior to his birth, and appears to have been born an albino. He was thus from the outset quite an extraordinary person.

The Taoist priests, who are rather few in number, are considered the professional magicians of the empire.

As we proceeded further into the comparatively prosperous province of Shensi, the growing of opium greatly increased. It is somewhat difficult to grasp, that the famous and highly welcome anti-opium-growing-and-smoking edict of recent date has had so very little influence. The further away from Peking, the more opium! It is quite a well-known fact that the present Governor Chao of Shensi is a great opium-smoker, and as long as the officials do not refrain from the objectionable and degenerating

habit, there is, of course, very little hope for any general improvement amongst the people.

If nothing happens, it may safely be predicted that Great Britain's present efforts to stop the Indian opium export to China will prove quite futile—so far as the practical, not the moral, side of the question is concerned—and the Chinese will simply futurely smoke the native instead of the imported poison, although the "upper ten," who can afford it, by far prefer the superior Indian poppy.

On our way we sometimes passed open carts under escort of soldiers, containing three or more prisoners who had been sentenced to lifelong banishment to Mongolia or Turkestan for more or less serious crimes. The travelling prisoners wore chains around the ankles, but were generally well-treated.

One day, at a wayside inn, I had the pleasure of taking my egg-and-tea tiffin in the distinguished company of one murderer, two burglars, and their two soldier-guardians, besides my own escort. We got on very well together, and none of them tried to abstract my watch or pocket-handkerchief.

I photographed the three excellent law-transgressors and promised them, with a *reservatio mentalis,* to forward enlargements in gilt frames to Kashgaria, which joke they seemed

to find most fascinating. Shame or remorse is not found among criminals on the highroads of China, only fear; and it took fully fifteen minutes to explain to them that I was not going to shoot, but to snapshoot them, with my kodak.

On the 31st we only covered some twenty miles, due to the overwhelming heat, and in the forenoon on the first of June we arrived at the hsien-town of Weinan, which carries the distinction of having been the cradle of the great Mohammedan rebellion of northwest China, which raged in Shensi, Kansu and Szechuan from 1860, or even earlier according to some records, until October, 1875, when it was brought to an end at Suchow in farthest Kansu.

It must be said that the foreign-dressed traveller in these regions is a *rara avis*. While numerous missionaries have travelled this way without attracting much notice, thanks to their Chinese dress, the strange attire and unusual outfit of the uncommon foreign explorer insures for him the unpleasant experience of being practically mobbed every hour of the day.

I was usually half an hour or more ahead of the caravan, and sometimes separated from them for many hours, because in most cases I was able to use high mule-tracks in the mountains and Loess regions where the carts were not able to

pass, thus obtaining a better view of the surrounding country.

It therefore often happened that I stopped alone at some small wayside inn over a cup of boiling water or so-called tea, to wait for the carts, but before five minutes had passed I was invariably surrounded by dozens of curious people of all ages, who scrutinized me, my dress, and especially my foreign saddle, which is quite different from the Chinese wooden saddle of mediæval pattern, their eyes lustrous with irrepressible curiosity.

In the meanwhile, it must be admitted that I noticed no manifestations of actual unfriendliness, let alone hostility, although I was, of course, unable fully to comprehend the innumerable remarks concerning myself and my visit that would be flying about when I was the centre of any gathering of the curious people of the street.

A very small incidental occurrence may, however, change their whole attitude in less than two seconds, and the curious mob becomes a pack of crazy wolves, ravening for nothing less than the life of the "foreign devil."

I once went through such an ordeal in the neighbourhood of Chingkiang on the Yang-tse, twenty odd years ago, when the mob forced me to use my revolver in sheer self-defence. I never found out whether the man I shot and hit, died;

but at any rate I desired no repetition of such an occurrence. For this reason, I very often waited for the caravan at some solitary spot under a tree, to the great grief of my military mentor, who was thus deprived of his tea at an inn, as well as of his self-imposed position as village-exhibitor of my European self and kit.

On the second of June, which was Sunday, we arrived early at the historic city of Lintung, situated at the foot of the Li-shan, or Swift Horse Mountains, and some sixteen miles east of Sian-fu.

Lintung-hsien is a very old town and was used as a capital by the only two emperors of the megalomaniacal Tsin dynasty.

Emperor Chi Hwang Ti intended to begin a new era and to found a modest dynasty, which should last only ten thousand generations, but although he was the promoter and engineer-in-chief of that gigantic task, the Great Wall of China, his dynasty only lasted some forty years, being replaced by the first Han dynasty in 206 B. C.

Chi Hwang Ti had a large and beautiful burial-place constructed by his son, who only reigned three years, having been unable to accomplish anything beyond the paternal tomb.

Lintung is also famous for its hot baths.

The thermal spring, which is some 102 degrees

Fahrenheit, and slightly sulphurous, is situated a few minutes' walk from the west-gate of the town, and the several basins, small temples, pavilions, gardens and stables form quite a considerable establishment. The baths were in use over two thousand years ago, and nothing is charged for using them—only the inevitable "squeeze."

We were kindly shown all over this ancient establishment, which is maintained and managed by the provincial government and which contains attractive apartments even for emperors and their consorts. The gardens are beautifully laid out with artificial islets in small granite basins, stone bridges and tea pavilions, and are in better repair than many a temple or palace. This is due to the fact that rich merchants and resident officials all contribute freely to the funds of this old health-centre.

In the great, sombre, cool, granite cave, which forms the superior bath for the gentry, I saw many Chinese gentlemen take their morning-dip, while outside, in the public bath, old and young people from near and far were enjoying a morning's fun in the hot water.

It was originally my intention to spend all Sunday at this lovely place, but unfortunately this proved quite impossible, for the simple reason that the new provincial treasurer of Shensi had long before engaged the whole estab-

lishment for that very day in order to give a large party on taking over his seals of office.

I have no doubt that room might have been found for us by the magistrate, but I thought it hardly polite to endeavour to stay, when the rooms, or most of them, had already been formally engaged.

After the termination of my visit to the baths, Mr. Fong and I had a troublesome climb half way up the Li-shan to an old temple called Lao-man. We had good tea and Canton brown sugar with the priest, as we were burning with thirst after the steep ascent in the blazing June sun.

The old man told us that it was four years since any white man had visited him, and that I was but the second white man he had ever seen. I have reason to believe that my predecessor may have been a German lieutenant, Herr Erich von Salzmann, who passed this way, bound for Kashgar in Turkestan, some four years and a half before we passed through.

Like Lieutenant von Salzmann, I had taken my kodak with me, but unfortunately the air was not clear enough distinctly to discern the walls and gate-towers of Sian-fu towards the west, which was, of course, rather a disappointment, and my luck was thus not better than that of the German officer.

After a stop of some three hours at Lingtung,

we proceeded on our way. The road literally swarmed with mandarins from Sian-fu in varicoloured, cloth-covered sedan-chairs, in carts, and on horseback—evidently all going out to the provincial treasurer's week-end party.

In the afternoon we crossed the long, imposing stone bridge over the Ba River, and in the evening, after a day of slow progress, we arrived at Chilipu, where I decided to stop for the night in order to be able to make my longed-for entry into Sian-fu in the early morning.

More than half of the inhabitants of Chilipu live in caves in the Loess, which here forms a long wall, some sixty feet in height. The inns were terribly poor due to the close proximity of the provincial capital, very few travellers stopping over at Chilipu.

V

REGIONS OF THE LOESS

BEFORE entering the great city of Sian-fu, it is my desire to say a word or two about that most interesting feature of North China, which is now universally called the Loess.

It is nothing if not natural, that the mighty formations of the Loess have given rise to various geological theories, the continued presentation of which partly ceased since Richthofen's theory was generally acknowledged by geologists all over the scientific world, geologists who have, as a rule, never seen the Loess themselves.

While I do in no way dispute the greatness of the late Professor, Baron von Richthofen, whose works, like "China" and "Letters," will always receive the warmest admiration and acknowledgment, it is a strange thing to note how very quickly a theory, to wit, an unproven hypothesis, or to speak plainly, a supposition, a presumption, a guess, is always, when coming from an authority, welcomed and nursed by everybody in minor authority, and accordingly generally accepted by students and the unsuspecting public.

The famous American octogenarian, Profes-

sor Raphael Pumpelly, first visited the Loess in 1863-65.

Kingsmill soon afterwards advanced a theory that the stratification of the Loess pointed to the fact that it was simply a fresh-water deposit.

That theory hardly holds good; and we find Loess deposits—rather a misguiding name of German extraction—at a height of some 7,000 feet or more, an altitude that was hardly reached even by the great inundation under Noah, or by the corresponding Chinese flood—the Deluge of Yü.

Richthofen travelled in China in the early seventies and, like Pumpelly, studied the Loess on the spot. Afterwards, and only after very careful studies and much thinking, he published his great theory, which will, to say the least, give everybody who is interested in nature, plenty to think of and a good deal of amazement.

The Loess in China proper alone covers an area equal to half that of the German Empire; it is found in plenty in four provinces; it gave the yellow colour to the last reigning house of China, having been called Hwang-tu or "yellow earth"; it has proven its high fertilizing power through thousands of years; it has shaped itself through local influences into weird, immense formations, its cleavage and stratification proving particularly remarkable; it is found at very considerable

altitudes, as well as on level with the highly-coloured rivers that penetrate it, the Hwang-Ho being one of them; and it has, so to say, baffled science to a great extent up to the present, and will doubtless do so for a long time to come—the work of eminent geologists notwithstanding.

As is well known, to the north of the provinces of Shensi and Kansu, we find the Mongolian vastness of the Gobi and Shamo deserts—not Gobi "or" Shamo, as the former is a sandy, the latter a stony, desert—which have undoubtedly, ages ago, formed the bottom of some ocean, or extensive salt lake or lakes.

Having disposed of the theories that the Loess is a fresh-water deposit, or due to the work of ice-age glaciers, Richthofen goes on saying that the whole of the Loess formation of North China is simply due to the æolian action of the sand-storms from the northwest, which, during countless centuries, blew down the sand-dust from the northern deserts, and in a capricious moment deposited this dust some hundreds of miles away from its homestead. In short, a kind of ingenious translation scheme on the part of Mother Nature.

If a learned scientist of some recognized university were to issue a great volume tomorrow, asserting after prolonged visits to Sahara and Rome, that St. Peter's Cathedral was in reality

not a structure built by human hands, but simply a conglomeration of sand-particles from the Sahara desert, blown up as far as Rome, there to create that great edifice as it now stands, basing his assertion on the excellence of Sahara's sand as a building material, and the feared Sirocco as a carrier, the said scientist would undoubtedly find thousands of believers and admirers, and his book would sell like hot cakes, chiefly owing to the fact that a new and audacious theory had been published by a man in a recognized position, by a man of authority, and also because of its absurd originality and engaging novelty.

When John Butler Bourke amazed the world, in 1905, with the message that he had been able to create life through the mediums of radium-salt and gelatine, he was eagerly believed by millions; and the newspapers printed flaming articles telling us that "God Has Been Seen," "Creation By Man Achieved," and many other awe-inspiring things. In an article written for the Potentia Organization, and published in London on September 4, 1905, in "The Daily Chronicle," Professor Sir William Ramsay did not waste many words in proving the exaggeration of Bourke's divine disclosures.

Possibly we are not in danger of altogether missing the point, when saying that a party of highly-trained, independent modern geologists

and zoologists, if sent on an expedition, say from Transbaikalia, via Urga, Lanchow, Sian-fu, east to Honan-fu, and north to Taiyuan-fu in Shansi, thus first traversing the Mongolian deserts, and subsequently all the important Loess regions of the Middle Kingdom, such a party would most likely have a good many new and interesting things to say, upon their return, concerning the formation of Loess.

Conceivably they might even revolutionize the present ideas of the Loess, and the theory, as such, of Baron von Richthofen might possibly cease to exist.

One of the chief-experiments to be undertaken by such an exploring party—it is not proposed that any single man should be entrusted with the task—would be, on numerous spots in the deserts and Loess regions, to collect a great number of samples of sand and Loess, taken not only from the surface, but also from various depths.

These samples, on being brought to Europe and America, hermetically sealed, would naturally have to undergo a microscopic analysis, undertaken by men of great skill, in the chemical laboratories of various universities, a process that has, so far as I am able to ascertain, already taken place to a limited extent. There would, however, be no good reason for telling the analysts beforehand what the different sample-

boxes contained, as the main object would naturally be to let the scientific investigators testify as to the inter-relation, or lack of same, between, e. g., the Gobi sand and the China Loess.

Still, we feel sure that even if such a series of careful examinations should prove that the sand from the northern deserts and the Loess have no more to do with each other than have a relict mountain in Norway with the detritic formations of the island of Bornholm in the Baltic, lots of people in minor authority would still say with Richthofen that Loess is desert-sand, blown southeast during centuries by perpetual northwest winds, and recall the "terrible sand-storms of North China, when the air is filled with an impalpable yellow powder, which leaves its coating upon everything, and often extends, in a fog-like cloud, hundreds of miles to sea."

May I insert here that it appears strange that the action of these northwestern dust-storms, which are accused of forming the Loess plateaux, can not so well be traced beyond the eastern limit of the Loess regions, no Loess to speak of being found in the provinces of Shantung, Kiangsu or Chekiang on the coast, in spite of the fact that the dust which, when deposited forms the Loess according to Richthofen, can be observed "hundreds of miles at sea."

It is somewhat inconsiderate on the part of

these aforesaid storms to deprive the poor, often famine-stricken coast-provinces of the blessings of fertilization as bestowed by the Loess, by blowing the golden sand-dust out to sea, while showing a preference for the western provinces, especially Honan, Shensi, Shansi, Kansu.

For the furtherance of the establishment of a final and correct Loess theory, and owing to the incredulity generally exercised by a few sceptics toward new theories that are not absolutely bomb-proof, it will likewise be necessary for the members of the party of Loess explorers to gather samples—for instance from a *ballon captif*—of the dust blown up from the deserts during one of those most disagreeable storms, and to go through the same trying performance when nearing the Loess proper, and also after having reached same.

It is difficult to believe that the Richthofen and other theories concerning the Loess formations have ever been generally accepted before such simple experiments, as on the lines suggested above, have been carried out.

A description worthy of the wonders of the Loess formations, as indicated before, might come from a painter's brush, not from an author's pen.

There is something histrionically unreal about the marvellous picturesqueness of the deep ra-

(*Top*) Loess stratification with terraces showing caves.
(*Bottom*) Loess panorama in Honan.

vines, misleading mountainousness, abrupt hills, and ferocious wildness of these yellowish creations, which remind one of the smugglers' scene of "Carmen," and of everything connected with highway-robbers, crimes of mountaineers and gallant self-defence of ages gone by.

We can almost imagine hearing the trumpet-signal of the government's caravan! From our high stand on the edge of the ravine which has cut its way a hundred feet below into underground semi-darkness and midday-dusk, we hear the shouts and shots of the soldierly, pagoda-hatted, sword and bow-and-arrow armed highwaymen, who fight the escort of the transport with usual success—the escort itself getting a share of the booty, part of which will see the bottom of the nearest mandarin's money-chest.

A fine and noble life, the chain of murders and thefts of the highway-robber, who is decapitated, if caught, but who is very, very seldom caught. For it might happen that the capture of the rascals would prove detrimental to the financial interests of the authorities in the neighbourhood.

We work our way to the top of the plateau, and we obtain a peep into mighty nature, such as Loess formations in North China alone can furnish.

The age-old trading-road, where it swings and sways and balances along the perilous edge of

cleft and crevice amidst the cracking Loess, hundreds of feet above the bottom of the gorges, protected only by a low, usually broken mud-wall less than a man's height, gives us opportunities, ever repeated and unparalleled, to admire the sights which the Loess defiles, sometimes half a mile wide and running in a straight line for miles, open up to our wondering eyes.

And where isolated Loess-columns stand duty as sentries, new wonderful perspectives of stratification, looking like titanic stair-cases built for the conquest of Heaven, amaze us; while deep, deep down, and far, far away, we catch a glimpse of the large, winding river—now the Hwang-ho, then the western Wei.

Finally we tear ourselves loose from the wondrous outlook and make our descent into the deep valley, along the stony, steep Loess-slide, until we reach the rivulet, which we ford under yelling and shouting; and again we patiently start a new ascent on the other side, leading us toward weirder formations and new sights never to be forgotten.

And we pass through villages, the majority of whose inhabitants live in caves, dug in the Loess walls, cool during summer, cosy during winter, the villagers being mostly farmers, who take advantage of the virtually inexhaustible fertility of the Loess for grain-growing, procuring harvests

twice yearly that yield a hundred-fold. Millions of Chinese live and die in Loess-caves like ordinary troglodytes of old.

As we travel along we shall become enveloped in one of the trying dust-storms of these regions, which raise the Loess into the air and make man and beast equally sick and unable to see or proceed. Ears, mouth, and eyes, and even the pores of the skin, are filled with yellow Loess-powder.

But when the storm ceases, new beauties will be unveiled by the returning sun, and offer consolation for the hours of suffering, spent in a deserted cave by the wayside, when animals and travellers crouched together in discomfort, subdued by the wrath of the elements.

Through the foregoing remarks on Loess we have almost reached the moment, when we enter the city and provincial capital of Sian-fu, a moment we have been looking forward to during the past six years.

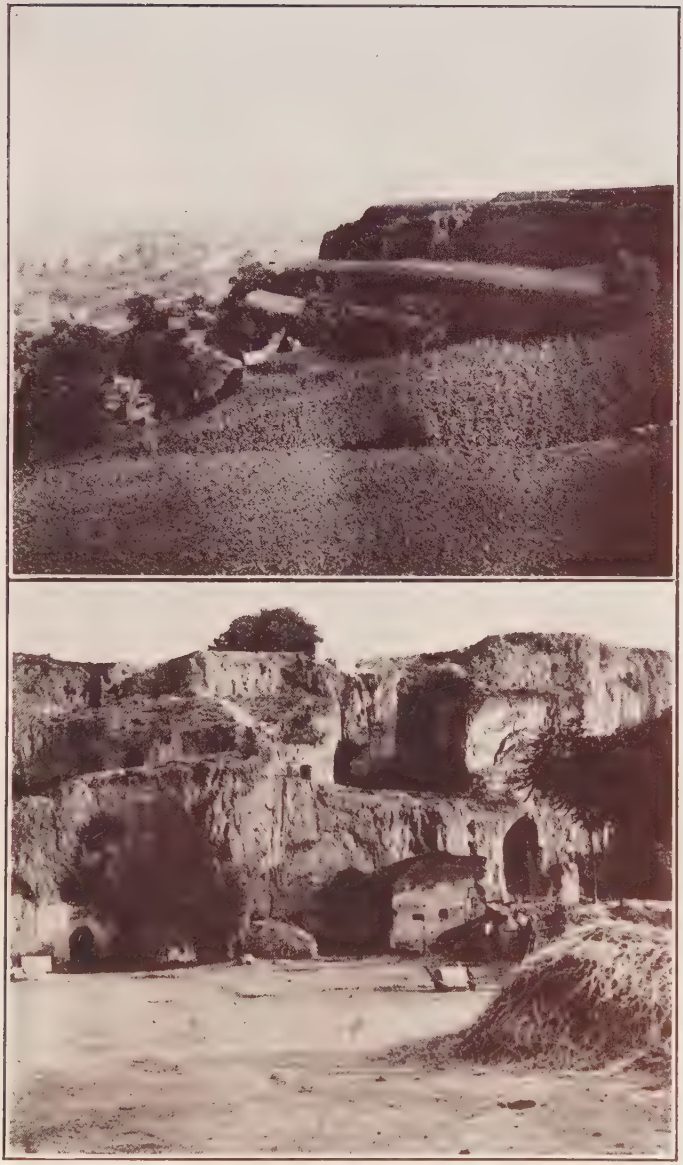
Yet, we cannot enter the destination of our expedition until we have,—in an unscientific and modest way—expressed it as our firm conviction that the Loess plateaux in China are as local, that is locally born, locally evolved, locally bound, and locally developed, as are the ranges of Himalaya, the lake of Koko Nor, or—St. Peter's Cathedral.

The underlying "ginger-stone," as the natives

appropriately call the Loess, is, to our mind, nothing but a peculiar form of sandstone in the transitional stage of disintegration.

The Loess presents to the modern geologist a living chapter of the geological history of our earth, giving him an exceptional opportunity—hitherto but little cultivated—to study the withering away of thousands of square miles of surface. Just as he studies the action of glaciers, past and present, and of volcanoes, and earthquakes, and a dozen other natural phenomena, he should pay attention to the Loess in North China, for there is honour in store for him who solves the difficult problem of its origin in a proper scientific way, without employing either too drastic or too easy-going measures.

We are very well aware of the fact, that the acknowledged Loess-theory will quickly and successfully contest a statement, as the above, that the underlying Loess is but a peculiar kind of sandstone in the ultimate stage of disintegration; but this not being the opinion of a geologist, it is necessary to make room for all our reasons concerning our conviction, which is, of course, mainly based on the areal extent, or rather limitation, of the formations; their strictly local nature, including the restricted locality of the "terrible dust-storms" and their dust-productive power; and, above all, our desire to break the



(*Top*) Fertility, cultivation, and wilderness of the Loess.
(*Bottom*) Habitated cave-dwellings in the Loess.

thorny flower of awakening the world of geological science from its present Richthofen-slumber.

And, while we brush off the last particles of Loess, so far as this be possible, from our sun-helmet and khaki-suit, we approach the towering eastern gate of the old, imperial city of Sian-fu —unquestionably one of the most interesting centres of the world's ancient history.

On the broad highway between Chilipu, where we had stopped overnight, and Sian-fu, we met several detachments of cavalry. The horsemen, who were old-style Manchu soldiers—that is, not modernized troops, but few modern-drilled troops being found in Shensi as yet—were well mounted on Kansu and Mongolian ponies, but their arms consisted merely of lances with huge character-embroidered, multi-coloured banners attached, and some rusty old muzzle-loaders, which had, perhaps, been through the Dano-Prussian or the American Civil War.

At the inner gate we were requested to leave our names with the soldiers on duty, after which mediæval procedure we continued to the very centre of the town under the guidance of our mafoos, who found us a very good, but of course dirty and ill-smelling inn near the governor's yamen.

We paid our mule-men, who were, as was to be expected, very dissatisfied—as all Chinese are

—with what we gave them, and we then proceeded to make ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit, as we expected to stay for some time.

One of my first actions was to instruct my servant to get some fowl ready in order that the eternal egg-diet might be changed, forgotten, and buried in history.

I then sent Mr. Fong to the Chinese Imperial Telegraph Office with a couple of messages, and proceeded myself to take a very necessary and very hot bath, to the great astonishment and trouble of the inn-people, to whom such a consumption of hot water, which is otherwise only used for brewing tea, was entirely unknown.

The bath, a shave and clean clothes after a couple of weeks on mule-back, were indeed celestial, and an hour's subsequent sleep on a Chinese couch changed me into a new, if not better being.

When Mr. Fong came back, he was the bearer of good news.

As I had expected, there was a Roman Catholic, as well as two Protestant mission-stations in the capital; and to my delight, he informed me that there was also a foreign postmaster. I decided to call on this official, and, accompanied by Mr. Fong, went to the Chinese post-office, where I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Ernest Schaumloeffel, a German, who in spite of his age

of twenty-eight, held the rank in the Chinese Postal Service of District Postal Inspector, with a working-field of two provinces, Shensi and Kansu.

I was well aware of the fact that the postal service in China had been progressing favourably for years under the auspices of Sir Robert Hart's inspector-generalship, but I had no idea that foreigners were employed so far in the interior as Sian-fu.

A very effective system of mounted carriers has been introduced all over the empire and seems to work very satisfactorily. It is easily understood that in a country where the highways, especially in the winter months, are unsafe from robbers and brigands, with whom the local authorities are unable and sometimes unwilling to cope, mails are frequently robbed and plundered, but this evil will of course be done away with in due time. Although the postal service does not pay as yet, it is progressing financially every year, and the day may not be very far off, when China will be able to join the Postal Union and be in a position to derive a revenue from this service.*

Mr. Schaumloeffel asked where I was staying, and when he heard that we had selected an inn, he informed me that he had plenty of room in his

* This has now happened.

residence and would be very glad to house me and my two followers there.

After some reluctance, due to the fact that I intended to stay for some weeks, I gratefully accepted the hospitable offer, and we consequently returned together to the inn, packed once more, and had everything removed to Mr. Schaumloeffel's residence. The innkeeper watched the manœuvre with but little joy and no approval.

Mr. Schaumloeffel's home formed a spacious collection of buildings, which had formerly been occupied by a retired mandarin. There were about a score of rooms, of which the present tenant had furnished two in semi-European style for his personal use. I was allotted a large, cool bedroom with a huge, carved, Chinese wooden bedstead; and both Mr. Fong and Masi were amply accommodated.

It was indeed a royal as well as a most unexpected reception we got in the ancient capital of Sian-fu, which means "Western Peace," and never did I expect to live in such comfort and peace so far in the interior, where I had prepared myself for a lengthy stay in a boisterous inn, devoting the greater part of the day to endless quarrels with the inn-people concerning my little wants—bath-water, for instance.

Unfortunately, I only had the pleasure of Mr.

Loftily perched, troglodytic Loess home at Chilipu in Shensi.

Schaumloeffel's company in the evenings, for his great district gave him so much work to attend to, that he stayed from early morning till late at night in the office without even finding time to come home for tiffin. But then, of course, I had my own work to do and could easily make time fly.

On the second day, Mr. Schaumloeffel took me to the Catholic Mission, where I was introduced to Bishop Goette, Father Gabriel, Father Hugh, and several Sisters. I was very kindly received and shown over the large establishment, which includes a new hospital, various schools, and a remarkable cathedral. The bishop hospitably invited me to accompany Mr. Schaumloeffel and Father Gabriel to Tung Yuan Fang on the following Friday in order to attend the annual festivities in connection with the celebration of the name-day of the Mother-provincial.

On Friday, therefore, we set out early in the morning; Father Gabriel in an antediluvian but strong dog-cart of his own, Mr. Schaumloeffel in his sedan-chair—quite an elaborate contrivance, carried shoulder-high by four coolies—and I, myself, on the latter's capricious Kansu pony, which he does not like to ride himself owing to its frequent shying and strange behaviour.

The chair, meanwhile, proved too slow, and Mr. Schaumloeffel entered the missionary's little

vehicle, which I felt sure would collapse under the weight of the two men. Fortunately, nothing untoward happened.

Our strange procession, strange to native eyes, was headed by a young Chinese student with an enormous straw-hat which looked like a stone-age shield.

We crossed the Wei, locally called Yü, thirty-five *li* north of Sian-fu; and, after having crossed another river, where we cooled and drank a bottle of German Pilsen, which the French Father had brought, we speedily reached Tung Yuan Fang, some twenty-five miles northeast of the capital, where the Franciscans maintain a large educational institution.

Father Daniel, the director, received us with great cordiality, and, after cleaning up a bit, we partook of an excellent meal, prepared by the Sisters, who also kindly waited on us.

In the afternoon and the next day we were present at the performance given by the children of the orphan and other schools, and it was indeed wonderful to see what these little ones, many of whom had been picked up in the streets, were able to do and what they had been taught by the Sisters.

One of the strangest or perhaps most natural things is that the Chinese child's ear is perfectly susceptible to European music and it needs

no Professor Friedenthal to verify this statement—any missionary will tell you. The boys and girls sang the foreign hymns, and even French songs, just as European children would have done it, with clear, melodious soprano voices.

In fact, the bishop told me that the Chinese child was quite able to be entirely educated as a foreigner, without any mental, racial signs showing in the least—a statement that was very well borne out by the fact that the boys performed several small theatrical pieces in French—their pronunciation proving irreproachable.

After two days' stay, I returned to Sian-fu on Mr. Schaumloeffel's interesting pony, while he himself went to Sanyuan, an important trade centre further north, in order to inspect the post-office and make propaganda for the service among the bankers of that town, who insisted upon maintaining their own postal arrangements.

On the way back, especially between the capital and the Wei, which it took an hour and a half to cross this time owing to heavy traffic on the main-road, I noticed several artificial mounds.

They are the graves of emperors and princes of the Tang and other dynasties, and it is whispered that several Japanese exploring parties have excavated some of the graves, although I have never heard anything about the results. In

the meantime, the truth of the report is not altogether incredible, as a good many Japanese are engaged in the provincial college as teachers. I sometimes met one or two of them in the streets; they wore, strangely enough, Chinese dress like the foreign missionaries and looked uncommonly little like serious professors from Dai Nippon.

During my stay in Sian-fu I also had the pleasure to come into contact with the members of the Scandinavian Alliance Mission, an American enterprise, the secretary of which, the Reverend Pastor Hagquist, showed me both interest and hospitality. This mission works hand in hand with the China Inland Mission. The members of the third sect of Christianity represented, the English Baptists, I unfortunately did not meet during my first stay in Sian-fu.

VI

THE ANCIENT CITY OF SIAN-FU

THE ancient, imperial, capital city of Sian-fu, formerly spelt Hsian-fu, Singan-fu, Sigan-fu, etc., dates its origin back to times when the scribes had not yet started their work. One of its first historical names was Changan, but this only applies now to the eastern part of the city, which forms a district or "hsien" of its own, while the western district is called Hsienning-hsien.

The whole city is encircled, like other northern cities, with an uncommonly strong wall, which is kept in good repair and measures about thirty-five feet in height, while the circumference must be at least twelve miles. The crenelated wall is fortified with numerous protruding bastions or watch-platforms, and four corner-towers, while the four imposing gates are surmounted by huge edifices with immense roofs and innumerable painted "port-holes."

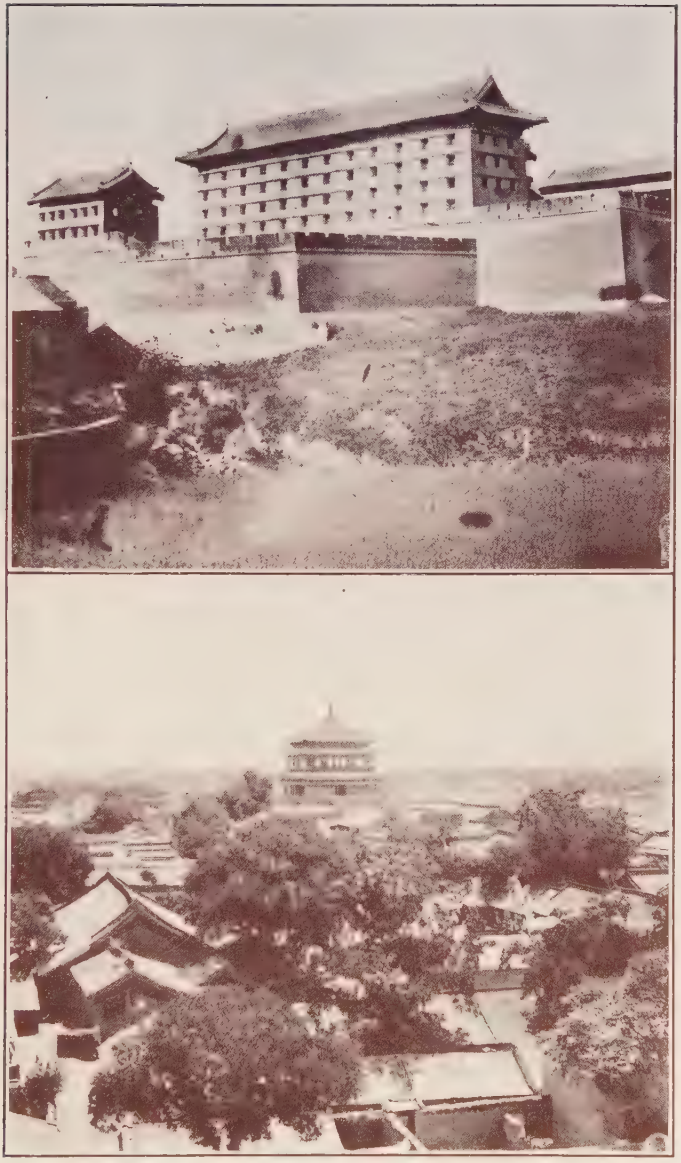
The gate-towers must be some eighty feet high and can be seen, together with the centrally situated bell and drum towers, far out in the country. At the western gate, and especially at

the northern gate, we find the wells that supply the whole population of at least a quarter of a million with drinking water. It is laboriously distributed everywhere by coolies, who peddle the water from wooden buckets on wheelbarrows. There are wells enough in the city proper, but the water is not pure, and is used for washing only.

The principal streets, which run almost straight from gate to gate, divide the town in four natural parts.

The northwestern part is the foreign or Mohammedan quarter. Here we find the emigrants from the over-populated province of Szechuan, towards the southwest, and the Mohammedan community which everywhere holds itself apart from the Chinese. The Moslems themselves say that they originally came from the west, brought in as bodyguard-soldiers for some distant emperor. This sounds true enough; they are certainly distinct from the Chinese, whom they loathe, and even today they are mostly military men.

I found many, especially in and around the mosques, who had distinctly West-Asian traits in face and complexion. Their origin in China is perhaps not unlike that of the old Warings at Constantinople, or the popes' Swiss guard, while their history is fully as bloody as that of the



(*Top*) Towering East Gate of Sian-fu, capital of Shensi.
(*Bottom*) The roofs and Bell-Tower of Sian-fu.

Huguenots in France. In spite of their total submission after the furious rebellion in the sixties, it is still their hope to attain some degree of autonomy, and to form an *imperium in imperio.*

For some reason or other, which has never been properly found out, the Mohammedans of Sian-fu proper took no part in the great rebellion, and, consequently, neither they nor the city suffered, while Shensi and the surrounding country, for hundreds of miles in all directions, was pillaged and plundered unmercifully.

Mr. Schaumloeffel's residence was situated in the Mohammedan section, all his servants being accordingly adherents of Islam, and close to one of the oldest mosques in China. I often visited the old place with its many courtyards, memorial slabs with Chinese and Arabic characters, and green-tiled pavilions, where education was disseminated by the mullahs to the young followers of Mohammed.

The northeastern part of the city is the Tatar or Manchu city, which is encircled by its own inner wall. Since the Manchus conquered the Chinese Empire in A. D. 1644, it has been the custom of the alien rulers to maintain Tatar garrisons in all larger cities. The government-subsidized Manchu communities, usually constitute a haughty, lazy, good-for-nothing lot, and

their part of the city is quite devoid of business transactions or any other kind of activity whatsoever. To enter the Tatar city from the busy Chinese streets is like entering St. Patrick's Cathedral from Fifth Avenue, or St. Paul's from the buzz of Ludgate Hill.

The very houses seem aimlessly scattered about, and the streets, which are unpaved, are kept in very bad repair. Amidst the Manchu section we find, enclosed by yet another wall, a piece of land of many acres, where the palaces of former dynasties, notably the Tang, A. D. 618-907, used to stand. Nothing remains above-ground now to remind one of the splendour of a former imperial city, and this site of land, which is now chiefly used for sheep pasturage and occasional military drill, and manœuvres, will do very well some time in the future as a railway-depot, a small foreign settlement, or a race-course.

Near one of the corners of this prospective recreation-ground, which was formerly the gay and resplendent centre of more than one mighty court, we find a ten feet high ærolite with the clear impression of a very large human hand and foot on it. These marks are said to have been impressed by the once reigning Empress Wu Tse Tien, who must have been a formidable lady, judging from the size of her hand. I inquiringly

placed my own hand in the indentation on the stone; but although I pursued a naval career for years, my horny hand could cover only a modest part of the imperial palm's impression.

The Empress Wu Tse Tien was of the Elizabeth-Catharina type, and must have been an extraordinarily strong woman. Looking apart from the Empress-Dowager Tsz-Hsi, who was very much like her in many respects, Wu Hao is the only woman-ruler China can boast of. It is true that she was a usurper and murderess on an elaborate scale, but we must not overlook the fact that she reigned more than 1,200 years ago, when human life was still cheaper than now, having become empress A. D. 655.

She was undoubtedly the first Chinese ruler to prosecute Christianity, which was then flourishing in Shensi in the Nestorian form; and it may thus truthfully be said that the Chinese contumacious disregard of the teachings of Christ is not of recent date.

In the southwestern section of Sian-fu we find many large residences that look impressive and pleasant to the rare visitor from afar. The yamen of the Governor of Shensi, with whom I exchanged cards, going through the same performance with the other high officials of the province, the treasurer, the judge, the taotai, and, last but not least, the Tatar general, is also situ-

ated in this part of the city. It was formerly occupied by the Viceroy of the Shen-Kan provinces, but since the great Mohammedan rebellion, this official has resided in Lanchow-fu, the capital of Kansu, and his yamen has been occupied by his subordinate, Shensi's governor, His Excellency Chao Hung Sheng.

This gentleman, who is said to be a learned scholar, is unfortunately a confirmed opium-smoker, and will hardly be of any service in enforcing the government's famous opium-edict. It is a tell-tale sight to see the enormous amount of opium grown in the province which this worthy man has been selected to govern. I met him twice in the streets; he was rushing by in his green sedan-chair, an old, tired, and very dissipated man, with a red nose.

The outer public courtyards of the governor's yamen may be termed the market-place of the town. It is a veritable bazaar and a busy life may be watched there. Various theatrical shows, small menageries, dentists, quack-doctors with unmentionable medicines for all ailments, oculists, occultists, palmists, fortune-tellers, astrologers, fancy-goods pedlars, confectioners, corn-cutters, "fiscal" agents, and many, many others do a roaring trade here as long as the sun's light permits.

People jostle jollily against one another in the

crowd; some swear, while some excuse themselves; and in the midst of this noisy mob, which is perhaps similar to the one Jesus drove out of the Jewish temple, we discover a couple of Christian native missionaries with a portable organ, who sing, or rather shriek, holy hymns to the great astonishment of some and the marked amusement of others.

Suddenly the crowd is dispersed by military, scarlet-coated lictors, making room for some mandarin, who is going to transact business with the governor in the yamen. Sitting in his sedan-chair as grave as an image, the official is hustled by with his retinue of riding attendants and shouting coolies, who carry his crimson umbrella of authority and his name and rank painted in gold on red signboards.

Still the crowd continues its easy-going life in "bazaar-square," listening to the story-tellers, looking open-mouthed at the Marionette show, and staring rudely at the psalm-singers.

The site of the Imperial Post Office has wisely been selected on this much-frequented and centrally located square.

The southeastern part of Sian-fu also contains many fine residences, besides shops and artisans' workshops, and near the south gate we find the Confucian Peilin—the "Forest of Tablets" or "Stone Coppice"—which is a superb collection of

memorial stones with inscriptions of different kinds. The hard limestone slabs, which are all smooth and black from the constant taking of paper-rubbings of their inscriptions, stand in several sheds and nearly all date from the Han dynasty. One set of stones is inscribed with the whole of the thirteen classics, which naturally represents an enormous amount of expert chiselling, and on others we will find well-traced images of men, animals and plants.

In one of the houses a stone-statue of Confucius, in a sitting position, is exhibited; this does not exactly signify that this building is a temple dedicated to his worship, for the Confucian temples, as formerly mentioned, are not adorned with images or idols. I rather venture to think that the close intimacy of Confucius with the classics induced the creators of the Peilin to put his statue there as a mark of distinction and reverence.

It has been mentioned by some writer that one of the buildings of the Peilin is always kept locked, as it contains an image of Confucius. I was not able to find any locked house on the grounds and consequently believe that the edifice, containing Kong-fu-tze's image, had only been temporarily closed, or possibly was thrown open after the above-mentioned writer's unsuccessful visit.

The oft-visited "Stone Coppice" in Peking is of a later date.

Above the very centre of the city, where the two principal streets cross each other, a bell-tower is situated. Like the nearby drum tower, it is built of red-painted wood, and a very fine view of the city and the surrounding country, with its two pagodas toward the south and the imperial graves toward the north, may be had from its balcony.

I do not believe that I have ever seen, in any other Chinese city, or elsewhere in the world, such a disgusting army of beggars as the one which was in sad evidence everywhere in the streets of Sian-fu. Winter and summer they are clad in practically nothing except the millimeter-thick layers of filth on their vermin-bitten bodies. They are usually bald, owing to disease, and their black-yellow bodies are covered with horrible dripping sores. They are of all ages and constitute a clan of their own.

For hours they sit outside a shop, and yell and shout, and act their self-imposed part until the weary shopkeeper throws them a copper-cash, when they condescendingly move on to the next shop, where they will weep and shriek, and stop the traffic and trade, and spread disease till the moment comes when the exasperated shopman

thinks it wise to get rid of them by submitting to their blackmail.

I spoke to a missionary about the marked evil, the existence of which he fully acknowledged, but "the beggars do not desire to reform or work, even if we help them along; and we can do nothing," was the reply, not very merciful, but probably quite true. It is hard to fathom that the citizens do not induce or force the magistrates to expel this army of hundreds of voluntary unemployed, who entail considerable expense, not to speak of the constant spread of contagious diseases.

During the Boxer troubles in 1900, the redoubtable empress-dowager found it wisest for her personal safety to go into self-inflicted exile, and she, the emperor, and their court arrived as fugitives at Sian-fu early in November, 1900, in order to rule China from its ancient capital, while Count von Waldersee and his international army desecrated the imperial and forbidden cities at Peking.

The journey through Shansi and Shensi had been a long and troublesome one for an old lady in her sixties, and the governor of the province, the later Viceroy Tuan Fang of Nanking, had evacuated his yamen and prepared it for his imperial visitors. Meanwhile the court decided to take up its abode in the yamen, which had for-

merly been occupied by the Governor of Shensi, previous to the removal of the viceroy's seat to Lanchow. This old yamen, called the Pe-Yuan, or North Court, had been deserted for years and enjoyed the reputation of being visited by ghosts, but this did not deter Her Majesty, who cheerfully settled down with the emperor and her little suite in this modest abode.

The court, I remember very well, issued the daily imperial edicts from Sian-fu, when I first came to Shanghai in March, 1901, as a boy of nineteen. It did not leave its exile until September when it returned slowly, and with more or less dignity, to Peking, via Honan-fu and Kaifeng-fu.

While in Sian-fu the imperial fugitives practically never left their residence and altogether lived a very retired, quiet life.

Having been introduced the first time by Mr. Schaumloeffel, who knew the minor officials in charge of the former palace, which can now never be inhabited by anyone since Their Sacred Majesties have dwelt there, I visited the Pe-Yuan several times, and I invariably found the attendants willing to unlock and show me everything, when I had paid the always expected "squeeze."

Considering the generous size of the imperial city in Peking, I should say that Their Majes-

ties must have looked upon their Sian-fu palace as a kind of prison. The yamen is by no means a large or extended one. It consists of some seven or eight buildings with the usual courtyards to separate them. A little formal garden is also found between the dwellings once occupied by the dowager-empress and her imperial nephew, while an artificial fish-pond and a picturesque little tea-pavilion adorn the garden, which is now permitted to grow into a jungle.

All the imperial apartments were very simple, and not too extravagantly furnished. Although many smaller things have, of course, been taken back to Peking, the furniture stands almost as it stood, when the court resided there.

We first pass through a fairly large audience-hall with a simple wooden throne for its only ornament, and crossing a courtyard, where high grass is now growing up between the stones, we enter, through a glass door, the private apartments of the empress-dowager.

A thick Chinese carpet is spread over the floor, and the chairs and couches, with imperial yellow and scarlet silk covers and cushions, are plentiful in the central drawing-room. Still, large mirrors and cheap foreign clocks seem to be a main-feature of the outfit. On the walls we find drawings on white silk, several of which have been executed by the enterprising empress herself.

Her Majesty has duly signed and sealed her own art productions, some of which, a set of four, represent a mountain landscape, while others simply show huge Chinese characters, meaning longevity, happiness, and other mundane and celestial endowments.

We enter the bedchamber and find a carved wooden bedstead of no remarkable elegance, with a red silk cover. On a table near the bed is a large, beautiful *sang-de-bœuf* vase, flanked by a couple of clocks, and behind the bedroom is a small, empty bathroom. A few more rooms, furnished in a way similar to the central living-room, made up the whole comfort of a reigning empress in exile.

The emperor's rooms were in another house, facing the little garden. His bed-chamber did not even contain a proper bed. His Majesty slept on a *castrum doloris,* looking half like a kang, half like a short Chinese sofa.

In another house with entrance from the garden we find what the sinister custodian called the emperor's council-room, but this is hardly a well-chosen name, as the empress-dowager and not Kwang Hsü, although the latter was usually present, presided over the council of state.

The council-room was certainly the most elaborate of all, with a fairly handsome throne covered with yellow silk, and several chairs,

beautifully finished in inlaid marble, with yellow and red covers, marble tables for serving refreshments, and fine wall-hangings, all painted on white silk. The inevitable mirrors and a large clock were not lacking. I trust that the young, unfortunate emperor spent many a happy hour of leisure in this attractive sanctum.

There were no fishes in the pond, and no birds in the cages; and unfortunately it proved impossible to obtain a small souvenir from the palace, the attendants being afraid of the consequences of committing sacrilege.

According to Chinese custom, the emperor having lived in them, the palaces will remain uninhabited and be allowed to fall into decay. Repairs will not be effected; the buildings will disappear with time that passes unconcerned, and some day, if nothing unexpected happens, the ground, where the palace of the Tsing fugitives stood, will serve as a pasture ground for sheep, as does now the site of land where the Tang imperial city once stood—unless indeed, the developing and opening-up of China eventually inspires somebody to make better use of the valuable ground.

The week-end, June 22nd to 24th, Mr. Schaumloeffel and I spent very pleasantly at the thermal baths at Lintung-hsien. We quickly covered the sixteen miles on a beautiful moon-

light night, Mr. Schaumloeffel in his chair, our servants in carts, and I on the postmaster's dancing pony, which had, I believe, never seen the moon before.

I used the strong young animal almost every day during my stay at Sian-fu, riding my own English saddle. To this moment I do not understand why none of the pony's numerous schemes and ingenious attempts to throw me off succeeded. He had some most fascinating, unexpected side-springs, whenever his three-year-old eye perceived anything he did not apprehend, or whenever some object dared to move in the fields. Usually I let him have his own sweet way and allowed him to run to the joy of his, and my own heart until he got tired of it.

My worst turn with him, I think, was when once he accidentally stepped on the drum-dry follicle of a poppy-plant on the way back from Tung Yuan Fang. The detonation of the bursting seed-vessel was loud enough to make him lose his light head completely, and I truly expected that he would make a serious attempt to jump across the Wei in order speedily to get home.

Mr. Schaumloeffel told me of his intention of presenting the Fathers with the pony; but I believe the matter was dropped for the time being, as I associated the idea with manslaughter in a polite but firm way.

We did not arrive at Lintung until the small hours of the morning, but everything was prepared, as we had despatched a messenger in good time. The imperial pavilion was in readiness for us; and I had the unearned distinction of occupying the same apartment, and even bed, which had been used by the empress-dowager, when the court had sojourned here on its way back to Peking in the autumn of 1901.

We enjoyed our stay and the sulphur-baths very much for two days, and then returned to Sian-fu the same way we had come.

VII

CHINA'S FOREMOST MONUMENT

OF all the historical and memorial tablets in and near Sian-fu, or for that matter in the whole world, the famous Nestorian Monument,* or Chingchiaopei, as the natives call it, undoubtedly ranks as one of the first. It is perhaps not too much to say that, while these lines are being written on the river Han, in Hupeh province, medio July 1907, the Nestorian Monument, as it stands outside the west-gate of Sian-fu, unheeded and neglected, although known to science, is the most valuable archæological treasure in the world that has not, as yet, been acquired by any museum, scientific institution, or learned corporation.

It is true that rubbings and photographs have been taken of the unique inscription, and that translations of it have been made and published —but the Stone itself stands there, abandoned

* The author has already written fully on the archæologic aspects of his mission, and on the historical and other scientific questions anent the great Monument. He hopes, however, that even in this popular account of his efforts, some mention of the object of his labours may not prove entirely amiss.

and deserted, in all kinds of wind and weather, and only the very rare traveller who gets as far as Sian-fu, or an occasional missionary, pays the Chingchiaopei a visit of brief duration.

As has already been said, Christianity first came overland from "Ta Tsin" (Syria?) to China in the sixth or surely in the first half of the seventh century in its Nestorian Protestant form, and was allowed to flourish under the early emperors of the golden and oft-referred-to Tang dynasty.

Nestorian Christians were encountered in Cathay and Manji, that is North and South China, by Marco Polo, when he travelled in these regions towards the end of the thirteenth century.

Olopun and his fellow-priests of Nestorianism enjoyed the favour of the imperial court and were allowed to erect churches and monasteries. The Nestorian Monument proves above all suspicion the early existence of Christianity in the Middle Kingdom.

The Chingchiaopei, or Luminous Teaching Stela, is dated A. D. 781 and was accidentally excavated by some native work-people in 1625, when it was placed on "a fair pedestal" by the Governor of Shensi.

It was soon visited by many Chinese, who took an interest in the ancient inscription, which is almost miraculously well-preserved. Father

China's Foremost Monument: the Chingchiaopei.

Alvaro Semedo, the Portuguese Jesuit, visited the Monument in 1628 and reported on it.

For decades afterwards the Stone was little thought of and rarely visited, and the brick-niche which once had been built over it disappeared.

Toward the end of the last century, in 1891, a small roof was erected over the Stone at the suggestion of the *corps diplomatique* in Peking, which had induced the Tsungli Yamen, the then Foreign Office, to guard the Monument against injury.

One hundred taels were sent to Sian-fu from Peking; but in those days there was no post office, and only five taels reached Sian-fu in safety, the balance having inconveniently been absorbed underway.

Thus the shed erected was of a very inferior kind and, in a year, had quite disappeared!

Mr. W. W. Rockhill, the United States former envoy to China, who made a great name for himself by exploring parts of Thibet some fifteen years back, told me while I was at Peking, that "the Chinese thought quite a good deal of the Stone and had had a shed erected to protect it some time ago."

I am afraid, however, that the distinguished diplomat and traveller would be very disappointed to behold the precious old Monument stand as naked and unprotected as its numerous

fellow-*stelae* of minor value and lesser age, which are found by the score in the vicinity of the ancient capital.

Several translations of the Chinese and Syriac-Estrangelo inscriptions, as we shall see in the following chapter, have been made and printed; but the task of deciphering and putting exact meaning into the two thousand odd ideographs on the Stone is almost an impossible one.

The translation by the well-known Dr. A. Wylie, and the more recent one by Professor P. Y. Saeki, both of which are rendered *in extenso* further on, are probably the best and most lucid.

Between Semedo and Saeki is a span of three hundred years, and many are the distinguished names that, at one time or another, have become attached to matters concerning the Chingchiaopei.

I mention, almost at random, such names as Trigault, Kircher, Voltaire, Heller, Williamson, Müller, Cordier, Kreitner, Wells Williams, Chavannes, Pauthier, Pelliot, Hâvret, Yohannan, Legge, Moule, and many others, who have contributed their valuable opinions and reports, or who have, at least, inspired discussion of the history and importance of the Monument.

On the 10th of June, 1907, I first visited the resting place of the Nestorian Monument.

I went out alone on horseback, through the western gate, traversed the western suburb and, having passed some military barracks outside the suburban gate, had no great difficulty in locating the old Buddhistic temple, on the premises of which the Stone was situated.

An arched brick-entrance in ruins, and some indications of a withering mud-wall, show the former impressive extent of this ecclesiastic establishment, but today we only find a comparatively modern centre-building, which is more like a farm than a temple.

Everybody was busy with the wheat harvest, even the three Buddhist priests, and nobody interfered with me as I walked about taking snap-shots, wondering at the dilapidated surroundings of China's foremost Monument.

Behind the farm-temple is a piece of ground, where a stone-arch and several memorial tablets are situated.

In a row of five stones the Chingchiaopei is the fourth, counting towards the east. Like most stones of a memorial nature, it stands on the back of a clumsily-worked stone-tortoise, although the Monolith itself is of superb workmanship.

Nothing is left of a protecting shed, and nothing indicates, as some writers, most likely wrongly, assert that the Stone and its neigh-

bours, which do not even stand in a straight line, have even been built into a brick-wall.

An old picture of the Stela shows it encased in a kind of brick-niche, and it is by no means impossible that this has given rise to the wrongful idea concerning a brick-wall. But there is now no trace of any niche around the Slab, nor of any later wooden shed; and the seventy-six year old chief priests, Yü Show, who has been constantly on the spot for more than fifty years, only remembers the priceless Tablet standing free and frank and lonely, looking apart from the five-tael, ramshackle contraption of 1891.

The Syro-Chinese inscription, in upwards of two-thousand Chinese ideographs, carved with supreme skill in matchless Tang calligraphy by Lü Siu Yen, following the authorship of the priest Ching Tsing, is, as indicated, in splendid preservation. Only two of the characters are really badly impaired, which is said to have been done by the bonzes, who thought too much attention was being paid to this non-Buddhistic memorial. Such an accusation, however, is probably untrue.

The nine large characters, forming the title of the inscription, and which, when romanized, read

TA-TSIN-CHING-CHIAO-LIU-HSING-CHUNG-KUO-PEI,

are surmounted by a beautiful Christian Cross,

which latter is traced with a hand much less certain and positive than the hand that chiselled the Chinese inscription itself. The same applies without doubt to the Syriac portions of the inscription.

I have, therefore, more than a decade ago, advanced the probability that one of the Nestorian missionaries added the Cross, as well as the Syriac words, as an afterthought, and a very gracious one at that. However, in workmanship he fell far behind the Chinese calligrapher, whose "penmanship" all scholars agree in lauding.

Near the Nestorian Stone I noticed a large, grey-white stone-basin of fine workmanship, which looked quite European. The idea readily suggests itself that this stone-basin may be an old baptismal font, but it bears an inscription inside, dated 1797, and it is stated that it was presented to the temple by a a travelling high official for some unknown reason.

The other stones in the temple-grounds are of no immediate interest, their inscriptions giving the history of the once important farm-temple as a monastery, and the names and titles of various donors.

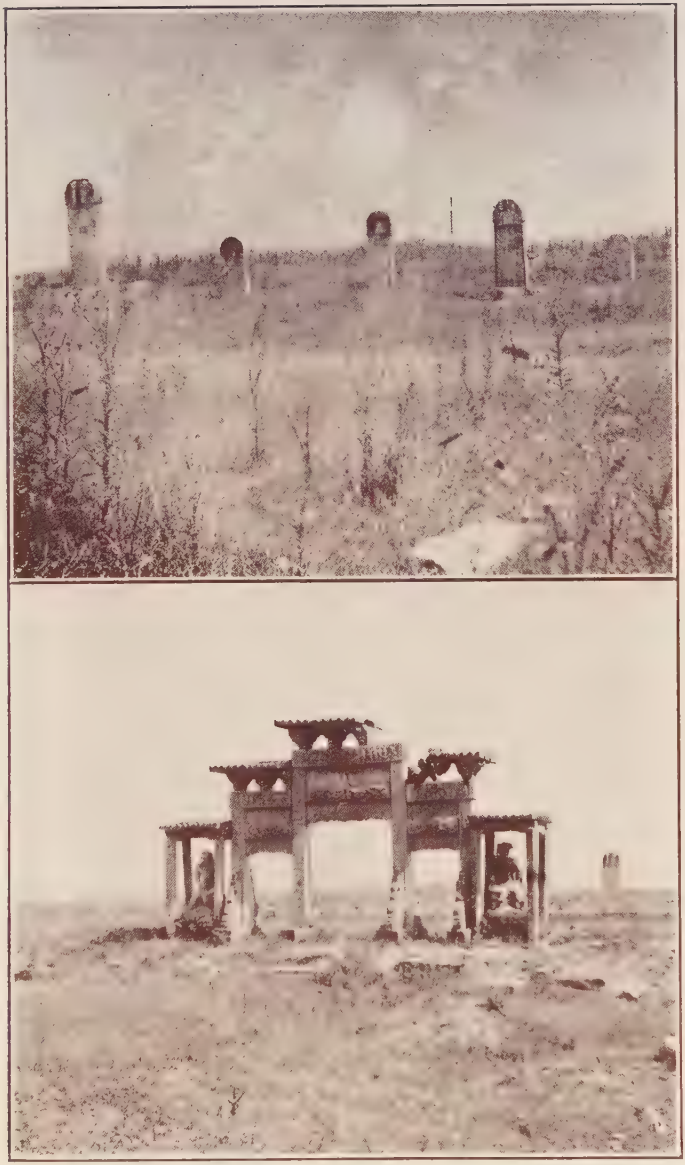
For years I had known about the undignified emplacement of the Nestorian Monument of Sian-fu. In January last I discussed, as indicated, with various authorities in London the

ways and means of trying to obtain possession of the Chingchiaopei for the scientific world, in order that the *Monumentum Syro-Sinicum* might become accessible to scholars and the general public alike.

I visited several museum officials and certain leading men, who take an interest in the preservation of irreplaceable historical monuments, and I was encouraged everywhere. Just as there is but one Rosetta stone, one Moabite stone, and one Aztec Calendar stone, respectively in London, Paris and Mexico City, there is but one Nestorian Stone—probably the world's four leading monuments of their kind.

As said, I found encouragement both in London and New York for my plan, and although in no way charged with any official mission, I made it the chief object of the expedition to do everything in my power to try to obtain possession of this ancient Monument, which is certainly better off in any well-organized museum than exposed, in a Chinese temple-ground amidst opium and wheat-fields, to inclement weather and spoliation.

The fact should not be overlooked that it is only a mere question of time, when the railway will reach Sian-fu; and it is consequently certain that the Nestorian Monument will not long be permitted to remain in its present undeserved state of degradation, unless it gets under the



(*Top*) The Nestorian Monument, second from the right in a row of five memorial stones.

(*Bottom*) Dilapidated arch and desolate surroundings of the ancient Stela, when I first visited it.

direct protection of the Chinese Government before that event. This, as we shall see later, was soon to happen.

As one may observe from the photograph, the Monument is a large one, measuring nine feet in height (ten feet, when the prolongation at its base is included), between three and four feet in width, and nearly one foot in thickness. The weight of the Monolith is two tons, rather more than less. The difficulties in connection with transporting it—or an exact Replica—were, in view of the state of the alleged roads, appalling, as it would first be necessary to haul the Stela on a specially constructed cart, over 350 miles before reaching the Peking-Hankow railway. However, I had evolved certain ideas how to overcome all these apparently insurmountable difficulties.

I also had conceived a minute plan in connection with the actual acquisition of the Monument —and a perfectly straight one at that, as I should strongly object to being the chief of any marauding expedition into the interior of the peaceful Land of Sinim.

During my stay in Sian-fu, I consequently paid numerous visits with my interpreter to the temple, where the Monument stands, and eventually, principally through the easy medium of well-selected presents, I got on very friendly terms with the kind-hearted, old chief-priest, Yü

Show, who has resided on the spot during the last five decades.

According to his statement, which I believe, theoretically at any rate, holds good, all the monuments on the premises, together with the stone-basin and the arch, belong to the temple, which again, he says, belongs to him.

It will eventually pass into the possession of his opium-steeped, adopted son, the secondary priest of forlorn visage, whom I took the liberty to exclude from our conferences.

Still I am quite aware of the fact that temples and temple-belongings are generally considered imperial property—but then, everything in China, without exception, according to the law, belongs to the emperor.

What might have been the final outcome of these promising negotiations, which I did not care to carry too far all of a sudden, I shall not venture to conjecture; but the result might have proven a very satisfactory one, had complications not arisen from an unexpected quarter.

It has often been averred, by Chinese and foreigners alike, that much trouble in the Celestial Empire is due to the sometimes unwise propaganda of inexperienced missionaries, new in their chosen profession.

This statement may, perhaps, be exaggerated, although I voice the opinion that, politically

speaking, China would be better off without denominational, foreign missions.

Yet, the recall of missionaries in general would hardly be in line with the Far Eastern policy of the greedy powers, whom the proselytizers serve in many ways as true pioneers and enterprising intelligence officers in return for moral, governmental support.

It was nothing if not natural that the local missionaries, whom I had the pleasure of meeting in Sian-fu, should mention the historical objects of their district worth seeing, and it was a foregone conclusion that the Nestorian Monument was prominently mentioned, and its tremendous importance discussed, during these conversations.

I have never been able to forget the Roman Catholic missionary-bishop's mention of the old Tablet.

This hospitable prelate said to me, in casually mentioning that I ought to go and see the Monument while in Sian-fu, that he had at one time seriously considered shipping the Stela to the Vatican as a gift from himself.

The difficulty of transportation, the bishop said, would have been overcome by—*Deo volente*—cutting the two-ton, nine-foot Monument into three pieces!

From my discussions with the Sian-fu missionaries, it gradually, and with increasing force,

became clear to me that all the mission-stations at Sian-fu virtually considered the ancient Monument their lawful property; and that every local missionary sincerely and fondly considered himself a co-operative proprietor and high protector of the Stela.

This conception of things appears to my humble mind, to say the least, somewhat extraordinary, for while the missions are certainly most welcome to protect the Stone of Stones—a task they have hitherto, by the way, utterly and wholly neglected—they surely had no more *legal* right to the Monument than the man in the moon, or the author of these pages.

The great Monument belongs, of course, to the Chinese nation.

The missionaries apparently think that, because the Stela was laboriously carved and reverently erected by the first Christian missioners to China, nearly eleven and a half centuries ago, they possess a sort of inherited, perpetual proprietorship in the Stone, being themselves missionaries at Sian-fu.

Be that as it may, I had no difficulty in sensing that some kind of suspicion against me and my object in visiting Sian-fu, where I stayed four weeks, was crystallizing day by day.

I realized, through remarks that I was fortunate in picking up here and there, and which I

Yü Show, Chief Priest of the Buddha Temple, near which he had guarded the Monument more than fifty years. He stands in front of the tumbled-down Temple Bell, while the shed behind him is the barn within which the Replica was executed in secret.

correctly interpreted. that the suspicion was unquestionably taking shape; and, as I was, for obvious reasons, in no position openly to run counter to the ideas of Nestorian ownership, as subvoiced in missionary circles at Sian-fu, I preferred outwardly to abandon, or at least abate, my ambitions for the time being, and to depart from Shensi without finishing my Buddhistic negotiations for obtaining possession, in a fair and above-board manner, of China's foremost Monument.

After making some confidential arrangements, which later on will become of interest in this narrative, I informed Mr. Schaumloeffel, between whom and myself the natural friendship of exiles had sprung up during my sojourn under his roof, that my studies and investigations were at an end, and that the literary results had been satisfactory.

But, whatever my words of *adieu,* I nourished a *reservatio mentalis,* that it was by no means my intention never to revisit Sian-fu, nor forever to give up my plan in connection with the acquisition of the Nestorian Monument, or even of a perfect Nestorian Replica.

Likewise, I promised myself, while arranging for my cross-alpine departure, that the secret arangements I had made in and near Sian-fu should not be allowed to meet with premature death, nor even with failure.

VIII

THE NESTORIAN INSCRIPTION

TO make a literal translation of the Syro-Chinese inscription on the Nestorian Monument is impossible. The fine shadings of words, or rather ideographs, that gave colour and highlights to the exquisite prose and verse of the Tang Dynasty writers, have, in a measure, been lost. While the meaning of each and every character on the Stone, in the grosser sense of the word, is undoubtedly the same today as it was in A. D. 781, the subtler values have, even according to Chinese scholars, changed and sideshifted, however imperceptibly.

The bilingual inscription bears incontestable witness to one of the greatest historic romances ever enacted on Asian or, for that matter, on any other soil.

It fires the imagination to think of the heroism of that little band of Nestorian emissaries, who crossed Asia and introduced Christianity to the Sons of Han even more than six centuries before the second Christian mission came into China, namely that of Bishop John of Montecorvino, for Nestorianism arrived not later than A. D. 635, while the Roman Catholicism came, via India, A. D. 1292.

But let the inscription speak for itself!

The two translations chosen here from a goodly number are those of the English scholar, the Rev. Dr. Alexander

Wylie, and of the distinguished Professor P. Y. Saeki, of Waseda University in Tokio. They are printed in parallel columns, as an experiment, for better comparison.

By A. Wylie.

(Reprinted from "The Nestorian Monument," by Frits Holm and Paul Carus, published by the Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago, 1909.)

Tablet Eulogizing the Propagation of the Illustrious Religion in China, With a Preface; Composed by King-Tsing, a Priest of the Syrian Church.

Behold the unchangeably true and invisible, who existed through all eternity without origin; the far-seeing perfect intelligence, whose mysterious existence is everlasting; operating on primordial substance he created the universe, being more excellent than all holy intelligences, inas-

By P. Y. Saeki.

(Reprinted from "The Nestorian Monument in China," by P. Y. Saeki, published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, London, 1916.)

A Monument commemorating the Propagation of The Ta-ch'in Luminous Religion in the Middle Kingdom.

Eulogy on a Monument commemorating the propagation of the Luminous Religion in the Middle Kingdom, with a Preface to the same, composed by Ching-ching, a priest of the Ta-ch'in monastery. (In Syriac), Adam, priest and chorepiscopos, and papas (pope) of Zhinastan.

Behold! there is One who is true and firm, who, being Uncreated, is the Origin of the origins; who is ever Incomprehensible and Invisible, yet ever mysteriously existing to the last of the lasts; who, holding the Secret Source of Origin, created all things, and who, bestowing ex-

much as he is the source of all that is honourable. This is our eternal true lord God, triune and mysterious in substance. He appointed the cross as the means for determining the four cardinal points, he moved the original spirit, and produced the two principles of nature; the sombre void was changed, and heaven and earth were opened out; the sun and moon revolved, and day and night commenced; having perfected all inferior objects, he then made the first man; upon him he bestowed an excellent disposition, giving him in charge the government of all created beings; man, acting out the original principles of his nature, was pure and unostentatious; his unsullied and expansive mind was free from the least inordinate desire; until Satan introduced the seeds of falsehood, to deteriorate his purity of principle; the opening thus commenced in his virtue gradually enlarged, and by this crevice in his nature was obscured and rendered vicious; hence three hundred and sixty-five sects followed each other in continuous track, inventing every species of doctrinal complexity; while some

istence on all the Holy ones, is the only unoriginated Lord of the Universe,—is not this our Aloha the Triune, mysterious Person, the unbegotten and true Lord?

Dividing the Cross, He determined the four cardinal points. Setting in motion the primordial spirit (wind), He produced the two principles of Nature. The dark void was changed, and Heaven and Earth appeared. The sun and moon revolved, and day and night began. Having designed and fashioned all things, He then created the first man and bestowed on him an excellent disposition, superior to all others, and gave him to have dominion over the Ocean of created things.

The original nature of Man was pure, and void of all selfishness, unstained and unostentatious, his mind was free from inordinate lust and passion. When, however, Satan employed his evil devices on him, Man's pure and stainless (nature) was deteriorated; the perfect attainment of goodness on the one hand, and the entire exemption from wickedness on the other became alike impossible for him.

In consequence of this, three

pointed to material objects as the source of their faith, others reduced all to vacancy, even to the annihilation of the two primeval principles; some sought to call down blessings by prayers and supplications, while others by an assumption of excellence held themselves up as superior to their fellows; their intellects and thoughts continually wavering, their minds and affections incessantly on the move, they never obtained their vast desires, but being exhausted and distressed they revolved in their own heated atmosphere; till by an accumulation of obscurity they lost their path, and after long groping in darkness they were unable to return. Thereupon, our Trinity being divided in nature, the illustrious and honourable Messiah, veiling his true dignity, appeared in the world as a man; angelic powers promulgated the glad tidings, a virgin gave birth to the Holy One in Syria; a bright star announced the felicitous event, and Persians observing the splendour came to present tribute; the ancient dispensation, as declared by the twenty-four holy men, was then fulfilled, and he laid down hundred and sixty-five different forms (of error) arose in quick succession and left deep furrows behind. They strove to weave nets of the laws wherewith to ensnare the innocent. Some pointing to natural objects pretended that they were the right objects to worship; others denied the reality of existence, and insisted on ignoring the duality; some sought to call down blessings (happiness or success) by means of prayers and sacrifices; others again boasted of their own goodness, and held their fellows in contempt. (Thus) the intellect and the thoughts of Men fell into hopeless confusion; and their mind and affections began to toil incessantly; but all their travail was in vain. The heat of their distress became a scorching flame; and self-blinded, they increased the darkness still more; and losing their path for a long while they went astray and became unable to return home again.

Whereupon one Person of our Trinity, the Messiah, who is the Luminous Lord of the Universe, veiling His true Majesty, appeared upon earth as a man. Angels proclaimed the Glad Tidings. A virgin gave birth to the

great principles for the government of families and kingdoms; he established the new religion of the silent operation of the pure spirit of the Triune; he rendered virtue subservient to direct faith; he fixed the extent of the eight boundaries, thus completing the truth and freeing it from dross; he opened the gate of the three constant principles, introducing life and destroying death; he suspended the bright sun to invade the chambers of darkness, and the falsehoods of the devil were thereupon defeated; he set in motion the vessel of mercy by which to ascend to the bright mansions, whereupon rational beings were then released, having thus completed the manifestation of his power, in clear day he ascended to his true station. Twenty-seven sacred books have been left, which disseminate intelligence by unfolding the original transforming principles. By the rule for admission, it is the custom to apply the water of baptism, to wash away all superficial show and to cleanse and purify the neophytes. As a seal, they hold the cross, whose influence is reflected in every direction, uniting all with-

Holy One in Ta-ch'in. A bright Star announced the blessed event. Persians saw the splendour and came forth with their tribute.

Fulfilling the old Law as it was declared by the twenty-four Sages, He (the Messiah) taught how to rule both families and kingdoms according to His own great Plan. Establishing His New Teaching of Non-assertion which operates silently through the Holy Spirit, another Person of the Trinity, He formed in man the capacity for well-doing through the Right Faith. Setting up the standard of the eight cardinal virtues, He purged away the dust from human nature and perfected a true character. Widely opening the Three Constant Gates, He brought Life to light and abolished Death. Hanging up the bright Sun, He swept away the abodes of darkness. All the evil devices of the devil were thereupon defeated and destroyed. He then took an oar in the Vessel of Mercy and ascended to the Palace of Light. Thereby all rational beings were conveyed across the Gulf. His mighty work being thus completed, He returned at noon to His original position

out distinction. As they strike the wood, the fame of their benevolence is diffused abroad; worshiping toward the east, they hasten on the way to life and glory; they preserve the beard to symbolize their outward actions, they shave the crown to indicate the absence of inward affections; they do not keep slaves, but put noble and mean all on an equality; they do not amass wealth, but cast all their property into the common stock; they fast, in order to perfect themselves by self-inspection; they submit to restraints, in order to strengthen themselves by silent watchfulness; seven times a day they have worship and praise for the benefit of the living and the dead; once in seven days they sacrifice, to cleanse the heart and return to purity.

It is difficult to find a name to express the excellence of the true and unchangeable doctrine; but as its meritorious operations are manifestly displayed, by accommodation it is named the Illustrious Religion.

(in Heaven). The twenty-seven standard works of His Sûtras were preserved. The great means of Conversion (or leavening, i. e. transformation) were widely extended, and the sealed Gate of the Blessed Life was unlocked. His Law is to bathe with water and with the Spirit, and thus to cleanse from all vain delusions and to purify men until they regain the whiteness of their nature.

(His ministers) carry the Cross with them as a Sign. They travel about wherever the sun shines, and try to re-unite those that are beyond the pale (i. e. those that are lost). Striking the wood, they proclaim the Glad Tidings (lit. joyful sounds) of Love and Charity. They turn ceremoniously to the East, and hasten in the Path of Life and Glory. They preserve the beard to show that they have outward works to do, whilst they shave the crown (tonsure) to remind themselves that they have no private selfish desires. They keep neither male nor female slaves. Putting all men on an equality, they make no distinction between the noble and the mean. They neither accumulate property nor wealth; but giving all they pos-

sess, they set a good example to others. They observe fasting in order that they may subdue "the knowledge" (which defiles the mind). They keep the vigil of silence and watchfulness so that they may observe "the Precepts." Seven times a day they meet for worship and praise, and earnestly they offer prayers for the living as well as for the dead. Once in seven days, they have "a sacrifice without the animal" (i. e. a bloodless sacrifice). Thus cleansing their hearts, they regain their purity. This ever True and Unchanging *Way* is mysterious, and is almost impossible to name. But its meritorious operations are so brilliantly manifested that we make an effort and call it by the name of "The Luminous Religion."

Now without holy men, principles cannot become expanded; without principles, holy men cannot become magnified; but with holy men and right principles, united as the two parts of a signet, the world becomes civilized and enlightened.

But, at any rate, "The *Way*" would not have spread so widely had it not been for the Sage, and the Sage would not have been so great were it not for "The *Way*." Ever since the Sage and "The *Way*" were united together as the two halves of an indentured deed would agree, then the world became refined and enlightened.

In the time of the accomplished

When the accomplished Em-

Emperor Taitsung, the illustrious and magnificent founder of the dynasty, among the enlightened and holy men who arrived was the Most-virtuous Olopun, from the country of Syria. Observing the azure clouds, he bore the true sacred books; beholding the direction of the winds, he braved difficulties and dangers. In the year A. D. 635 he arrived at Chang-an; the Emperor sent his Prime Minister, Duke Fang Hiuen-ling; who, carrying the official staff to the west border, conducted his guest into the interior; the sacred books were translated in the imperial library, the sovereign investigated the subject in his private apartments; when becoming deeply impressed with the rectitude and truth of the religion, he gave special orders for its dissemination. In the seventh month of the year A. D. 638 the following imperial proclamation was issued:

"Right principles have no invariable name, holy men have no invariable station; instruction is established in accordance with the locality, with the object of benefiting the people at large. The Greatly-virtuous Olopun, of the peror T'ai-Tsung (627-649 A. D.) began his magnificent career in glory and splendour over the (recently) established dynasty and ruled his people with intelligence, he proved himself to be a brilliant Sage.

And behold there was a highly virtuous man named A-lo-pên in the Kingdom of Ta-ch'in. Auguring (of the Sage, i. e. Emperor) from the azure sky, he decided to carry the true Sûtras (of the True Way) with him, and observing the course of the winds, he made his way (to China) through difficulties and perils. Thus in the Ninth year of the period named Chêng-kuan (635 A. D.) he arrived at Ch'ang-an. The Emperor despatched his Minister, Duke Fang Hsüan-ling, with a guard of honour, to the western suburb to meet the visitor and conduct him to the Palace. The Sûtras (Scriptures) were translated in the Imperial Library. (His Majesty) investigated "The *Way*" in his own Forbidden apartments, and being deeply convinced of its correctness and truth, he gave special orders for its propagation.

In the Twelfth year of the Chêng-kuan period (A. D. 638) in

kingdom of Syria, has brought his sacred books and images from that distant part, and has presented them at our chief capital. Having examined the principles of this religion, we find them to be purely excellent and natural; investigating its originating source, we find it has taken its rise from the establishment of important truths; its ritual is free from perplexing expressions, its principles will survive when the framework is forgot; it is beneficial to all creatures; it is advantageous to mankind. Let it be published throughout the Empire, and let the proper authority build a Syrian church in the capital in the I-ning May, which shall be governed by twenty-one priests. When the virtue of the Chau dynasty declined, the rider on the azure ox ascended to the west; the principles of the great Tang becoming resplendent the Illustrious breezes have come to fan the East."

the Seventh month of Autumn, the following Imperial Rescript was issued:—

"'The *Way*' had not, at all times and in all places, the selfsame name; the Sage had not, at all times and in all places, the selfsame human body. (Heaven) caused a suitable religion to be instituted for every region and clime so that each one of the races of mankind might be saved. Bishop A-lo-pên of the Kingdom of Ta-ch'in, bringing with him the Sûtras and Images, has come from afar and presented them at our Capital. Having carefully examined the scope of his teaching, we find it to be mysteriously spiritual, and of silent operation. Having observed its principal and most essential points, we reached the conclusion that they cover all that is most important in life. Their language is free from perplexing expressions; their principles are so simple that they 'remain as the fish would remain even after the net (of the language) were forgotten.' This Teaching is helpful to all creatures and beneficial to all men. So let it have free course throughout the Empire."

Orders were then issued to the authorities to have a true portrait of the Emperor taken; when it was transferred to the wall of the church, the dazzling splendour of the celestial visage irradiated the Illustrious portals. The sacred traces emitted a felicitous influence, and shed a perpetual splendour over the holy precincts. According to the Illustrated Memoir of the Western Regions, and the historical books of the Han and Wei dynasties, the kingdom of Syria reaches south to the Coral Sea; on the north it joins the Gem Mountains; on the west it extends toward the borders of the immortals and the flowery for-

Accordingly, the proper authorities built a Ta-ch'in monastery in the I-ning Ward in the Capital and twenty-one priests were ordained and attached to it. The virtue of the honoured House of Chou had died away; the (rider on) the black chariot had ascended to the west. But Virtue revived and was manifested again at the moment when the Great T'ang (Dynasty) began its rule, whilst the breezes of the Luminous (Religion) came eastward to fan it.

Immediately afterwards, the proper officials were again ordered to take a faithful portrait of the Emperor, and to have it copied on the walls of the monastery. The celestial beauty appeared in its variegated colours, and the dazzling splendour illuminated the Luminous "portals" (i. e. congregation). The sacred features (thus preserved) conferred great blessing (on the monastery), and illuminated the Church for evermore.

According to the descriptive Records of the Western Lands and the historical works of the Han and Wei dynasties, the Kingdom of Ta-ch'in is bounded on the

ests; on the east it lies open to the violent winds and tideless waters. The country produces fire-proof cloth, life-restoring incense, bright moon-pearls, and night-lustre gems. Brigands and robbers are unknown, but the people enjoy happiness and peace. None but the Illustrious laws prevail; none but the virtuous are raised to sovereign power. The land is broad and ample, and its literary productions are perspicuous and clear.

The Emperor Kautsung respectfully succeeded his ancestor, and was still more beneficent toward the institution of truth. In every province he caused Illustrious churches to be erected, and ratified the honour conferred upon Olopun, making him the great conservator of doctrine for the preservation of the State. While this doctrine pervaded every channel, the State became en-

south by the Coral Sea, and reaches on the north to the Mountain of all Precious Things; on the west it looks toward the Gardens of the Immortals and the Flowery Forests. On the east it lies open to the Long Winds and the Weak Waters. The country produces asbestos cloth, the soul-restoring incense, the bright-moon pearls, and night-shining gems. Robberies and thefts are unknown among the common people, whilst every man enjoys happiness and peace. None but the Luminous teachings prevail; none but virtuous rulers are raised to the sovereign power. The territory is of vast extent; and its refined laws and institutions, as well as accomplished manners and customs, are gloriously brilliant.

The great Emperor Kao-Tsung (650-683 A. D.) succeeded most respectfully to his ancestors; and giving the True Religion the proper elegance and finish, he caused monasteries of the Luminous Religion to be founded in every prefecture. Accordingly, he honoured A-lo-pên by conferring on him the office of the Great Patron and Spiritual Lord of the Empire. The Law (of

riched and tranquility abounded. Every city was full of churches, and the royal family enjoyed lustre and happiness. In the year A. D. 699 the Buddhists, gaining power, raised their voices in the eastern metropolis; in the year A. D. 713, some low fellows excited ridicule and spread slanders in the western capital. At that time there was the chief priest Lohan, the Greatly-virtuous Kie-leih, and others of noble estate from the golden regions, lofty-minded priests, having abandoned all worldly interests; who unitedly maintained the grand principles and preserved them entire to the end.

The high-principled Emperor Hiuentsung caused the Prince of Ning and others, five princes in all, personally to visit the felici-

the Luminous Religion) spread throughout the ten provinces, and the Empire enjoyed great peace and concord. Monasteries were built in many cities, whilst every family enjoyed the great blessings (of Salvation).

During the period of Shêng-li (698-699 A. D.), the Buddhists, taking advantage of these circumstances, exercised a great influence (over the Empress Wu) and raised their voices (against the Luminous Religion) in the Eastern Chou, and at the end of the Hsien-t'ien period (712 A. D.) some inferior (Taoist) scholars ridiculed and derided it, slandering and speaking against it in the Western Hao. But there came the Head-priest (or Archdeacon) Lo-han, Bishop Chi-lieh and others, as well as Noblemen from the "Golden" region and the eminent priests who had forsaken all worldly interests. All these men co-operated in restoring the great fundamental principles and united together to re-bind the broken ties.

The Emperor Hsüan-Tsung (712-755 A. D.), who was surnamed "the Perfection of the Way," ordered the Royal prince,

tous edifice; he established the place of worship; he restored the consecrated timbers which had been temporarily thrown down; and re-erected the sacred stones which for a time had been desecrated.

In 742 orders were given to the great general Kau Lih-sz', to send the five sacred portraits and have them placed in the church, and a gift of a hundred pieces of silk accompanied these pictures of intelligence. Although the dragon's beard was then remote, their bows and swords were still within reach; while the solar horns sent forth their rays, and celestial visages seemed close at hand.

the King of Ning-Kuo, and four other Royal princes to visit the blessed edifices (i. e. monastery) personally and to set up altars therein. Thus the "consecrated rafters" which had been temporarily bent, were once more straightened and strengthened, whilst the sacred foundation-stones which for a time had lost the right position were restored and perfected. In the early part of the period T'ien-pao (742 A. D.), he gave orders to his general Kao Li-shih to carry the faithful portraits of the Five Emperors and to have them placed securely in the monastery, and also to take the Imperial gift of one hundred pieces of silk with him, making the most courteous and reverent obeisance to the Imperial portraits. We feel as though "we were in a position to hang on to the Imperial bow and sword, in case the beard of the Dragon should be out of reach." Although the solar horns (i. e. the August and Majestic Visages) shine forth with such dazzling brilliance, yet the gracious Imperial faces are so gentle that they may be gazed upon at a distance less than a foot.

In 744 the priest Kih-ho, in the kingdom of Syria, looking toward the star (of China), was attracted by its transforming influence, and observing the sun (i. e., Emperor), came to pay court to the most honourable. The Emperor commanded the priest Lo-han, the priest Pu-lun, and others, seven in all, together with the Greatly-virtuous Kih-ho, to perform a service of merit in the Hing-king palace. Thereupon the Emperor composed mottoes for the sides of the church, and the tablets were graced with the royal inscriptions; the accumulated gems emitted their effulgence, while their sparkling brightness vied with the ruby clouds; the transcripts of intelligence suspended in the void shot forth their rays as reflected by the sun; the bountiful gifts exceeded the height of the southern hills; the bedewing favours were deep as the eastern sea. Nothing is beyond the range of the right principle, and what is permissible may be identified; nothing is beyond the power of the holy man, and that which is practicable may be related.

In the third year of the same period (744 A. D.) there was a priest named Chi-ho in the Kingdom of Ta-ch'in. Observing the stars, he decided to engage in the work of Conversion (lit. transforming influence); and looking toward the sun (i. e. eastward), he came to pay court to the most honourable (the Emperor). The Imperial orders were given to the Head-priest (Archdeacon) Lo-han, priest P'u-lun and others, seven in all, to perform services to cultivate merit and virtue with this Bishop Chi-ho in the Hsing-ch'ing Palace. Thereupon the monastery-names, composed and written by the Emperor himself, began to appear on the monastery gates; and the front-tablets to bear the Dragon-writing (i. e. the Imperial hand-writing). The monastery was resorted to by (visitors) whose costumes resembled the shining feathers of the king-fisher bird whilst all (the buildings) shone forth with the splendour of the sun. The Imperial tablets hung high in the air and their radiance flamed as though vying with the sun. The gifts of Imperial favour are immense like the highest peak of the

highest mountains in the South, and the flood of its rich benevolence is as deep as the depths of the Eastern sea.

There is nothing which "The *Way*" cannot effect through the Sage; and whatever it effects, it is right for us to define it as such an eulogy. There is nothing which the Sage cannot accomplish through "The *Way*"; and whatever He accomplishes, it is right we should proclaim it in writing (as the Sage's work).

The accomplished and enlightened Emperor Suhtsung rebuilt the Illustrious churches in Ling-wu and four other places; great benefits were conferred, and felicity began to increase; great munificence was displayed, and the imperial State became established.

The Emperor Su-Tsung (756-762 A. D.), the Accomplished and Enlightened, rebuilt the monasteries of the Luminous (Religion) in Ling-wu, and four other counties. The great Good Spirit continued to assist him and the happy reign began anew. Great blessings were given (to him and his people) and the Imperial inheritance was made secure.

The accomplished and military Emperor Taitsung magnified the sacred succession, and honoured the latent principle of nature; always, on the incarnation-day, he bestowed celestial incense, and ordered the performance of a service of merit; he distributed of the imperial viands, in order to

The Emperor Tai-Tsung (763-779 A. D.), the Accomplished and Martial, greatly magnified the sacred Throne to which he succeeded. He observed the rule of non-assertion and walked in The Way of the Silent-operation. Every year when the (Emperor's) birthday recurred, he bestowed

shed a glory on the Illustrious Congregation. Heaven is munificent in the dissemination of blessings, whereby the benefits of life are extended; the holy man embodies the original principle of virtue, whence he is able to counteract noxious influences.

Our sacred and sage-like, accomplished and military Emperor Kienchung appointed the eight branches of government, according to which he advanced or degraded the intelligent and dull; he opened up the nine categories, by means of which he renovated the illustrious decrees; his transforming influence pervaded the most abstruse principles, while openness of heart distinguished his devotions. Thus, by correct and enlarged purity of principle, and undeviating consistency in sympathy with others; by extended commiseration rescuing multitudes from misery, while disseminating blessings on all around, the cultivation of our celestial incense (on the priests) wherewith to report (to Heaven) the meritorious deeds accomplished by him. He distributed provisions from his own table and thereby gladdened the congregation of the Luminous Religion. Moreover, Heaven blessed him with great blessings, and what he did cannot but reach far and wide. As the Sage is the Embodiment of the Original Way of Heaven, he completes and nourishes the objects of his favours.

Our present Emperor (who named the present period "Chienchung" when he ascended the throne in 780 A. D.) is most sacred and august alike in the works of Peace and War. He developed the "Eight" (objects) of Government, and degraded the unworthy whilst he promoted the deserving. He exhibited the "Nine divisions" of the grand scheme of Imperial government; and thus imparted new life and vigour to his own Illustrious Mission. Conversion (i. e. the transforming influence) leads (the people) to the understanding of the most mysterious Principles. There is nothing to hinder us from offering our thanksgiving prayers for him.

doctrine gained a grand basis, and by gradual advances its influence was diffused. If the winds and rains are seasonable, the world will be at rest; men will be guided by principle, inferior objects will be pure; the living will be at ease, and the dead will rejoice; the thoughts will produce their appropriate response, the affections will be free, and the eyes will be sincere; such is the laudable condition which we of the Illustrious Religion are labouring to attain.

That those who are noble and exalted may behave humble-mindedly; that those who are devoted to the Perfect Stillness may also be sympathetic and lenient to others; and that they may thus seek, with boundless mercy, to relieve the sufferings of all, and with unselfish benevolence extend their helping hand to all mankind, these are our great plans for daily discipline and training, and gradual elevation of our life. Furthermore, in order that the winds and rains may come in their due season; that peace and tranquillity may prevail throughout the Empire; that all men may act reasonably; that all things may remain undefiled; that the living may flourish, and those who are dead (or dying) may have joy; that the words of the mouth may be in tune with their inmost thought as the echo follows the sound:—all these are the meritorious fruits of the power and operation of our Luminous Religion.

Our great benefactor, the Imperially-conferred-purple-gown priest, I-sz', titular Great Statesman of the Banqueting-house, Associated Secondary Military Commissioner for the Northern

Our great Donor, the priest I-ssŭ who had the title of Kuang-lu-ta-fu (i. e. one of the highest titles conferred on an officer), with the decoration-rank of the Gold (signet) and the Purple

Region, and Examination-palace Overseer, was naturally mild and graciously disposed; his mind susceptible of sound doctrine, he was diligent in the performance; from the distant city of Râjagriha, he came to visit China; his principles more lofty than those of the three dynasties, his practice was perfect in every department; at first he applied himself to duties pertaining to the palace, eventually his name was inscribed on the military roll. When the Duke Koh Tsz'-í, Secondary Minister of State and Prince of Făn-yang, at first conducted the military in the northern region, the Emperor Suhtsung made him (I-sz') his attendant on his travels; although he was a private chamberlain, he assumed no distinction on the march; he was as claws and teeth to the duke, and in rousing the military he was as ears and eyes; he distributed the wealth conferred upon him, not accumulating treasure for his private use; he made offerings of the jewelry which had been given by imperial favour, he spread out a golden carpet for devotion; now he repaired the old churches, anon he increased the number of religious Robe, and who was also the Lieutenant-Governor-General of the Northern Region, and the Assistant Over-Seer of the Examination Hall, was honoured with the purple clerical robe. He was mild in his nature and was naturally disposed to charity! Ever since he heard of "The *Way*," he endeavoured to practise it. From afar, from the "City of the Royal Palace," he finally came to the Middle Kingdom, which in the advancement of learning now almost surpasses the Three Dynasties, and enjoys the full development of knowledge and skill in all the Arts. First performing certain faithful services to (the one who dwells in) the "Red Court," he finally inscribed his name in the Imperial book (i. e. thus pledging himself to be a loyal subject).

When the Duke Kuo Tzŭ-i, a Secretary of State and Viceroy of the Fên-yang Province, was first appointed to the charge of the military operations in the Northern Regions (750 A. D.) the Emperor Su-Tsung ordered him (I-ssŭ) to accompany the Duke to his command. Although so intimate with the Duke as to be admitted into his sleeping-tent, yet

establishments; he honoured and decorated the various edifices, till they resembled the plumage of the pheasant in its flight; moreover, practising the discipline of the Illustrious Religion, he distributed his riches in deeds of benevolence; every year he assembled those in the sacred office from four churches, and respectfully engaged them for fifty days in purification and preparation; the naked came and were clothed; the sick were attended to and restored; the dead were buried in repose; even among the most pure and self-denying of the Buddhists, such excellence was never heard of; the white-clad members of the Illustrious Congregation, now considering these men, have desired to engrave a broad tablet, in order to set forth a eulogy of their magnanimous deeds.

so strictly and respectfully did he (I-ssŭ) behave that he made no difference between himself and others on the march. He proved himself to be "claw and tusk" to the Duke; and "ear and eye" to the Army.

He distributed all his salary as well as the gifts conferred on him, and did not accumulate wealth for himself and for his own family. He made offerings (to the monastery) of the Sphatika (i. e. crystal) which had been granted to him by the Emperor himself, and dedicated to the monastery the gold-interwoven carpets which (despite his humble refusal) had been given to him by the Emperor's own favour. He also restored the old monasteries to their former condition, whilst he enlarged the worship-halls afresh. The corridors and walls were nobly ornamented and elegantly decorated; roofs and flying eaves with coloured tiles appeared like the five-coloured pheasant on the wing.

Still further, ever since he took refuge in the Luminous Portals, he spent all his income in benevolent deeds. Every year he assembled the priests of the four monasteries to have their reverent

services and earnest offerings of prayers for fifty days. The hungry came to be fed; the naked came to be clothed; the sick were cured and restored to health; the dead were buried and made to rest in peace. Among the purest and most self-denying Dasa (i. e. man-servants) of the Lord such excellent examples were never heard of; but we see this very man amongst the white-robed scholars of the Luminous Religion!

To the glory of God for all these eminent and meritorious events (above described), we engrave the following Eulogy on this great Monument.

ODE.

The true Lord is without origin,
Profound, invisible, and unchangeable;
With power and capacity to perfect and transform,
He raised up the earth and established the heavens.

Divided in nature, he entered the world,
To save and to help without bounds;
The sun arose, and darkness was dispelled,

It is the true Lord who was Uncreated,
And was ever profoundly firm and unchangeable.
He created the Universe after His own plan,
And raised the Earth and framed the Heaven.
Dividing His God-head, He took human form
And through Him, Salvation was made free to all.
The Sun arising, the darkness was ended.

All bearing witness to his true original.

The glorious and resplendent, accomplished Emperor,
Whose principles embraced those of preceding monarchs,
Taking advantage of the occasion, suppressed turbulence;
Heaven was spread out and the earth was enlarged.

When the pure, bright Illustrious Religion
Was introduced to our Tang dynasty,
The Scriptures were translated, and churches built,
And the vessel set in motion for the living and the dead;
Every kind of blessing was then obtained,
And all the kingdoms enjoyed a state of peace.

When Kautsung succeeded to his ancestral estate,
He rebuilt the edifices of purity;
Palaces of concord, large and light,
Covered the length and breadth of the land.

All these facts prove that He is the True Mystery.

The most Glorious and Accomplished Sovereign
Surpassed all His predecessors in upholding "The *Way*."
Taking Time at its flood, He so settled all disorders
That Heaven was expanded and Earth widened.
The brightest and most brilliant of all teachings—
The teaching of the Luminous Religion—
Took root deep and firm in our Land of T'ang.
With the translation of the Scriptures
And the building of convents,
We see the living and the dead all sailing in one Ship of Mercy;
All manner of blessings arose, and peace and plenty abounded.

Kao-Tsung succeeded to the Throne of his Fathers;
He re-built the edifices for Holy use.
Palaces of Peace and Concord stood resplendent far and near;
The rays shining from them filled every part of the Empire.

The true doctrine was clearly announced,
Overseers of the church were appointed in due form;
The people enjoyed happiness and peace,
While all creatures were exempt from calamity and distress.

When Hiuentsung commenced his sacred career,
He applied himself to the cultivation of truth and rectitude;
His imperial tablets shot forth their effulgence,
And the celestial writings mutually reflected their splendours.

The imperial domain was rich and luxuriant,
While the whole land rendered exalted homage;
Every business was flourishing throughout,
And the people all enjoyed prosperity.

Then came Suhtsung, who commenced anew,
And celestial dignity marked the imperial movements.
Sacred as the moon's unsullied expanse,

The truths of "The *Way*" were made clear to all men.
Setting up a new institution, he created "the Lord Spiritual";
And every man enjoyed most blessed peace and joy,
Whilst the land saw neither pain nor grief.

When Hsüan-Tsung commenced his glorious career,
With might and main, he pursued the Way of Truth.
The temple-names written by the Emperor shone forth;
The tablets of the celestial handwriting reflected gloriously.
The Imperial Domain was embellished and studded with gems,
While the least and the remotest places attained the highest virtue.

All sorts of works undertaken by the people flourished throughout the land;
And each man enjoyed his own prosperity.

When Su-Tsung finally was restored to the throne,
The Celestial Dignity guided the Imperial vehicle;
At length the sacred Sun sent forth its crystal rays;

While felicity was wafted like nocturnal gales.

Happiness reverted to the imperial household,
The autumnal influences were long removed;
Ebullitions were allayed, and risings suppressed,
And thus our dynasty was firmly built up.

Felicitous winds blew, and the Darkness fled;
Thus the precious Throne was made secure
To the Imperial family of the great T'ang.
The causes of calamity took flight —never to return;
Tumults were settled and men's passions subdued;
The ideals of the Middle Kingdom were at last realized.

Taitsung the filial and just
Combined in virtue with heaven and earth;
By his liberal bequests the living were satisfied,
And property formed the channel of imparting succour.

By fragrant mementoes he rewarded the meritorious,
With benevolence he dispensed his donations;
The solar concave appeared in dignity,
And the lunar retreat was decorated to extreme.

Tai-Tsung was filial to his parents and just to all.
His virtues united with the great Plans of the Universe.
By his unselfish benevolence, he helped all mankind,
Whilst the greatest blessings were realized in the abundance of wealth and prosperity.
By burning fragrant incense, he showed his gratitude;
With benevolence he distributed his gifts to the people.
The Empire became so enlightened as though the glory of the Rising Sun in the Eastern Valley
And the full Moon in her secret cave were brought together as one.

When Kienchung succeeded to the throne,
He began the cultivation of intelligent virtue;
His military vigilance extended to the four seas,
And his accomplished purity influenced all lands.

His light penetrated the secrecies of men,
And to him the diversities of objects were seen as in a mirror;
He shed a vivifying influence through the whole realm of nature,
And all outer nations took him for example.

The true doctrine how expansive!
Its responses are minute;
How difficult to name it!
To elucidate the three in one.

When our present Emperor ascended the Throne,
He took the reins of government and named the "Chien chung" (period).
He devoted himself to the cultivation of the Luminous Virtue.
His military sway quelled the tumults of the Dark Sea in the Four Quarters,
Whilst his peaceful rule of Enlightenment purified every part of the world.
As the light from a candle shines forth, so doth his glory penetrate the secrets of men.
As the mirror reflects all things, so nothing is hid from his observant eye.
The whole Universe gets life and light because of him.
And even many of the rudest tribes outside the Empire take pattern by his government.
How vast and extensive is the True *Way!*
Yet how minute and mysterious it is.
Making a great effort to name it,
We declared it to be "Three-in-One"!
O Lord nothing is impossible for Thee!

The sovereign has the power to act!
While the ministers record;
We raise this noble monument!
To the praise of great felicity.

This was erected in the 2d year of Kienchung, of the Tang dynasty (A. D. 781), on the 7th day of the 1st month, being Sunday.

Written by Lu Siu-yen, Secretary to Council, formerly Military Superintendent for Taichau; while the Bishop Ning-shu had the charge of the congregations of the Illustrious in the East.

[The two lines of Syriac are in the Estrangelo character, and run down the right and left sides of the Chinese respectively. Kircher translates this as follows:]

"Adam, Deacon, Vicar-episcopal and Pope of China.
In the time of the Father of Fathers, the Lord John Joshua, the Universal Patriarch."

[The translation of the Syriac at the foot of the stone is given here on the authority of Kircher:]

Help Thy servants that they may preach!
Hereby we raise this noble Monument,
And we praise Thee for Thy great blessings upon us!

Erected in the Second year of the Chien-chung period (781 A. D.) of the Great T'ang (Dynasty), the year Star being in Tso-o, on the seventh day of the First month (the day being), the great "Yao-sên-wên" day; when the Spiritual Lord, the Priest Ning-shu (i. e. "mercy and peace"), was entrusted with the care of the Luminous Communities of the East.

(In Syriac) In the day of our Father of Fathers, my Lord Hanan-isho, Catholicos, Patriarch.

(In Chinese) Written by Lü Hsiu-yen, Assistant Secretary of State, and Superintendent of the Civil Engineering Bureau of T'ai Chou (i. e. a department in Che-kiang).

(Below the Inscription, partly in Syriac and partly in Chinese, are these notices)—

"In the year of the Greeks one thousand and ninety-two, the Lord Jazedbuzid, Priest and Vicar-episcopal of Cumdan the royal city, son of the enlightened Mailas, Priest of Balach a city of Turkestan, set up this tablet, whereon is inscribed the Dispensation of our Redeemer, and the preaching of the apostolic missionaries to the King of China."

[After this, in Chinese characters, is]

"The Priest Lingpau."

[Then follows:]

"Adam the Deacon, son of Jazedbuzid, Vicar-episcopal,
The Lord Sergius, Priest and Vicar-episcopal.
Sabar Jesus, Priest.
Gabriel, Priest, Archdeacon, and Ecclesiarch of Cumdan and Sarag."

[The following inscription is appended in Chinese:]

"Assistant Examiner: the High Statesman of the Sacred rites, the Imperially-conferred-purple-gown Chief Presbyter and Priest Yí-li."

(In Syriac) In the year one thousand and ninety-two of the Greeks (1092 ÷ 311 = A. D. 781) my Lord Yesbuzid, priest and chorepiscopos of Kumdan, the Royal city, son of the departed Milis, priest from Balkh, a city of Tehuristan, erected this Monument, wherein is written the Law of Him, our Saviour, the Preaching of our forefathers to the Rulers of the Chinese.

(In Chinese) Priest Ling-pao.

(In Syriac) Adam, deacon, son of Yezdbuzid, chor-episcopos; Mar Sergius, priest and chor-episcopos.

(In Chinese) The Examiner and Collator at the erection of the Stone Tablet, priest Hsing-t'ung.

(In Syriac) Sabr-isho, priest; Gabriel, priest and archdeacon, and the Head of the Church of Kumdan and of Saragh.

(In Chinese) Assistant Examiner and Collator at the erection of the Stone Tablet, priest Yeh-li the Head-priest of the monastery, who is honoured with the purple-coloured ecclesiastical vestment, and who is the Director of the Imperial Bureau of Ceremonies, Music, and Sacrifices.

So far the absorbingly interesting translations of Alexander Wylie, the great British missionary, and of Professor P. Y. Saeki, the learned Japanese sinologue!

There are still inscribed, on both slender sides of the Stone, upwards of seventy names of Nestorian missionaries with their transliterations in Chinese. All of them are enumerated in Saeki's book.

The back of the Chingchiaopei, however, is innocent of inscription.

And, I suppose, one must mention that on the right side of the Monument, i. e. the left when facing the inscription, is superscribed, in a most vainglorious and vandalic manner, the omni-important fact that one Han Hwai Tah came and visited the famous relic during A. D. 1859.

Only too vividly do I recall the righteous indignation of the native stonecutters at having to add this preposterous postscript of yesteryear in order that the Replica might be rendered complete.

IX

CROSSING THE CHINGLING RANGE

I DECIDED to make my way back to the white man's settlements by caravan and native houseboat, as I had come; that is to say, I had chosen the route across the Chingling Range and south along the Tan and Han rivers.

It would indeed have been quicker, cheaper and more comfortable to retrace our steps to Honan-fu and then proceed about one hundred miles further eastward until the Kin-Han railway was reached at Chengchow, whereupon both Peking and Hankow would be within easy reach. Yet, I thought but little of studying China from a railway train and, consequently, in spite of heat and health, I chose the more troublesome and slower route, as I had done on the way south from Tientsin.

Looking at a map of China proper, one would point out the Yang-tse-kiang as the natural boundary between North and South China but so far as the local characteristics of the population are concerned, this is hardly correct, and the Chingling range forms a much more true barrier between Manji and Cathay.

This range, which reaches 11,000 feet in height at some points, is also the southern boundary line of the Loess formations, which are not found in the Yang-tse valley.

Although both the northerner and the southerner are first and foremost essentially Chinese, it is not erroneous to imply that a man from Tientsin and one from Canton are pretty well as different as an Icelander and a Sicilian, or as a Canadian and a Mexican. Nevertheless, even immediately on both sides of the Chingling range, a marked difference in character and mode of living may be noticed.

In the north, the people eat wheat, sleep on the kang or heated bedstead, live in walled villages and are slow of mind and temper. In the south the population live chiefly on rice, sleep in a bed or on the floor, live in houses often miles apart, and are easily excited, as well as more intelligent to grasp an idea than their northern brethren. In the north all kinds of work are done by animals; in the south, which is in many places fiercely overpopulated, most work is done by human beings.

After having thanked Mr. Schaumloeffel for his hospitality during our stay, Mr. Fong, Masi, the caravan, and I departed on June 29th.

The trail across the mountain-passes being naturally impassable for carts, our caravan con-

sisted of four mules and a sedan chair of light material, which I had allowed the anti-equestrian Mr. Fong to use in spite of all etiquette, Mr. Fong in his chair being considered a much greater personage than I myself on an humble mule.

I did not care, however, and the chair proved more than handy afterwards, as we shall see.

The evening of the first day saw us at Lantien, once noted for its jade industry, twenty-four miles southeast of Sian-fu, and during sunrise the next morning we entered the mountainous regions of the Chingling. The initial ascent was very slow and steep, and the path wound its way up the mountain-side in a treacherous zig-zag, with abysses yawning below our trail.

My servant Masi was on the first mule, then came a couple of pack-mules, and eventually my own self on an old paralytic riding-mule, while Mr. Fong brought up the rear in his comfortable chair.

It was no real inspiration to watch one's cases and boxes, tied to loose wooden saddles, sway over the chasms, while the mules that always with unfailing obstinacy insisted on walking an inch or less from the precipice, turned the sharp corners on the upward way.

I shuddered when I thought of the possibility of beholding the box with my manuscripts, maps

and instruments disappear over the mountain-side and be done with forever.

In the evening we arrived, late and tired, at a small, dirty inn at the mountain village of Lanchiao, where we were hardly able to get any room at all.

The inns along the mule-tracks are extremely small and poor, and excessively dirty, and the inn-keepers are not too obliging.

The Chingling range is undoubtedly the world's emporium for fleas, and the late Mr. William Whiteley, of London, would have found no difficulty in supplying the proverbial customer, who desired to buy a pint of live fleas, had he maintained an agency in these regions. Besides fleas, the crowded inns swarm with the most objectionable sorts of vermin, which no mosquito-net can exclude, and it is next to impossible to obtain even an hour's uninterrupted rest.

The last few days in Sian-fu I had not been feeling quite well and, after another sleepless night, I felt worse the third morning out.

After less than an hour's ride, I started spitting blood and felt as if I were about to faint.

I could not account for these, under the circumstances, very disagreeable symptoms, but decided to push on. I grew too weak to ride any further, and consequently got into Mr. Fong's chair, which, although certainly not comfortable

for a sick man, was naturally ten-fold better than the mule.

During the next two days I was able to proceed only some twelve miles per day, both the muleteers and the chairmen grumbling at the delay.

As I was growing worse instead of better, suffering badly from fever besides lack of sleep due to the dreadful vermin, I feared that I had an attack of typhoid or dysentery, or even both.

On the sixth day, near the city of Shangchow, I found a solitary Catholic missionary, a student of herbs, with whom I had a talk about my state of health. The kind Father, who was an Italian, was much concerned and wanted me to stay; but I preferred to push on, and as the priest did not think that my case presented any immediate danger, he gave me some medicine and kindly promised to come after me to Lungchüchai in case I grew worse.

The Chingling mountains do not possess any really grand scenery like the Rocky Mountains or the Alps, although they are wild enough, so I did not miss very much by being carried in the semi-closed chair. Nor for that matter, did we have very favourable weather, rain-showers being frequent, and the temperature low for the season.

Yet I fear that even the grandest of scenery

would not have found response within me in my unfortunate state of health, that may have become aggravated by my bathing in and drinking of a mountain-stream that coursed through our village the second evening from Sian-fu.

Rather vividly do I remember a night among those wild deserted passes in southern Shensi.

Feverish and exhausted, I had been unable to eat any of the food that was offered by the dirty inn, and our own meagre provisions had now entirely given out.

For some reason or other, no bedding was spread for me, and I lay down on some boards with a few rags over me.

After a while, the men of my own caravan were fed and at rest; while other travellers were making the usual noise before turning in.

I dozed for a while, and eventually awoke with a burning thirst and a feeling of suffocation. I struck a match. Only partly undressed, yet hardly covered, I observed a procession of lice pass in at the one side of the boards, take their fill, and pass out the other way.

In disgust, I crawled down or rather fell from the loose boards, making my way in the darkness towards the courtyard, where I hoped to encounter a drop of water, however filthy.

The last I remember of that excursion on my knees and hands is a fleeting thought of resent-

ment against death, which was now irretrievably overtaking me, and a slow sinking—into the sticky mud of the wet yard.

When next I awoke, I was again lying upon the boards that served as my bunk, with Mr. Fong, and one or two others, talking rather decently to me.

A dismal night for an otherwise lusty rover!

On the 5th of July we arrived at Lungchüchai, and I was feeling a little stronger. I was much disappointed at learning that the water was too low for navigation on the Tan river as yet, and that we would have to travel four days over the mountains to Kingtzekuan, on the border of Honan, before we should find the river navigable.

We had used seven days, thanks to my indisposition, to get from Sian-fu to Lungchüchai, a distance of only 130 miles. The journey may be accomplished in five days, as Richthofen correctly remarks, but travellers usually take six.

From Lungchüchai to Kingtzekuan meant another four days' mountain journey, across difficult passes and along stony river-valleys, amounting to some 300 *li*, and I did not look forward to the trip as one of pleasure in my enfeebled state of health.

Meanwhile, there was no alternative, and we accordingly started in a heavy rain the following morning with our four re-employed mules, and

myself in a new chair—the former carriers having dropped me twice through gross neglect, the consequence of which was dismissal, a fine of 500 cash, and no tip.

During our lengthy stay at Sian-fu, my servant Masi had had practically nothing to do, with the sad result that the very little interest he formerly took in my personal comfort had entirely vanished into thin air. In spite of my illness, as well as several reprimands, he in no way reformed on the road to Lungchüchai, and en route to Kingtzekuan he did not even execute my orders.

Feeling a bit stronger day by day, and seeing that he was playing some game of his own—amongst other things wilfully sliding off his mule every half hour—I got out of my chair, and, in front of all the mule-men and chair-bearers, and to the great consternation of several villagers, gave him a sound thrashing with my excellent Cossack whip, incidentally to the marked joy of Mr. Fong, who had advocated such treatment ages ago for his dishonesty and lies and laziness.

Although greatly against my desire, it was the only course to take against open disobedience, and it helped—for the day.

But that evening, when we arrived at the little village of Wukwang, the rascal disappeared. I sent Mr. Fong to the local yamen, and the minor

official in charge of the town at once called on me, presenting himself with a deep bow, "dipping" the right hand towards the ground in Manchu fashion.

In half an hour the recalcitrant miscreant was recaptured by some soldiers and brought before me; he had been found outside the village, lecturing on the cruelty of foreigners in general, and myself in particular. Masi was forced by the mandarin to apologize and promise better behaviour. He looked very cheap and was eventually reinstated in his post as boy-cook, which he could use any time he chose for poisoning me.

The next day, Sunday, I felt still better after a tolerably good night, and during the forenoon we crossed not less than four passes of considerable altitude.

Masi's lesson of the previous day had evidently not been serious enough, for he feigned sunstroke, although the sun did not shine, and his former inability to keep his balance on mule-back manifested itself again, with the consequence that I saw myself compelled to give him another good thrashing. This action altered his behaviour for the time being, but in the evening he escaped again at the hsien-town of Shangnan.

This I thought, was too much of a good thing, and I sent Mr. Fong to the magistrate with my Chinese visiting-card and passport in order to

get his immediate assistance and have the fellow arrested.

The magistrate, who was a Ningpo-man, would have cut off Masi's ears and nose, had I asked him to do so. He was only too eager to assist me, cursing my servant's behaviour, especially when hearing that I was barely convalescing.

Masi was eventually found, arrested by soldiers once more, and brought to the inn in a somewhat pride-reduced state. He was reinstated again, but this time under the argus eye of a soldier from the yamen, who followed us for the next two days to Kingtzekuan in order to embody the magistrate's guarantee of decent behaviour on the culprit's part.

I fined Masi heavily for his two unwarranted escapades, and he seemed to reform—a little.

The reason we had been able from day to day to avoid the usual escort of soldiers after leaving Sian-fu was that, when sending the officials there my *p. p. c.* cards, I had intentionally given a wrong date for our departure. It was quite a treat to travel without the superfluous military guard, and we were certainly numerous enough among ourselves, for with chair-bearers and mule-drivers we numbered ten.

At Shangnan the population was complaining of the same drought that had hindered us from

getting a boat at Lungchüchai; and in the evening the villagers formed a long procession, firing crackers and beating gongs, in order to induce the rain-joss to send some water. I do not know whether the procession succeeded in obtaining any results.

The population of these mountain regions which, by the way, is rather scarce, suffers largely from a peculiar, goitre-like, apparently incurable throat-disease, which swells the neck to double and even treble the normal size. I tried to gather some information from various villages, and it appears that the evil is attributed to the drinking water, which one would think should be quite pure here, and that the disease, which is not painful, exclusively attacks adults, men and women alike, and never children. The many hundreds I observed suffering from the disease, presented a very unattractive appearance with their thickened bull-necks, and certainly deserve great sympathy.

Several patients called on me in the hope that I might be a physician, but unfortunately I had to disappoint the poor wretches.

Our last caravan-night in the Chingling we passed at Sankwanmiao, a village consisting of some five or six clumsy stone houses, situated in the narrow gorge of a dry, stony river-bed.

In the early afternoon on July 9th we arrived

at the military stronghold of Kingtzekuan on the river Tan.

A Likin, or internal revenue station, was situated here. Altogether, the MacKay Treaty of 1902, providing for the abolition of Likin, has shown itself regrettably ineffective, for since the treaty was ratified, more stations are said to have been created. The Kingtzekuan customs-bar, however, is an old one, and was originally opened to levy a tax for the preservation of the river-banks. The officials, when the banks were once more in good order, did not like to close down the handy station, for obvious reasons, and it has been kept open till this day.

Anything to squeeze the people!

During the day we dismissed our muleteers and chair-coolies, and we succeeded in making a contract with one of the long river-skiffs for taking us south as far as Laohokow on the Han Kiang, about 360 *li*, say 110 miles.

In the late afternoon we went on board with all our belongings, and I hoisted, on a bamboo-stick, the Danish flag, "Dannebrog," of which I had caused an approximate likeness to be made at Sian-fu.

A Chinese tailor had copied it from a colour-print in my possession of the emblem, flown by the Royal Navy; but I hope that a gracious government will accept my apologies for tem-

porarily misappropriating the naval ensign considering the peculiar circumstances.

Mayhap I should have done originally as did that much-discussed explorer of the frozen north, Civil Engineer R. E. Peary—styled "Rear-Admiral" by himself and the unwary—and as did many another traveller in many a strange land: I should have brought with me my national banner, sewn in silk by beauteous ladies at home, so that I might appropriately "nail" the emblem onto any result of my expedition, whether real or imagined.

But, like so many other things—I shall mention only pianos, libraries, champagne, and phonographs—which some explorers consider essential, the Danish flag had been overlooked in the initial shuffle for making a start from London and New York, and, truth to tell, the idea of using my flag entered my head only after seeing the magic effect created by the use of Chinese governmental banners, and even one or two foreign flags, in the interior of the Middle Kingdom.

I simply had to follow suit, and that is the secret of the two Danish cotton-flags which the native tailor made for me at Sian-fu, and of which I used one on my boats and carts, while the other was to fly over the Replica for protection—but I am anticipating the sequence of events.

We made a start that afternoon from Kingtze-

kuan, and managed to cover quite a few miles, despite lively rapids and troublesome shallows, before dark set in, whereupon we "dropped the hook" on the rocky bank for the night.

X

A FAST HOUSEBOAT TRIP

THE boat I had chartered was a long, narrow skiff, the usual type on the upper Tan, where the river is narrow and rapids frequent.

The middle part of the boat was divided into small, athwartship compartments, destined for cargo, and made the boat look like a miniature horse or cattle ferry. This part of the vessel was covered with matting, which was encouragingly leaky so as to permit buckets of rain to pass through, a very agreeable circumstance which caused me and my bedding to get thoroughly drenched the second night.

The first day we made our way through many small rapids with beautiful clear water, and innumerable large and small shallows, where the boatmen had to jump out and help the light skiff over.

We passed numerous boats going up the river with light cargoes, and all had to encounter and conquer the difficulties laid in their way by the shallows, with the consequence that all the boatmen worked naked, ready to jump out, or rather

in, at any given moment. Their brown and yellow bodies gleamed, with Malayan picturesqueness, against a background of white and grey sails, in the golden sunshine overhead.

Sometimes, when some unfortunate boat had become hopelessly entangled among sand-banks, the men would get out and perform a most peculiar-looking war-dance in order to create a channel with their feet, through which they might safely pull and push the stranded vessel.

During the three days we passed in this uncomfortable boat, I almost succeeded in regaining my health, thanks to rest and air and occasional sun.

Towards evening on July 11th, we passed the village of Likwanchiao, which enjoys the reputation of being a veritable nest of pirates and brigands.

We anchored for the night south of the town, and I told the boatmen that, in case I heard any suspicious noise during the night, or if I heard either of the two "doors" tampered with, I would discharge my revolver instantly. Fortunately, I was afforded no opportunity for doing any shooting, and the night passed very quietly until the boat was started on her voyage at daybreak.

The next morning was a very rainy one, and it was not possible to enjoy the pretty hill-scenery, through which we were passing, from the deck.

(*Top, left*) Tang Pagoda south of the Shensi Capital.
(*Top, right*) Mohammedan Mosque in Sian-fu; oldest in China.
(*Bottom, left*) River craft on the Tan.
(*Bottom, right*) My houseboat on the Han River, with Danish flag at mast.

I am afraid that if my friends could have seen me that morning, they would hardly have recognized me.

I was sitting, wet and disgusted, on a small packing-case, under the leaky matting, in the bottom of the skiff, trying to make something like order out of the notes belonging to the several scores of negatives I had exposed during the past ten weeks. My face was unshaven, my hair was as long as that of a Russian priest, not having been cut since I left Tientsin, my khaki was wet and not particularly clean, and my surroundings looked like a minor warehouse, full of boxes, cases, household utensils, and what not.

The "floor" of the next section was strewn with articles of wet clothing and thousands of copper-cash on pieces of string—part of our cash-in-hand—all surmounted by my mosquito-net, looking moist and sad. Near my mattress-bed was standing Masi's box, containing his few personal belongings, of which I had paternally taken charge to prevent future disappearances.

I myself, and the surroundings, thus presented anything but an inviting picture, and I repeat my suspicion that many a fastidious friend would have passed me unheeded. Still I did not grumble much—only a little—and I nurtured the consolation that my friends do not as a rule take

their afternoon-walk on the banks of the Tan in Honan.

In the early afternoon of July 12th, we arrived at Laohokow, a very considerable trade-port of great age. A little above the city, almost where we passed from Honan into Hupeh, the Tan Kiang joins the larger Han Kiang, which is one of the most important rivers, so far as navigation is concerned, of the entire country.

During the afternoon I chartered a house-boat of the "San Tsang Pai Tsz" type for 16,000 large cash, or about thirteen dollars gold, to take me and my belongings safely to Hankow, a distance of some five hundred miles. When the usual advance-money had been paid, we moved from our little Kingtzekuan skiff to the larger house-boat and straightaway settled down in the cabin as comfortably as possible.

Laohokow was left behind when the sun appeared, and we began a six days' rather uneventful voyage. The strong current of the Han permitted us to do upwards of six, even seven miles an hour—a considerable improvement compared with our speed on the Grand Canal.

Masi, now that he had no chance to slide off any mule-back, and presumably disliking the idea of sliding off into the yellow stream, behaved quite well. He even surprised me on the first day by serving a well-roasted chicken with rice

and Chinese gravy, a feat that he had, to my knowledge, never performed before. On the second day he came and told me, evidently on the verge of crying, how grief-stricken he felt that he had endeavoured to run away in the mountains and that he would never attempt such a thing again. I replied that I fully reciprocated and appreciated his feelings, of which statement he understood not a word.

The swift current of the Han is not beneficial to its banks. The number of landslides is enormous, and it is said to be an every-day event that a house on the banks, sometimes with, sometimes without its inhabitants, disappears in the mud of the river-bottom.

Now and then, when sitting in the cabin, writing or reading, I would suddenly hear a noise like that of distant thunder, or of an oncoming avalanche, and, on looking out through the cabin-window, would perceive tons of mud disappearing with a tremendous splash in the foaming water.

The "camel-men" who pull the junks up against the current, are exposed, so the skipper told me, to the constant danger of these landslides. They have to tread hard on the tow-path as they pull along, and it is often that a piece of land gives way, throwing the land-sailors into the water, from which they are but seldom rescued.

A good Chinaman would not think of robbing the river-spirits of their chosen victim!

During the afternoon we reached the important transit city of Siangyang, which is in lively ferry communication with Fancheng on the left side of the Han. The main-road from the upper Yangtse regions to the northern part of Honan, and beyond, crosses the river here. The telegraph-wire is stretched across from Siangyang to Fancheng between two very high, well-supported masts, presenting one of the widest spans I remember to have seen.

At Tungkwan, in Shensi, there is a similar imposing stretch of wire across the Hwang-ho, which usually, when wind or snow sets in, makes itself inconspicuous to the eye by falling down. Perhaps under-water cables would not be entirely out of place at such points. The high-road from Fancheng to Honan-fu, incidentally, is considered very dangerous, infested as it is with organized bands of well-armed robbers.

There are not many cities and villages along the Han. The houses are mostly lying apart; everybody looking out for his own.

We were entering South China proper, where rice and tea are grown, where the sun burns in the summer with tropical strength, and where the heavy, dark-grey, good-natured buffalo is in evidence everywhere. When the day's toil is over,

the farm-boys ride their buffaloes down the steep bank, and the tired animal enjoys half an hour's immersion in the cooling water, half buried in the mud. Only the eyes, nose and horns are visible, and it is good fun to watch the trouble which the small boys must daily plan against and conquer, in order to induce the water-buffalo to leave his bath.

Whenever we passed a village, a rare occurrence, we stopped to buy fresh provisions, Masi earning the inevitable "squeeze."

Having nearly recovered from my recent illness it was only reasonable that another ailment should take its place. I had not been careful enough with my eyes and, consequently, contracted an acute attack of conjunctivitis, which caused me a good deal of annoyance, as I did not dare read or write.

It was evident that we were nearing more civilized regions, for we again met with 10-cash coins, equalling one Mexican cent, and we were even able to change one or two Mexican dollars without much loss or trouble.

The night between the 17th and 18th we were able to make progress throughout the night, thanks to the moon; and in the evening of the 18th of July, at 8 p. m., we turned from the Han into the enormous Yang-tse-kiang between the cities of Hanyang and Hankow.

A little later I was once more able to enjoy a European dinner in a good, foreign hotel, the Astor House.

It was quite a strange sensation to see so many white people around.

I got all the luggage safely up to my room in the Astor House Hotel, where I had not stayed for more than five years, paid the boat-people off, and enjoyed a long night's rest in a comfortable bed.

My first act after getting up in the morning was to despatch the worthy Masi to his Egyptian flesh-pots in Tientsin. I sent him by the Kin-Han's newly opened railway line to Peking, from where another train would take him to the city of his heart. I was very glad to see the last of him, yet still worse was to befall me as far as servants were concerned.

This not being a book on China's treaty-ports, I shall say next to nothing about Hankow.

The five years and a half that had elapsed since I last visited the city had not changed it very much. There were the same old, and some new foreign faces to be seen, there were the same frequent dinners, the same club-life, the same alcoholism, the same wearisome afternoon teas at the race-course.

Some improvement and progress were to be traced in the half-dozen foreign settlements; a

small newspaper had been started; new waterworks were under construction; electric light prevailed almost throughout the city; in short, everything seemed to be in peaceful progress—everything except one thing. The Chinese native cities of Hankow, Hanyang, and Wuchang on the opposite bank of the Yang-tse, were as filthy, malodorous and disgusting as ever.

The weather was very trying, the thermometer registering considerably above 100 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade.

Partly owing to the conjunctivitis of my eyes, and partly to an unwelcome, but fortunately light, attack of that disagreeable visitant, dysentery, I kept my room for several days, attending so far as I could to three months of accumulated correspondence, to my diaristic notes, and to other business that happened to come to hand.

I was invited—rather an exceptional distinction for a private person, I was told—to attend Viceroy Chang Chih Tung's official reception, on August the 4th, at Wuchang, capital of Hupeh province, in honour of the birthday of His Majesty the Emperor Kwang Hsü.

Viceroy, later Grand Councillor-of-State in Peking, Chang Chih Tung, had far passed the allotted limit of three-score-and-ten, but, although his body was so weak that he could only stand when assisted by two servants who

supported him under the arms, his mind was powerful and fresh to such a degree that the empress-dowager insisted upon retaining his invaluable services.

Prince Livio Borghese told me several months later in Peking, that old Chang was not very well satisfied—according to his own statement to the Italian diplomat—with his elevation into the central government sphere, and that he would like to be back in his quiet Wuchang.

On the emperor's birthday, the viceregal dispatch-boat came over to Hankow to convey the consular body, and two or three outsiders like myself, besides a few naval officers, British, Japanese and German, to Wuchang.

It was a suffocatingly hot day, and the iced drinks on board were much appreciated.

At Wuchang about a dozen old, break-neck carriages brought us from the wharf along soldier-lined streets, to the aged viceroy's palace, charmingly situated in front of a large, blooming lotus-pond.

A guard of honour in khaki uniforms, numbering about fifty men, with a European-taught brass-band, smartly presented arms upon our arrival, while the band struck up some diabolically martial tune and full-dress-coated mandarins of the viceroy's staff led the guests into the spacious ante-hall.

I had the honour of being introduced to the viceroy who entered into a short conversation with me, the Danish vice-consul, Mr. A. Brandt, an old friend, acting as interpreter. His Excellency looked indeed very feeble and frail, but his vivid dark eyes betrayed high intelligence and lofty thought, for both of which Chang was famous.

Eventually, the score of foreign guests, headed by the viceroy, and followed by the great retinue of mandarins of all colours, the colour of the button in their hat indicating their rank, repaired to the banqueting hall, where a collation in European style, and with foreign wines, was served.

The temperature was overpowering; and, while I permitted a piece of raw ice to melt in my mouth, I cordially envied a German naval lieutenant, who, with unimpaired appetite, devoured two large slices of cold mutton, a mountain of potato-salad, and half a loaf of bread, all of which became *spurlos versenkt* through the expediency of alternating attacks on a pint of Mumm and a quart of Pilsen.

The viceroy spoke for his emperor, the speech being translated into less flowery English by a youthful mandarin, and everybody emptied his champagne-glass in the hope of a prosperous future for the sympathetic young monarch. The toast of the rulers of the countries represented

was then proposed, and drunk, the band striking up all the national hymns they had on record.

It was a great concert!

When the turn came for the brass-band to render the Danish national anthem, "King Christian," once so admirably translated by Longfellow, the Danish consul and I stepped up to His Excellency, who patiently listened to the musical crashes that symbolize the martial doings of our Thirty Year War hero. The viceroy whispered the same compliments to us which he had used after the performance of the other anthems, and the viceregal hospitality had run its charming course for the nonce.

A few minutes later, the courteous viceroy, according to Chinese custom, saw his guests to the gate.

Then, guard of honour, soldier-lined streets, dispatch-boat, iced drinks, and back to Hankow once more.

I still, for various reasons, remained another fortnight at Hankow, but after having received certain information from the interior, I engaged a new servant, recommended by the hotel, and departed, on the eve of the 17th of August, by the weekly, Peking-bound express-train.

XI

THE VENERABLE CITY OF KAIFENG-FU

THE Peking-Hankow, or the Kin-Han, railway line, is the first great railway enterprise in China, the stretch covering over seven hundred miles.

The weekly "*train de luxe*" for Peking leaves Hankow at eleven in the evening. The fares are very high and the compartments more than Puritanic, so far as upholstering, light and sleepers are concerned.

On August the 18th in the afternoon we reached the city of Chengchow, situated but a few miles south of the Yellow River. I and my new boy alighted here with our luggage and our outfit for a new expedition.

I found a store, run by two Corsicans, close to the little station, and I was able to get a fairly clean room in their house. It happened that it was not the last time I stayed under the hospitable roof of Messieurs Leca and Luciani.

And now I must disclose the reason for this new quest into the interior.

While still at Sian-fu in June, I had made a

contract—exercising due discretion, even secrecy —with some native stone-cutters to execute an exact monolith Replica of the Nestorian Monument to be delivered at Sian not later than the first of September.

It goes without saying that due to the want of enthusiasm, with which some of the missionaries had eyed my prolonged and, to them, inexplicable and suspicious visit to Sian-fu, I had found it essential to have the Replica executed with as little publicity as possible. And as I, for obvious reasons, was not able personally to remain and control the work on the spot, and as the presence of my interpreter, Mr. Fong, was superfluous at Hankow, I had sent him back to Sian-fu from the river-fortress of Kingtzekuan on the Tan River, with minute instructions concerning what to do and what not to do.

There is no doubt that, when the Nestorian missionaries, 1127 years before, procured the raw material for their famous Tablet, they obtained their monolith from the Fuping stone-quarries, two stages northeast of Sian-fu.

The hard, grey, subgranular oolite, or limestone, from the second carboniferous period, that yielded material for the original Monument out of Fuping, also was used for making the Replica, now in Rome; and the identity of the materials used was established through a microscopic ex-

amination by the Smithsonan Institution in Washington of a chip of the original, which I had brought with me from Sian-fu, and a chip of the Replica.

My instructions to Mr. Fong were, that he should proceed with as little noise as possible, from Kingtzekuan directly to Fuping, and there, in company with the stonecutter from Sian-fu, and advised by him, select a suitable slab of stone for creating the exact duplicate of the Chingchiaopei.

The huge slab should then be transported by special cart—crossing two rivers—to the temple, where the Nestorian Monument stood; and the work on it, that is the polishing and the chiselling, should be finished in strict privacy on the premises of the Buddhist temple.

While in Sian-fu, I had already obtained the gracious permission of the chief-priest, Yü Show, to use his temple barn as a "studio" for the stone-cutter and his assistants; and I had rented another room for Mr. Fong in the temple-compound, so that he might be able constantly to supervise the doings of the workmen, and keep out of the path of nearby city temptations

At Chengchow I received fresh information concerning the progress of the work on the stone, which allowed time to pay a visit to the ancient and very interesting city of Kaifeng-fu,

capital of Honan province—the original Middle Kingdom.

The branch line from Chengchow to Kaifeng-fu, part of the unfinished Pien-lo, or Kaifeng-fu to Honan-fu railway, had been opened a few months before, and the following noon consequently saw me off on a most uninteresting railway-trip across a sandy plain, which had more than frequently enough been entirely under water, thanks to the dreaded inundations of Hwang-ho, "China's Sorrow."

Four hours' drive through heat and dust brought us to Kaifeng station, from where a cart took my belongings to the best Chinese inn in town, where the only foreigner—as in Sian-fu the Chinese postmaster—had kindly engaged rooms for me in response to a wired request.

After an excuse for an early dinner I had my American camp-bed stretched out and soon fell asleep, despite the uproarious noise that always prevails throughout the entire night in all Chinese urban caravanserais.

The next morning I paid a visit to the Chinese postmaster, an Irish gentleman by the name of Captain Perry Ayscough. I was received with great friendliness and we arranged to meet again in the afternoon.

From the post-office I proceeded in a four-

coolie sedan-chair to the Yang Wu Chü, or provincial bureau of foreign affairs, where I had the pleasure of meeting the interpreter, Magistrate Chang Shu Shen. I left cards with him for the new governor of Honan and for various other officials, and my passport was inspected. Mr. Chang had been educated in the United States and spoke English with amazing fluency.

When comparing Kaifeng, capital of Honan, with Sian, capital of Shensi, no end of credit is due to the former.

The principal streets in the whole of the strongly-walled, extensive city are well-macadamized roads, lighted at night with oil-lamps on stands, and smartly policed by foreign-drilled men, who carry—to the astonishment of the visitor—rifles with fixed bayonets all night. During the daytime the policemen carry sticks with which to direct the heavy traffic of wheelbarrows, large and small carts, private vehicles, and even 'rickshaws, which are said to have come with the opening of the railroad.

The gates of the city, which, like those of all other walled cities, are invariably locked and bolted from sunset to sunrise, are well-guarded by soldiers and police; and when I entered the city the petty-officer in charge asked to see my passport.

Considering his inferior rank, I reluctantly

declined to go to that trouble, the passport lying in one of my boxes, and told him that he could send somebody to the inn if he wished to see it, as I was not in the habit of making public demonstrations in support of my peaceful intentions amidst the curious mob surrounding us in the traffic under the main-gate of any city. I eventually pacified the strenuous individual by handing him my red Chinese visiting-card, which caused him to bow and scrape like the officious fellow he was.

As arranged, I met Mr. Ayscough in the afternoon, and we went for a long ride in order to give me an opportunity to admire the sights of the provincial capital.

It is generally a little known fact that, amongst her four hundred millions, China counts a couple of hundred Chinese Hebrews.

According to their own saying, the Israelites arrived in the Flowery Kingdom during the reign of one of the Han dynasties, or between the years 200 B. C. and 200 A. D. The Jesuit writers believe that the Jews came overland from India or Persia about A. D. 65.

The greatest Jewish colony in China has always been located at Kaifeng-fu. Yet Hebrews were found both in Ningpo and Hangchow, in the coast province of Chekiang; and in Sian-fu a Jewish community with a synagogue flourished

at the same time the Nestorian monks propagated their Christianity.

It is quite a remarkable fact that, whenever we study the earlier explorers' notes, we almost invariably find that, where Nestorian Christians founded a community, the Jews followed, or vice versa.

This, I believe, can hardly be due to any feeling of fraternity, but rather to the fact that the Chinese idolaters of these various places raised no objection to the presence of alien elements and religions, which fact spread among all foreigners.

The first Chinese synagogue at Kaifeng-fu was built in the year 1163, in other words only thirty-four years after the city had ceased to be the capital of the "Middle Flowery Kingdom," an honour it had held since A. D. 960. Unfortunately, succeeding synagogues were destroyed several times by the frightful inundations of the Yellow River.

The Jewish colonies were generally respected throughout the empire and the members lived in obedience to the ancient Law of Moses. The Jews, however, were not favoured by luck.

While the outlying communities simply faded away into nothingness, even the strong Kaifeng colony became less powerful, the synagogue and its members receiving what may be called their

death-blow during the great inundation in 1849, although Marco Polo speaks about the influence of the Hebrews during the reign of Kublai Khan, mentioning that they were then at least numerous enough to exercise considerable political control.

Not until the beginning of the seventeenth century did the European and Chinese Jews come to know of each others' existence.

The celebrated Father Matteo Ricci wrote the following interesting account to the pope:

Shortly after A. D. 1600 a Chinese called on Father Ricci at Peking, having learned that there were aliens in the capital who believed in but one God, and that without being Saracens!

Father Ricci led his guest into a Catholic chapel, where were hung one picture of Mary with the infant Christ and John the Baptist, and another representing four of the Apostles.

The Chinese visitor at once exclaimed:

"This picture is Rebecca with her sons Jacob and Esau, and that one shows four of the sons of Jacob. But as he had twelve, why do you only honour four?"

This remark led to lengthy discussions which eventually showed that Father Ricci's visitor was a Chinese Israelite from Kaifeng-fu, who was in Peking to pass his literary examination.

The incident related led to further communication with Kaifeng-fu, Julius Aléni being the

first foreigner to visit the Jewish community at Kaifeng, in 1613, after the interesting experience of Father Ricci, who had died in 1610.

Mr. Ayscough and I rode through the densely populated business quarter of the city, our first destination being a Mohammedan mosque, where most of the remaining Jewish relics are now reverently kept—Moses being considered a Moslem prophet.

When Dr. Martin, in 1866, visited the Jewish colony at Kaifeng-fu, the few living members of that formerly so powerful body, amounting to some three or four hundred souls, struggled for bare life in great distress, having even been forced, as they acknowledged with shame, to sell the timber and other building-material of their last synagogue, which had long been in a dilapidated state.

Many of the Jews had become Mohammedans, and a good many of the Hebraic scrolls and signs, bearing ancient inscriptions, had been deposited in a mosque near by.

A few years ago a society was formed by the Jews of various nations at Shanghai with a view to reviving the brother community at Kaifeng-fu, but its success, so far as I have been able to ascertain, has only been theoretical.

The two hundred odd Jews that still remain in Kaifeng-fu do not even observe the Sabbath, and

are indeed, judging from their appearance and lodgings, reduced to a state of abject poverty and slovenliness of faith.

It is a strange fact that, while Jews and Nestorians may practically be considered extinct in China, and while the Christianity of today meets with but limited success, Buddhism and Mohammedanism flourish as the most popular of the introduced religions.

This is even more strange when we consider that the Buddhists and Moslems receive no moral support whatever, while Christian converts are protected by the whole *corps diplomatique* at Peking, with their foreign "drill and drum" to support them, looking entirely apart from the material advantages a Chinese Christian occasionally obtains through influential and obliging missionaries.

Mr. Ayscough, a Chinese postal clerk, and I, reached the mosque in due course of time and were courteously received by the mullahs, who invited us to take a cup of tea.

Yet, a great disappointment awaited us, for when, through the native clerk, we manifested our desire to inspect some of the Jewish relics, the answer came in the form of a polite, but firm, refusal.

Our visit of Hebrew intent to the Mussulmen thus turned out a marked failure—a word I hate!

Later on, I succeeded in finding out that, about a year earlier, two foreigners, whose names and nationality shall not be disclosed here, had visited the mosque and, under one pretext or another, had obtained a couple of old Hebraic manuscripts from the chief-mullah, against the promise of a considerable sum of money. The foreigners left, and as the promised remittance never arrived, the mullahs eye all strange visitors with polite suspicion.

It also appears that an American travelling photographer, named Bainbridge, nervous at finding himself the centre of a great throng of devoted natives, the day being Friday, or Moslem Sunday, had quite recently committed the grave mistake of producing a revolver.

The praying Mohammedans naturally resented such a warlike display, and a foreigner is for the time being anything but *persona grata* in the Kaifeng mosque.

After another cup of tea, we departed, sadder and wiser, and proceeded to the site where the large, beautiful synagogue had once stood.

It was a dismal sight!

The grounds were rather extended, with a pool of stagnant, green, slimy water in the middle, but not a brick, not a remnant of a ruin was to be seen.

The only visible mementos of dead glory were

two memorial slabs of badly-preserved workmanship. They tell us, or rather their inscriptions do, that in the year 1163, when Long Hing of the South Sung dynasty reigned, and Lee-Wei (Levy) was rabbi, the first local synagogue was built; they record the faith of Israel and some of the history of the Jews in China; and they inform us of the community's difficulties after the fall of the Ming dynasty in 1644.

Postmaster Ayscough was mounted on a little pony the size of a large St. Bernard dog, while I rode a mule that would have matched harmoniously the average baby-elephant. It must have been quite a diverting spectacle to behold us coming along.

We rode at the foot of the city-wall to the northeast corner of the city, where we admired the tall thirteen-storied "iron-pagoda," which must be at least 200 feet high. The natives call it the iron-pagoda, presumably owing to the yellow-rusty colour of the tiles that cover it from the ground to the top.

Our way home led through the Manchu city, which is supposed, as in other provincial capitals, to be surrounded by a special wall. This was also the case here and the gates were carefully locked at night. The only perplexing circumstance was that the wall had tumbled down in

several places, giving free access to the privacy of the "governing" race. It was, consequently, somewhat difficult to understand why the gates were there at all, especially as nobody seemed to make use of them.

On our way back we passed the local Serpentine, called the Dragon Lake, and upon my arrival at the inn I found that Magistrate Chang had returned my visit during my absence.

I dined with Captain Ayscough, who had seen service in British West and South Africa, and spent a very pleasant evening on the roof of the post-office with him.

The next morning a soldier called almost before daylight with a letter in flowing English, which read:

Foreign Office,
Kaifeng, Honan.
21st August, 1907.

Dear Mr. Holm:

The directors of this Office shall be glad to meet you this afternoon at three o'clock sharp. I think you better come here in your uniform, as I shall be pleased to present you to His Excellency the Governor at his yamen after the interview.

With cordial regards,

Yours faithfully,
Chang Shu Shen.

This was quite an unexpected manifestation of gracious courtesy, and I consequently set out for the provincial Foreign Office, after tiffin, in my sedan-chair.

Arriving at the Yang Wu Chü, I was received by Mr. Chang, who conducted me to a very airy, foreign-style-furnished reception-hall, where several mandarins were waiting for my arrival.

I was in turn introduced to the old permanent Director Wu, of the Foreign Office, two or three taotais, a couple of prefects, and some other polite and smiling gentlemen, all of whom spoke only their native tongue.

Mr. Chang, of course, acted as an accomplished interpreter, until the arrival of the Nieh-tai, or provincial judge, the third ranking official of the province, was announced. I was duly introduced to the man who commands the fate, within the law, of so many millions. He turned out to be an amiable, jovial, old gentleman, who characterized his own province as being "very conservative" toward foreign ideas, and who expressed the hospitable opinion, that it was about time that the foreign missions gave up their fruitless and peace-endangering propaganda in China.

The judge asked me to sit down next to him at the table, which was nicely arranged with Chinese porcelain, sweets, flowers, fruits, native

cakes, Manila Cigars and cigarettes. The servants poured champagne and tea, and I spent a very enjoyable time with the hospitable mandarins.

Presently, Mr. Chang and I took our leave and proceeded to His Excellency the Governor's yamen.

Governor Yuan Ta Hua had had a very busy day, for he had taken over, the very same morning, his seals of office, and all through the day he had received officials, clad in special full-dress dragon-robes, who had come from near and far to pay him homage.

Hundreds of sedan-chairs and private carts belonging to the visiting mandarins, were waiting in the outer yard of the yamen, while the inner courts and the ante-chambers were full of gossiping, gesticulating mandarins, both civil and military, of various ranks.

After waiting a few minutes, Mr. Chang conducted me to a part of the yamen built in semi-foreign style, being the wing occupied late in 1901 by the emperor and the empress-dowager during their short stay on the return from Sian-fu to Peking.

His Excellency greeted me on the doorsteps with that politeness which distinguishes the well-bred Chinese, and conducted me to a room almost European in style, where he motioned me to take

a seat next to his and on his left side, according to Chinese custom. After much apparent reluctance, Mr. Chang, induced by the governor, sat down on the latter's right-hand side.

The governor opened the conversation with various questions concerning Denmark, my native country, at the same time occupying himself with the cutting off of the end of a cigar, which he handed to me—the cigar, not the tip—together with a box of Japanese matches.

I had thought that the interview would last some ten minutes, but in spite of the fatigue of the day, from which His Excellency must undoubtedly have suffered, he kept me, over two cigars and several glasses of liqueur, for an hour and a half.

The governor displayed considerable knowledge of foreign politics, and was especially interested in Russia, as he had for several years resided as taotai in Manchuria.

Eventually he caused a large geographical globe to be brought in so that we might better be able to understand each other while recasting the map of the world according to our likes and dislikes.

The governor said that he cherished the hope some day to visit Europe and America, but was evidently afraid that unless he happened to be appointed minister plenipotentiary to some for-

eign court, his official duties at home would occupy all his time.

The former governor of Honan, whom Yuan had succeeded that same day, had been promoted to the viceroyalty of Kwangtung with residence at Canton.

At 5.30 p. m. Mr. Chang, who was very tired after acting such a long time as interpreter, and I took leave of the hospitable governor and subsequently parted company in the outer courtyard.

Returning to the inn, I found that my boy, who was of course supposed to stay home and watch over my belongings, had gone out without leaving word with anybody; that is, according to the version of the fat landlord.

He had locked the door with one of my Chinese padlocks and taken the key with him. I had the door to my room lifted off its hinges, and found that my servant had taken his belongings with him, besides some stray Sycee of mine, which, together with the advance I had granted him at Hankow, amounted to about half a hundred dollars.

That was the last I heard or saw of the well-recommended Hankow boy who was to have been my sole consolation and factotum on the long journey back to Sian-fu.

Yet I knew that it would be hopeless to endeavour to catch him even through the Chinese

police. He was undoubtedly already on his way to Hankow, Habana, Harlem, or Halicarnassus; and I gave him up as a bad lot.

For the rest of my stay, due to the absconding of my boy, Captain Ayscough generously invited me to share my meals with him at the post-office.

The next four days I roamed about the city a great deal, sightseeing and photographing.

I succeeded in climbing the iron-pagoda, and twice visited the railway-station, a couple of miles south of the city, where three Frenchmen, amongst them the superintendent, the amiable Monsieur Paris—a very acceptable and easily remembered name for a Frenchman—resided.

The life to be observed at Chinese railway-stations is indeed rich in colour and action, and highly picturesque.

Long before the train is expected to arrive, hordes of coolies, cartmen, porters, passers-by, and beggars in rags and vermin, assemble on the unprotected, open platform, where a few soldiers prevent the crowd from actually camping on the rails. When the train, generally full, has arrived, the tumult and din and confusion are indescribable, and can only be compared with Biblical Babel.

The struggling, tired traveller invariably falls prey to some of the local ragamuffins after much useless shouting and resistance. The children

cry aloud and get lost in a kicking forest of legs. The cartman yells out his fares to town. And the three and a half policemen get lost in the uproarious sea of heads with or without hats, and amidst the thousands of pieces of luggage that sway to and fro under a burning sun, visible a little while ago, but now obscured behind the dust-cloud raised by the crowd of local vampires and their maddened victims.

After a week spent at Kaifeng-fu, once capital of the Middle Kingdom, I bade *adieu* to Mr. Ayscough and Mr. Chang, and returned to Chengchow, where I again put up at the small Corsican store.

At Chengchow I received a telegram from Mr. Fong at Sian-fu which induced me to make arrangements for a speedy departure for Shensi. I engaged a large, strong cart, which could just hold my boxes and cases, but I found it impossible to get hold of any riding animal, not even an old mule.

Accordingly, I addressed myself to the magistrate of Chengchow, the fat Mr. Yih, to whom I had a letter of introduction from Kaifeng. Mr. Yih, who was the first but not the last official with whom I conducted my business in Chinese without an interpreter—a performance which must have been a treat to an educated native's ear—was very accommodating and offered to

lend me one of the ponies belonging to his yamen.

He also promised me a letter that would ensure me the loan of a fresh government pony at every stage, all the way to Sian-fu.

I could do nothing better than accept with thanks, Mr. Yih telling me that should any of the members of my military escort ask for money to pay for fodder or the like, it was my solemn duty to refuse, as the various yamens *en route* would bear that small expense.

As I was now without interpreter or boy, it goes without saying that I could not well manage without a small military escort, numbering from two to five soldiers, especially as these warriors when returning to their cities had to bring back my borrowed mounts.

XII

TRYING RETURN-JOURNEY TO SIAN-FU

THE stages from Chengchow to Sian-fu when travelling with ease number fifteen, meaning an average of some twenty-four miles per day.

As it was sometimes necessary to change the soldiers and my pony twice a day, I had the undiluted joy of trying more than a score of different steeds, and it is assuredly not my fault if this experience did not turn me into a rough-rider.

There were all sizes, all manners, and all colours of ponies; there were all kinds of speeds, and all sorts of characters; there was wildness, whimsicality and viciousness, and there was blindness, and lameness, and sunstroke. There was caprice and disobedience, and, invariably, an enormous appetite!

It was, in short, an equestrian experience of such a wide scope that I will sacrifice much not to have it repeated.

In spite of the fact that I had nobody to assist me, the first four days were easy sailing. The reason was, that there are a good many Euro-

peans—chiefly Frenchmen, Belgians, and Italians—living between Chengchow and Honan-fu, occupied with the construction of the Pien-lo Railway. The name Pien-lo is derived from the classical names of Kaifeng-fu and Honan-fu, which were, respectively, Pienfang and Loyang.

Early in the morning of August 28th I left Chengchow on an innocent, little, brown pony, together with a solitary baggage-cart, which was guarded by three of Mr. Yih's formidable soldiers.

The heat during the whole return-journey to Sian-fu was simply terrible, especially so in the middle of the day.

The only really refreshing eatable to be obtained along the road was watermelon.

In Shanghai I would never have dared touch a bit of melon, as the vendours keep the opened fruit fresh looking by pouring dirty river-water over the pieces, thus causing innumerable cases of cholera; but on the high-roads in the interior, under a brazen sun, the matter changes aspect.

Long hours on horseback, in 100 degrees and more, easily teach the rider what real thirst is, and the heart, or perhaps rather the parched tongue, jumps with joy when a watermelon-stand under a solitary shady tree heaves into sight.

I usually bought the whole fruit, which I cut

into pieces myself with the pedlar's murderous *machete*. I then buried the frontal half of my scorched head in a large piece of the white, pink or yellow fruit, giving away what I could not eat, and surprising the pony by putting the leathery peel into his burning mouth.

The first night out, I once again spent in a Chinese wayside inn.

It was, to say the least, very troublesome, after many hours in the saddle, personally to have to prepare the simple evening meal of eggs, cocoa and Chinese bread, to "lay the table," to make the camp-bed for the night—in short, to do all those innumerable small things which form the duty of a servant, who has been able to slumber all day in the baggage-cart.

The next day I rode along the railway-line as far as Szeshuiho, to which point the line was practically completed.

While my cart and the new soldiers from Yungyang took the main-road, I followed the intended railroad; and at noon, when reaching an almost finished tunnel under a small Loess-covered mountain, I met some Italian contractors, who could speak no French, but who were kind enough to invite me to tiffin.

They lived like camping soldiers, but seemed to thrive all right in their strange and desolate surroundings.

From the encampment of the Italians I rode down to the Yellow River, where they had told me that I might follow a path to Kung-hsien, the day's destination.

If I had known that path from previous experience, I should not have ventured to follow it for some fifteen miles, as I did, on a giddy yamen pony.

It was a very risky experiment indeed. The path, in most places, was only four or five feet wide, thus making it impossible for two riders to pass one another. The Chinese I met on mule or donkey all had to dismount in response to orders shouted by the single soldier who had come with me, and retrace their steps to some recess in the vertical Loess-wall, where I might be able to pass them.

The pony walked very slowly, inspired by sheer fright, suspiciously looking down the steep incline of some twenty feet into the swift, yellow current of the vehement Hwang-ho.

Arrived at Kung-hsien, I was hospitably treated by Monsieur Jacquet, now engineer-in-chief, then *chef-de-section* of the Pienlo. M. Jacquet, a very witty Parisian, was living in a large, deserted Confucian temple.

The next afternoon we crossed the river Lo-Ho, where I saw the engineers busily engaged in the construction of a railway bridge of

considerable length. In the evening, after a very hot and uneventful day, we arrived at the district town of Yenshih, where I was invited to stay with the chief of the third and last section of the Pienlo, M. Squilbin, and his charming wife. They had been able to secure a spacious Chinese house, which had been very comfortably fixed up.

The magistrate of Yenshih was unfortunately away and his deputy, reported to be an "old fool," seemed to have some scruples concerning furnishing us with a pony. I told him that I was quite prepared to walk to Honan-fu, wherefrom I would do myself the pleasure to report the matter by telegraph to his superiors at Kaifeng-fu. This seemed to alter the good man's intentions, and ten minutes later a very good pony was brought by a soldier to the house of M. Squilbin.

Shortly after a hearty breakfast I departed, together with a soldier on another pony—the cart having started ahead—and, enjoying a pleasant ride, the day being reasonably cool with an occasional shower, I arrived in the late afternoon at the temple Ta-tze, in the eastern suburb of Honan-fu, after an absence of over three months' travel.

Two Italians, engaged by the Pienlo as western outposts, were living in the large temple, which housed more than sixty bonzes.

I dined with the Italian pioneers, who then

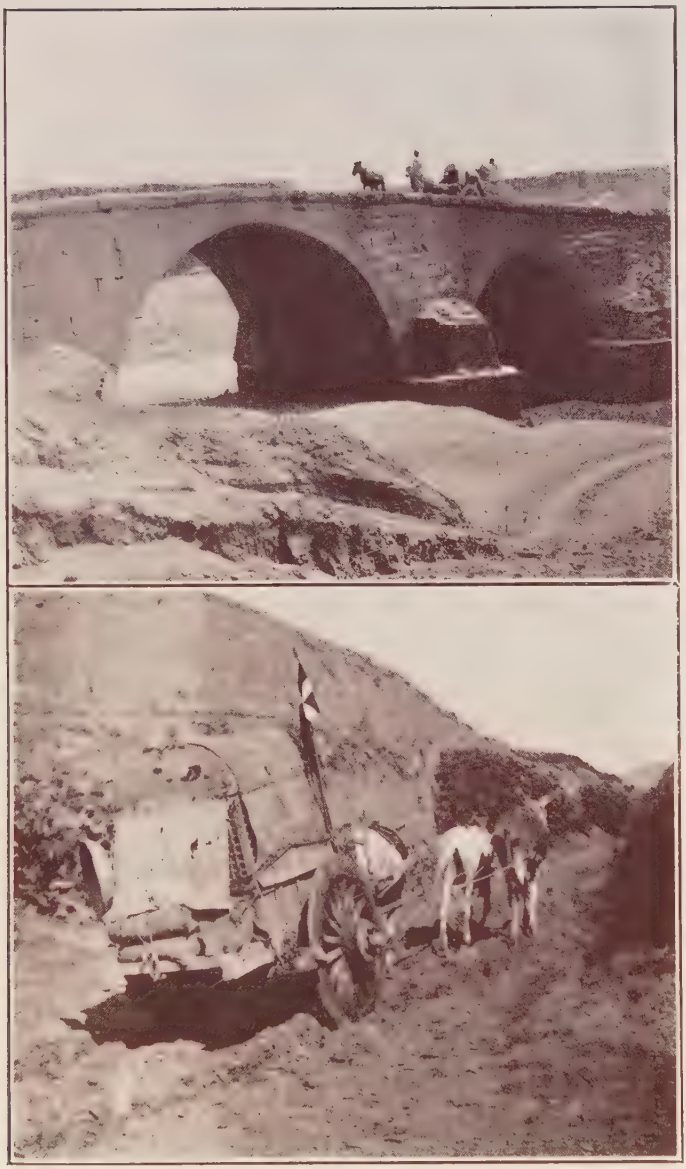
obtained permission from the prior for me to stay in the temple for a couple of days.

I was allotted two large rooms facing the main court-yard, and I feel confident that the larger of the rooms formerly served the monks as a refectory.

The next morning, Sunday, I hired a sedan-chair and visited the prefect and the magistrate, who both returned the visit later in the day. I had tiffin with my friends, Dr. Beinhoff and Pastor Anderson in the Swedish mission, and later on returned to the temple. After having killed a couple of crawling scorpions, I turned in early for a long sleep. But the night proved too hot for restful sleep, and the refectory was, alas, not fitted up with electric fans.

On the 2nd of September, Dr. Beinhoff and I made a very interesting trip to the Lungmen, or Dragon Gate, about ten miles south of Honan-fu. Five *li* south of the city we crossed the river Lo Ho, thence proceeding among fields innumerable, showing the year's second crop of millet and maize.

On the way to Lungmen the traveller passes a most unique temple, dedicated to the war-god Kwan-ti. This redoubtable deity was once a great general, but he became a leader of sedition against his emperor, who caused him to be decapitated when he had been caught.



(*Top*) Old bridge near Honan-fu.
(*Bottom*) One of my caravan-carts, flying the "Dannebrog."

Still, Kwan-ti had been a famous warrior and had formerly rendered great service to the throne. In due course he was, consequently, elevated, through posthumous honours, to the rank of a deity, and his body was reverently cut into half a dozen pieces and buried in various parts of the empire.

The part buried in the temple close to Honan-fu is the head, and the priests of the temple swear that since the burial of the sacred cranium under a little artificial hillock in the temple grounds, no human being has set foot inside the high wall that surrounds the burial-place itself.

It happened that I found a small peep-hole in the wall, but there was absolutely nothing of interest to see—only the grass-covered grave mound.

The temple itself was very beautiful and well-kept. Images of Kwan-ti were to be seen everywhere. He was sculptured in the fury of a Berserk, and he was seen quietly reading in candle-light. A third statue of carved wood showed us how the war-god looked when he slept.

The emperor visited the Kwan-ti burial-temple on his way back to Peking from Sian; and the empress-dowager, as is her wont, presented a couple of signs with hand-painted characters.

Another short hour brought us to the Dragon

Gate, which takes its name from a peculiar gate-like opening in a low range of mountains, permitting an affluent of the Lo Ho to flow through.

The mountains are called Sung Shan, and are, at Lungmen, strikingly remarkable for the hundreds of caves, with Buddhas and other idols of all sizes, that have been carved there, most probably during one of the periods when Loyang was the Tang or Wei capital of the Middle Kingdom.

The workmanship of these magnificent sculptures indicate Indian influence, and it is, of course, by no means unlikely that the numerous statues were executed by Indian sculptors or their Chinese pupils.

The main-road, as already indicated, from Fancheng on the Han river passes by here from the robber districts towards the south.

Facing the river, and built above a natural hot spring, we visited an old temple, where Dr. Beinhoff and I got a few eggs and some fruit and tea. Behind the temple are situated the three largest caves, which not only contain colossal Buddhas, but the walls of which are literally covered with images and scenes sculptured out of the soft rock.

Walking southward along the road we passed hundreds of smaller caves at all altitudes, each of which contains at least one image.

Further down, but unprotected by any cave,

the roof having probably fallen in, is a colossal Buddha hewn out of a vertical mountain wall, and flanked by two minor deities or Bodhisatvas. The superhumanly inspiring expression of wisdom and good-will of this fifty-foot statue even outdoes that of the younger bronze Buddha, the Daibutsu, at Kamakura in Japan, not far from Yokohama.

While I had not been able to photograph in any of the caves, the light permitted me to obtain a picture of this splendid piece of ancient sculpture—my photograph having been the first ever published, I am told, of the great Lungmen Buddha.

This photograph, I believe, is the one used by the late sinologue, Professor Edouard Chavannes, in his imposing volume anent his travels in central and northern China during 1907, a work that was generously subventioned by the government of France.

Alas—for the splendours of Lungmen!

They are, I fear, gone forever.

All the hundreds of statues, in the hoped-for safety of their caves, were in a perfect state of preservation when Chavannes and Alexieff and I visited them.

But it was only a year or two later, that chopped-off heads of Chinese statuary—almost all loot from Lungmen—were being offered for

sale in Europe and America to private collectors and art-museums.

It was generally rumoured that Japanese, and a few French, vandals had visited the sacred place, then and there indulging in wholesale decapitation.

Heads of desecrated Chinese statuary may thus be admired, with or without qualms, in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, thanks to the accommodating enterprise of Sir Purdon Clarke's successors, as well as in other museums of great American cities.

It is as inconceivable, as it is discouraging, that the officials of Honan-fu—but a few miles north from Lungmen—could not have coped with the alien marauders, arrested them, and turned them over to their respective legations in Peking for punishment.

A society for the conservation of Chinese national monuments was finally formed by natives and foreigners in China about a decade ago—*after* the Lungmen decapitations, however.

The Shanghai branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, in its annual journal for 1912, published a contribution on China's monuments by an American reporter, Mr. Frederick McCormick, in which occurs the following choice passage:

"—at Hsian-fu (*Sian-fu*) is the Peilin.—It was to this place that the Governor of Shensi,

The colossal, rock-hewn Lungmen Buddha in Honan is nearly sixty feet in height. (This is believed to be the first successful photograph ever taken of that superb piece of millenary sculpture.)

1908, carried the Nestorian Tablet to prevent threatened depredation by a foreign adventurer, and there it remains honoured—."

Recalling that Mr. McCormick lunched with me at Peking in the fall of 1907, and that he took it upon himself to praise my efforts in connection with the Nestorian Monument, which, I was able to tell him, had then been put under roof—after three centuries of exposure—thanks to my expedition, the above quotation seems to betray bias on the writer's part.

Incidentally, the Monument, as we shall see, was removed in 1907, and not in 1908, into the Peilin of Sian-fu.

Sic transit—

Late in the afternoon, Dr. Beinhoff and I were back in Honan-fu after a most interesting outing.

Three days later I departed from the ancient temple in the eastern suburb after presenting the prior of the monastery with a sum of money for repairing his principal altar.

Passing through the city, I stopped to say good-bye to the Swedish missionaries before starting my long journey on the high-road to Sian-fu.

The road was the same I had traversed three months earlier under considerably more favourable conditions. The temperature is ever so

much more endurable in May than in the beginning of September, and what made the matter worse was the fact that I, being all alone, would have to make my own "chow" and bed nightly without help after a dozen hours in the saddle under a burning sun.

Exploring is not all play!

The Chinese inns along the route seemed to be, if that were possible, more dirty than ever, for besides vermin and mosquitoes, one had now to suffer from the nocturnal visits of large, black beetles and malodorous bugs. No kind of insect-powder, nor even a candle burning all night, could keep away the "unwelcome guests." Scorpions also were conspicuous members of the fauna.

At the city of Wen-hsien, one day east of Tungkwan, I once more encountered the impolite inn-keeper of my former visit; and, as I was too tired to quarrel with the fellow, I rode down to a newly-erected, clean-looking Taoist temple, where the kind chief-priest was only too willing to accommodate me.

The old priest allotted me a nice, airy room and assisted me in every way.

After supper I gave him a Manila cheroot, and, the temple being situated on the very bank of the Hwang-ho, we took a small evening promenade together, keeping up the conversation

as best we could. It appeared that a Japanese major of the General Staff had stayed in the temple once—I was shown his card—the priest carefully folding my own card which I gave him into a piece of silk, together with that of the Japanese intelligence seeker.

We drank several dozen cups of weak tea together in my room; but when I wanted to turn in, I could not induce the old ecclesiastic to retire, whereupon I took the liberty of beginning to undress.

The interpreter of the religion of Lao-tse now displayed the keenest interest in every garment I laid aside, and was evidently quite taken aback when he perceived that I wore long stockings under the riding-puttees. My rubber sponge he unquestionably considered one of the wonders of the universe. Not until I had actually covered my face with the blanket did the old man in blue disappear in the direction of his own den.

The next day, the Loess ravines being very deep and full of water in many places, we had to haul the cart up onto the surface of the surrounding country. This was quite a job, the cart being heavy and the incline steep, but it was essential, as severe rain-showers had made the roads impassable for miles.

We stayed overnight in Tungkwan, and the next day departed early, after some friction in

the yamen concerning my mount, the reason being that we were now back in the province of Shensi, where the Honan officials, of course, had no authority.

I later on found that the magistrate had telegraphed to the governor at Sian-fu for permission to lend me a pony, a permission that was instantly granted. Hence the delay—as usual excused with polite lies.

When about fifteen miles west of Tungkwan, riding along a wide, short *chaussée,* edged with beautiful willows, that leads from the famous temple at Hwayinmiao to the district-town of Hwayin-hsien, I observed a very picturesque cavalcade of some two hundred horsemen with lances and banners coming towards me in a sharp trot.

The horsemen, so far as I was able to ascertain, formed the bodyguard of a Tatar general who, followed by his staff, rode after the troop, clad in a crimson coat and wearing the second-class, or coral button, with peacock-feather, in his hat. He was said to come from Chinese Turkestan, which was very well borne out by the fact that his women-folk followed in two rickety, Russian *troikas.*

When passing the general, followed by my single soldier, I walked my pony, and saluted, the general waving his hand and bowing.

(*Top*) The graceful Taoist Temple of Hwayinmiao in Shensi, opposite one of China's five Holy Mountains.

(*Bottom*) Three prisoners, the central figures with shackled ankles, being convoyed into exile by soldiers.

His cavalcade and the *troikas* formed one of the most curious pictures I have seen in the interior of China.

As formerly mentioned, the road from Tungkwan as far as Sian is fairly level—having left the Loess-regions of western Honan.

The country is well cultivated and various kinds of millet, maize, cotton with yellow and pink flowers, and a variety of fruit, were in evidence everywhere, representing the second harvest of the year.

Wild persimmon-trees were growing along the roadside, and the golden fruits amongst the dark green foliage added to the charm of the surroundings.

After a quick ride from Weinan-hsien, on September 14th, I arrived at the imperial baths at Lintung early in the afternoon, where my interpreter, Mr. Fong, was awaiting me in response to instructions wired from Tungkwan.

I sent my card to the magistrate; and later the minor official in charge of the baths once more permitted me the use of the empress-dowager's pavilion.

The magistrate was kind enough to lend me a cook who made an excellent dish of chicken-soup and rice. This was indeed very elaborate—at any rate it was my first proper meal after ten days of continual hardships and renewed egg-diet.

After a quiet siesta and a prolonged bath in the big grotto, Mr. Fong, who conveyed the kind regards of Mr. Schaumloeffel, related to me his experiences since we parted company about two months earlier at Kingtzekwan in the mountains.

He reported that he had travelled straight to the Fuping stone-quarries, where he and the stone-cutter had obtained—fresh from the rock—a suitable slab of stone, which they had then under great difficulties, due to the bad state of the roads, caused to be transported to the temple outside the suburban west-gate of Sian. They had naturally, for more than one reason, avoided transporting the slab through the city proper.

Owing to the enormous transport difficulties the stone did not arrive at its destination until the end of August. The contractor had then engaged the services of three other stone-cutters, and between the four of them they had finished polishing the stone in two days' time.

One of the men, who was an artist and an expert in "stone-dragons," confined himself to sculpturing the six entwined dragons, forming the top of the Monument; another one, who had a better education than his fellows, undertook the chiselling of the Syriac characters and the remarkable Christian cross at the top; while the remaining two confined themselves to the princi-

pal inscription of Chinese characters in their splendid Tang calligraphy.

Mr. Fong told me that he was very tired of living in the old temple, which was full of scorpions and rats, and I consoled him by saying that our stay in Sian-fu would not be of long duration.

The next day, being Sunday, I remained quietly at Lintung-hsien, enjoying what I ventured to consider a well-deserved day's rest.

The three weeks behind me, since I had left Chengchow on my return-trip to Sian-fu, were inescapably the hardest I had ever gone through so far as privation, lack of sleep, nourishment, and ordinary comfort, as well as exhausting heat, were concerned.

XIII

SECOND STAY AT SIAN-FU

THE following morning, the 16th of September, I left the baggage with Mr. Fong, to be taken to the capital, while I myself borrowed an old, lame pony from the yamen. This excellent animal took me the sixteen miles to Sian-fu in four hours, and I arrived, splashed with mud, at the post-office at luncheon-time, where I was welcomed by Postmaster Schaumloeffel, who once more made his private residence a nice home for me.

Mr. Schaumloeffel had suffered much from the intense heat, and was not in his very best form.

During that evening, and the next day, I was able to gather that everything concerning my interpreter, Fong, and his doings was not as brilliantly successful as stated by himself.

It appeared that his behaviour at Fuping, where he undoubtedly presented himself as a great "boss," had been of such a nature that the inns there had refused him shelter during his second stay. He had further, directly in violation of my instructions, been seen frequently in gay company in Sian city; and at the temple,

where he was supposed to live, he had shown himself such a troublesome guest that the old chief-priest Yü Show asked him to find new lodgings as soon as he learned of my expected return.

I, consequently, decided, although reluctantly, to part with his services, especially as he intimated that he was not going to take any reprimand! I did not like to dismiss him without due notice, but, being far away from consuls and treaty-ports, I had to decide quickly in order to run no risks in connection with the ultimate result of my two expeditions to Sian-fu.

Fortunately, Mr. Fong, in a suspiciously hasty fashion, made up his mind to leave Sian-fu instantly for Tientsin, where he ultimately endeavoured to hurt me indirectly by inciting the native press, and even a couple of foreign newspapers, to write several fantastic articles about some nefarious schemes of mine, and against other dark intentions I nurtured in my faithless bosom.

I naturally never did anything to contradict these silly reports, as I knew everything would come out all right in the end, so far as the press was concerned. I may here refer to the Far Eastern articles, amongst many others, in the "Hankow Daily News" of Jan. 7th, 1908, and in the "Shanghai Times" of February 26, 1908, contributions of a most friendly nature, widely reprinted in Europe and America.

Early the next morning I saddled Mr. Schaumloeffel's pony and rode out to the Nestorian Buddha temple, where, in the barn, I found, to my great joy, the exquisitely executed, huge Replica of the old Christian Monument, the result of so many months of labour and toil and risk.

I complimented the proud stone-cutters on their magnificent piece of work. They were present, all four, seemingly occupying themselves with some final touches, but in reality waiting for me.

The old priest was in good health and heartily bade me welcome, expressing his delight when I told him that Mr. Fong would leave the temple the next day.

"He always wants hot water or food," said Yü Show.

Armed with a complete paper-rubbing (*décalque*) of the original inscription, which I had on me, I sat down to the exacting task of comparing the original text with the facsimile; and, although I worked conscientiously with lens and print for hours, I was unable to find a single error.

I next applied my inch-scale and found that the dimensions were accurate practically to a millimeter. This was very encouraging indeed, and I returned to town in high spirits.

In the afternoon I sent my passport to the Yang Wu Chü, the local Foreign Office, together with my crimson visiting-card, and the card of the Foreign Office of Honan, which Mr. Chang had given me at Kaifeng-fu.

From Mr. Schaumloeffel I learned that two savants, the French archæologist, Professor Edouard Chavannes, and a Russian philologist, Professor Alexieff, whom I later on had the pleasure of meeting in Peking, where he lived in a Lama temple, had paid a short visit to Sian-fu. It was an extremely rare occurrence that three travellers, outside missionary circles, visited far-off Sian-fu during the same year.

The next day Mr. Schaumloeffel found time to come out and inspect the Replica, which he greatly admired.

On our way home we decided to walk as far as the outer city-gate; and, when passing the military, mud-walled barracks outside the suburbs, we were the victims of an obvious act of malice on the part of some soldiers, who threw stones after us.

I had a very good mind to respond with a bullet or two from my automatic, but preferred to wait until I knew what the mandarins in town would think of the clandestine creation of the Replica.

Late that afternoon, two officials from the

Shensi Foreign Office called on me. The one, Mr. Wong, "Professor of English," was able to speak a few words of that tongue, while the other, Mr. Ying, appeared to be half dead and wholly blind, not to say imbecile, from opium-smoking.

A kind of echo of the hospitality at Wuchang and Kaifeng must have found its way to Sian, for, in broken sentences, Professor Wong conveyed the following message to me:

"I bring you the compliments of His Excellency the Governor, who is very sorry that he cannot receive you, because he is ashamed of showing himself to you, as he drinks plenty of wine and smokes plenty of opium. But the other directors of the Foreign Office will be very glad if you will come and take a cup of tea tomorrow!"

I could do nothing better than accept with thanks, especially as this gave me an unlooked-for opportunity to reveal the facts concerning the Replica.

I may insert here that my original plan in connection with the eventual acquisition of the original Monument was never carried into effect.

In June I had talked confidentially with the Rev. W. Hagquist, a Swedish missionary, of my plans, as well as of the eagerness of the British Museum and the Metropolitan Museum of Art

in New York to set up the Chingchiaopei, if secured. But he had, in a sympathetic manner, advised against the execution of such a plan which, moreover, he considered unfeasible.

Mr. Hagquist was absent, when I returned in September, but certain inquiries which I made before the departure of Mr. Fong, led me to the conviction that the local Chinese government finally intended to do something about the state of unprotection of the great Monument.

My sources of information proved correct, although the Chinese, at that stage of affairs, had taken no steps in any way concerning the Stela, their suspicions undoubtedly being still enveloped in mist.

The next morning I rode to the Yang Wu Chü, where I found about a dozen mandarins gathered. In contrast to their colleagues at Kaifeng, the officials at Sian did not wear their robes of office. They were all attired in ordinary summer-dress, with fans sticking out from under their collars.

The officials of the Foreign Office of Shensi are not used to entertain strangers; in fact, I have the honour of holding the record of being the first white man who has been officially entertained by the Yang Wu Chü of Shensi.

Mr. Wong introduced me to the prefect, who presided on behalf of the Fantai, or provincial

treasurer, this official having excused himself on some pretext or other.

Prefect Chen was a very amiable gentleman, who seemed at a loss to understand whether it was my intention futurely to haunt tranquil, hidden Sian-fu, the City of Western Peace, every two or three months, this being my second visit during one summer.

The refreshments of which we partook consisted of fruit, cake and tea.

However, in order to add a little foreign tone to the entertainment, one quart of Japanese beer had been procured for us twelve thirsty souls, besides another quart of sour claret.

The beer, being Kirin beer from Yokohama, was served in sherry glasses, while the apologetic claret was served in gratis advertising glasses, plainly marked "Kirin Beer." Such is the irony of fate!

I thought it would have been much more appropriate had the prefect offered a Chinese meal, considering that we were so far away from everything foreign. But then, I could hardly expect that excellent gentleman to know how highly I valued real, good, Chinese food.

After drinking the beer in sherry glasses and the claret in beer glasses, we smoked cheroots from Manila and cigarettes from England, and suddenly I exploded my TNT shell by telling

our host, that I should be happy if some of the gentlemen, whenever convenient, would come out and inspect a Replica in stone of the Nestorian Monument, the Chingchiaopei, which I had secretly caused to be executed during my absence in the south.

It did not appear that any member of the assembly knew the Nestorian Tablet even by its Chinese name—my pronunciation probably being guilty. But, when I produced a paper-rubbing, their minds seemed to clear; and as they accepted my invitation for viewing the Replica that same afternoon, we arranged to meet in Magistrate's Chu's yamen at two o'clock, after which I took leave of my hosts, having been the guest of honour at one of the most unique receptions in my life.

When I arrived at the magistrate's yamen, Mr. Chu himself came out to greet me.

He wore official dress, and I was told that while the mandarins from the Yang Wu Chü went out as private individuals, desirous of widening their sphere of knowledge, Magistrate Chu would come, it had been decided, as His Excellency the Governor's representative. I believe this was at the suggestion of the Fantai, who was reported to be a very able and conscientious old gentleman.

The magistrate was a comparatively young

man, who had formerly held office at Tientsin. He treated me to a tea-cup full of some nameless red wine, and a Pin-Head cigarette from the United States, of which I used to sell millions when I worked for the American Tobacco Company years before.

Our procession from the magistrate's yamen to the resting-place of the Chingchiaopei was quite an imposing one.

First came the usual twenty or thirty coolies, carrying red-painted signs with characters in gold, wooden halberds, and all the other paraphernalia of office and hocuspocus of authority—similar the world over—their umbrellas of high dignity not to be forgotten.

The coolies were shouting to the passers-by: "Room for Chu Ta-lao-yeh!" meaning, "Room for the Right Honourable Chu!"

Next came the magistrate in his chair.

He had now donned huge, tortoise-shell-rimmed, blue spectacles, which gave him a very learned and aged appearance. His chair was carried with considerable speed, and was followed by three of his assistants on shaggy Mongolian ponies.

I followed next, feeling myself as being "in attendance on horseback" as the London court-circulars express it.

Mr. Schaumloeffel's pony, however, evidently

objected to anything like real speed on the impossible stone-pavement of Sian-fu.

The rear of the procession was brought up by six springless carts, containing the brains of the Shensi Foreign Office, some of these great minds having an attendant on horseback, others a servant running beside the vehicle—a very enviable task in a 100 degrees Fahrenheit.

We eventually arrived in semi-state at our temple, where the magistrate at once proceeded to view the Replica, which he found very beautifully carved. He then walked to the back of the temple, followed by the chief-priest, who had dressed himself in his yellow robes and who seemed on the verge of being seized with apoplexy out of sheer fright.

I myself followed as well, and although I could not understand everything the magistrate said to Yü Show, it was clear that he gave the priest strict instructions to see that I, "Holo-mo," was not to interfere or tamper with the Chingchiaopei, which would, until further notice, be guarded day and night by two yamen-runners.

Although I felt rather amused at the idea that a monument, which had been almost wholly neglected, sometimes even despised, by the Chinese in general ever since its discovery nearly three hundred years ago, was to be guarded as a national treasure owing to my humble presence, I

considered myself a lucky man that the Replica had been executed, almost up to the last moment, in absolute secrecy.

I now felt positively convinced that if I, in June, had asked the governor's permission to have an exact copy of the Tablet made, the application would have been flatly refused, as the Chinese mind would always associate such an inexplicable undertaking with hidden undercurrents of dark schemes.

Now that the Replica was finished and paid for, the mandarins could not very well seize it in cold blood. Yet, their suspicions were clearly manifested by their acts.

In the meanwhile, the other officials joined us, and it was evident that not a single one among the lot had ever set eye on the venerable Monument before, a Monument in which they now, so very suddenly, displayed a surprisingly keen interest.

When I had taken a couple of photographs of the remarkable group of mandarins, with the Stone as background, we all returned to town, the magistrate leaving two uniformed runners as a guard. The governor, or whoever had induced the magistrate to act, must have thought me quite a bad man indeed, in spite of all the surface politeness that was shown me, and no chances were taken.

(*Top*) A playful, little Imp.

(*Bottom*) The Empress-Dowager's bedroom while in exile at Sian-fu. The bed-cover was a beautiful red and harmonized with the matchless sang-de-bœuf vase on the table. See pages 139-142.

In the evening I learned that my ex-interpreter, Mr. Fong, had left town on his eastward journey.

During the next few days I was busily engaged finding means of transportation for the Replica, which turned out to be rather a difficult task. The larger cart-hongs demanded up to three hundred dollars gold to take the new Monument as far as Chengchow railway-station, a distance of some 356 miles.

This was not far from being extortion, as the good carters of Sian shrewdly utilized the fact that I did not, of course, intend to remain there with the stone until I grew white-haired. Meanwhile, it happened that there was still a balance due to the contracting stone-cutter, and, as I felt sure that he was going to have a good squeeze out of the assured transportation money, I told him that he would not get a cent of his dues until he got me a strong cart at a reasonable price.

This may not have been noble, but it proved effective, and as I did not intend to lose more time than was necessary, I took the stone-cutter and the carter to the Yang Wu Chü in order to settle the price. It was eventually decided upon and accepted, that I should pay the carter 210 Taels, then about one hundred and fifty dollars gold, for the transport to Chengchow.

Thirty days were allowed, and a fine of seven

Taels for each day overdue was guaranteed by the cartman for over-time. Fifty per centum of the cartage was to be paid in advance, as it was essential to construct a new, special cart, partly from drawings by me.

It would naturally have been easier to obtain a proper stone-cart from the quarries at Fuping, but the stone-cutter said that Mr. Fong's conduct, when at Fuping, had been of such a nature that he felt convinced that no Fuping man would dream of undertaking the job.

The next morning, the carter turned up, together with the fortunately still unpaid stone-cutter, and expressed his grief that it was impossible to undertake the transport for 210 Taels! With whatever duplicity of mind I had learned to command in the Far East and elsewhere, I expressed my deeply-felt sorrow, allowing no word of criticism or anger to pass my lips.

The two men waited a little while. When they saw that I quietly continued to enjoy my pipe, they went away.

Ten minutes later I was on my way on a pony to the Yang Wu Chü, where I found Professor Wong, to whom I related the cart-story.

Mr. Wong was in very high spirits, as he had just been appointed magistrate of a city somewhere in northern Shensi; and, as he was

consequently anxious to anticipate his new powers, he promised to investigate the matter at once.

While I was out, Magistrate Chu called on me and left cards.

In the evening I received information from Mr. Wong that the carter and the stone-cutter had been "tried and found guilty" in the magistrate's yamen for "breach of promise," and had then and there received an unpleasant amount of bamboo-blows each.

The next morning the contract for the transport was duly signed, sealed, and delivered, and the construction of the new cart began after I had paid the cartman one hundred Taels in advance—all due to the bamboo stick!

The bamboo is unquestionably one of the most useful specimens of "flora sinica," growing in the Far East.

In response to my invitation, representatives of the three mission stations at Sian came out to the temple on the 24th of September to view the Replica.

From the Roman Catholic mission, my friends, Father, later Bishop, Gabriel Maurice, and Father Hugh came out, expressing much admiration at the work done by the stone-cutters.

Besides the Catholics, five Swedish-Americans and three English Baptists turned up. They

seemed to be at a loss to understand how the transport was to be undertaken, but I was fortunately able to pacify their anxiety, although I offered no definite explanation.

I had farewell luncheon in the Catholic Mission, and a couple of days later I was graciously invited to the Baptist Mission, which is situated in the eastern suburb.

During the time occupied in constructing the new cart, I daily took a walk out in the country, usually with my kodak. I also paid repeated visits to the deserted imperial palace, where, after many experiments, due to the want of light, I succeeded in taking a photograph of the emperor's throne and the empress-dowager's sleeping-room. These are, as far as I know, the only *intérieurs* in existence from the reigning exiles' residence at Sian-fu.

In order to insure the Stone an unmolested passage to Chengchow, it was necessary to obtain official protection. The many likin, or internal revenue, stations, not to speak of the yamens on the way, would otherwise undoubtedly obstruct and delay the transport of such a large and remarkable piece of work.

At first the Yang Wu Chü did not show great willingness to furnish me with a letter of protection or passport. I accordingly wrote directly to the governor, saying that I would have to tele-

The makeshift Dragon-Throne of Sian-fu, used during the Imperial Court's exile, 1900 01. Although upholstered in costly yellow silk it compares disadvantageously with its carved prototypes in Peking. The door-panes represent practically all the glass in the entire residence, while the rug on the floor was superior to anything else in the Throne-Room. (In 1907 my photographs of the Empress-Dowager's

graph to Peking if I could get no local help. The following evening I received from His Excellency a most elaborate letter of protection, which seemed to cover all conceivable eventualities.

It had first been my idea personally to accompany the Replica on its slow eastward march, but having talked the matter over with Mr. Schaumloeffel, we agreed that nothing advantageous could possibly come of my escorting the Tablet, as the governor's letter covered everything except accidents and bad weather, which neither His Excellency, nor I myself, could possibly control.

The second day in October, 1907, saw the fulfillment of an act that ought to have taken place nearly three hundred years ago.

As it was the day previous to the final departure of the Replica, I rode out on the postal pony, "Boozey," in order to be present at various arrangements concerning the packing of the Stone, and in order to pay my aged friend, Yü Show, a sum of money, being the rent for the barn and for the departed Mr. Fong's room.

In order to prolong the ride, I left the city by the north-gate, thus approaching the Nestorian temple in a southwesterly direction.

Nearing the temple grounds, I saw with feelings that can easier be imagined than described,

that the original Nestorian Monument had disappeared!

I galloped up to its former resting-place, and all I saw was a hole in the ground where the Monument's "fair pedestal," the sad-looking stone-tortoise, had been left. The Stela itself had certainly gone, and I wondered whether any harm had befallen the Replica in the barn. Half a minute brought me to the temple, where I found my new Monument in prime condition.

Old Yü Show, however, was not in very good humour.

The Stone he had watched over and seen daily during the past half century was gone!

Nevertheless, his countenance lighted up, when I produced a weighty chunk of Sycee silver and a couple of small presents, among them a powerful reading-glass, which he had expressed a desire to possess as his eyesight was getting weak. He had seen me use it, when I examined the characters on the Replica.

I also brought him a couple of photographs of himself, taken in June, which he seemed to admire very much.

The chief-priest said that he did not know the destination of the Chingchiaopei; so, my business over, I rode back through the western suburb, promising to return the next day to see the Replica off.

About half-way between the suburban gate and the city-gate, I overtook the Nestorian Monument, which was being slowly carried by no less than forty-eight coolies towards the capital proper.

They carried it, hanging under a multitude of bamboo-yokes, in the same way heavy coffins are usually transported.

The two-ton Chingchiaopei, temporarily suspended, as it were, above its usual level, was an object of the keenest display of curiosity on the part of the natives, residents as well as passers-by.

I have already mentioned the "Peilin" or "Forest of Tablets" in Sian-fu, where hundreds of stone-slabs with inscriptions are kept.

The Peilin was the destination of the Monument. It took, so I was informed later by mail, some weeks before the Stone was finally erected in its new position on the back of its tortoise, which was brought to town the following day.

The repeated, earnest representations of the *corps diplomatique* and the missionary bodies in Peking for the preservation of the ancient Christian relic had, through years, proved futile. And the foreign missionaries on the spot had done nothing to guard *their* venerable Tablet.

It was, therefore, a source of great satisfaction to me to realize that my expedition had been the

direct cause for removing the priceless Stone to a place, where it will not be exposed to wind and weather and theft, and where it will stand a fair chance of being able adequately to fight its long, long battle against age and time.

Before leaving Sian-fu, I went to the Peilin, where I photographed the Chingchiaopei lying on the ground. The tortoise had not yet been placed, although it was on the point of arriving, but the keeper showed me the place, where the Tablet was destined to be re-erected.

I was happy, before leaving Sian, to know the exact spot which would be the future resting-place of the famous Monument.

The day following, I arrived early in the morning at the temple, where the stone-cutters and the cartmen were busily engaged in sewing large sheets of felt all around the huge Replica. I had desired to have a strong frame of planks made, but for various reasons this was given up, notably as lumber was scarce and costly.

The new cart, which looked very strong and spruce, arrived, and eventually the difficult task of lifting, or rather hauling and pushing, the two-ton slab from the ground onto the cart began.

With ropes and wooden levers, it took eleven men of experience one hour and a half to perform this piece of engineering. So far as manual

(*Top*) Mandarins of the Shensi Provincial Foreign Office visit the Nestorian Monument with me.

(*Bottom*) Activity in connection with removal of Monument and its stone-tortoise base into the Peilin of Sian-fu after upwards of 300 years' exposure—one result of the expedition.

adroitness is concerned, the Chinaman, when given his time, is distinctly wonderful.

When watching Chinese coolies handle the Replica, I automatically thought of the building of pyramids and the erection of obelisks.

Packing and charging took from eight in the morning till one in the afternoon, at which hour the Replica of the Chingchiaopei left the temple for New York—and Rome!

I followed on "Boozey" as far as the south-gate.

I gave the head-carter one of my Danish flags which was then unfurled above the Replica; also the governor's passport and several of my own Chinese visiting-cards.

I further gave him half a dozen envelopes addressed to myself at Chengchow. These he was to post along the route, so that I might always learn of his progress from the post-marks. He never mailed one of them.

The large cart was pulled by six mules—three ahead, then two, and finally one big animal between the heavy cart-poles.

There were three men in attendance, who all looked very contented as they departed on their long and troublesome, eastward journey.

The next day Mr. Schaumloeffel and I had tiffin in the Catholic mission, the day being the anniversary of St. Francis of Assisi, the patron

of the Franciscans. The Bishop, Dr. A. Goette, unfortunately had not returned from the country, so I lost the opportunity to bid him good-bye.

In the evening old Governor Chao sent a secretary with his card, wishing me *"bon voyage."*

The following day I made ready to start on another trying trip without interpreter or boy. Still, I was used to that sort of thing, and, as the weather was much cooler and Mr. Schaumloeffel had promised me the use of his pony "Boozey the Capricious," during my return-trip, I knew that everything would run more smoothly than last time.

In the afternoon, Father Gabriel and Father Hugh came to bid me Godspeed. We mutually hoped to see each other some day in Europe, although it is well-known that the Roman Catholic missionary does not go to China with the idea that he will necessarily ever return.

Of the Protestant missionaries I saw nothing further, although I later read several more or less insinuating articles, which they had dispatched to the foreign papers on the coast.

XIV

TRANSPORTING A TWO-TON MONUMENT

IT was with something akin to sadness that I bade good-bye to the historic Tang capital of Sian-fu. But my mission was at an end, and it was time for me to steer back to the coast and to western civilization.

On October sixth, on a splendid Sunday morning, I left Sian on "Boozey" in company with my baggage-cart. We travelled slowly in order to enjoy the beautiful cool weather, and that first day we only reached Lintung, where, for the last time, I slept at the imperial baths.

The next day a drizzling rain made travelling very disagreeable, and I was afraid that the rainy season would set in in earnest. Yet, the day after, the sun was shining brilliantly once more, while we proceeded eastwards along the foothills of the Hwa Shan.

The road was inundated in some places, being always below the level of the surrounding country, and the baggage-cart now and then had to make considerable detours in order to avoid getting stuck in the mud.

While sitting waiting for the cart near a stone-bridge beyond Hwa-chow, I saw a Russian coming along in his native dress.

He was in charge of a long caravan, and told me in Chinese—I do not speak Russian—that he was on his way to Muscovite Turkestan with fifteen loads of brick-tea, made in Hankow. The carts having passed, each pulled by three mules, and some by camels, the Russian, after an interchange of cigarettes, proceeded on his way towards distant Central Asia.

On the 8th of October we arrived at Liutze, where we overtook the Replica.

Everything was apparently all right, and the stone-cart and I left town the next morning about the same time.

On the 9th, in the afternoon, I arrived at Tungkwan, where the Chinese clerk-in-charge of the telegraph-office asked me to stay with him at the station. Mr. Chü King Sing was a kind and quiet young man, who attended to his duties; and I was happy to stay at the telegraph-station, as my recollections of the cleanliness of the inns in the transit town of Tungkwan were very unpleasant indeed.

Mr. Chü had a young clerk to assist him in the office, whom I practically never saw, as he spent most of his time in seclusion with his best friend —an opium pipe.

It is discouraging to learn almost everywhere, that the reputation enjoyed by the native staff of the Imperial Telegraphs is not of a flattering nature. Quite the opposite is the case with the Postal Service, where a clerk is simply discharged if he smokes opium or displays other disintegrating traits. It would perhaps not be at all bad, if the Chinese Imperial Telegraphs were amalgamated with the Postal Service, thus coming under the sway of able organizers like Sir Robert Hart and Sir Robert Bredon.

During the next two days the windows of the Heavens kept open, and the rain fell in distressing quantities. I thus had to trespass on the hospitality of Mr. Chü, who was indeed a very pleasant host, although his English was not of the easiest to understand.

I received a message from the head-carter in charge of the Stone, postmarked Hwayin, in which he informed "Ho-lo-mo Ta-jen" that he would have to wait a few days until the roads became better after the downpour. Mr. Chü answered for me that I fully sympathized with his view, and that he, the carter, and not I, was now in charge of the transport.

In the afternoon of my first day in Tungkwan, when the weather had abated a little, Mr. Chü and I made a trip across the Yellow River to the southwest corner of the province of Shansi.

We went over on one of the big government ferries, but unfortunately, the current of the combined Hwang-ho and Wei-ho was so strong that the boatmen were unable to land at the usual place, the scow being swiftly carried some two miles below the landing-stage.

One moment the situation looked unpleasant enough, one of the oars having broken, but the steersman eventually succeeded in kedging up to the bank, where the boatmen stripped and carried us ashore. Mr. Chü and I walked back to the small village of Yüwongmiao, where we visited a couple of temples.

We then crossed back to the south bank, but again rushed a couple of miles down the river, so that, when eventually we returned to the telegraph-station, where the opium-clerk to my astonishment was sitting working, we were possessed of a good appetite and a strong desire for rest.

The following afternoon, Mr. Chü and I, in spite of rain and wind, visited the ancient Confucian temple, where several old memorial slabs stand. The carving on one of these, which is said to be over two thousand years old, represented the holy mountain Hwa Shan, close by Tungkwan, clearly depicting the steep path that leads to the sacred top.

We explored the ruins of some other temples

as well, and in one of them found three or four suspicious-looking vagabonds, who were ostensibly seeking shelter under the dilapidated roof of the main-temple. One of them was lying down, smoking opium, while the others were gathered around a dying fire of straw and charcoal.

Timid Mr. Chü did not like the select company, and we turned to go, when suddenly I became aware of the feet and legs of a prostrate man in an open room next to the entrance-pavilion. Out of sheer curiosity I went to have a look at him, and perceiving that the wanderer was covered from head to knees, I lifted the cover from his face.

One of the most diabolically distorted countenances I have ever seen stared me right in the face—the poor devil had been killed with a master-cut from ear to ear.

Mr. Chü fortunately did not see the ghastly sight, but I asked him to find out whether the vagabonds had sent word to the yamen of the local magistrate, and the question was answered in the affirmative. This, however, I certainly did not believe for a moment, as a Chinaman is always exceedingly careful not to give information about any mysterious death to the authorities, as he runs a very good chance of being arrested and executed as the perpetrator of the crime.

I asked Mr. Chü to come with me to the yamen in order to report the murder, but he asked me in a tone, almost solemn, to leave the matter alone for his sake, as he was sure to be dragged into it. I acquiesced, although I felt sure that the vagabonds in the temple were the culprits.

The weather being dry the next morning, I started early, after having thanked Mr. Chü for his generous hospitality.

The road proved very bad indeed, and the cart-wheels sunk every moment to the nave. "Boozey" strongly objected to his task of carrying me, and gave me a good deal of trouble. Our progress was further made very slow as all the carts which had gathered, thanks to the weather, during the past three days had set out eastward on this very morning. They had started just half an hour ahead of us and effectually blocked the road everywhere, the highway being too narrow to pass them.

Our destination was Wen-hsien—a highwaymen's nest—but the animals were so exhausted that we had to stop at a very small village called Pantau. There was only one inn, consisting of caves in the Loess wall. I was fortunate in getting a cave to myself; in the next cave—I deliberately peeped through a large opening in the cracked door—was a large, black coffin with a corpse awaiting further transportation.

I made my cocoa and boiled some eggs, and after having stretched out my camp-bed, I soon fell asleep dreaming of coffins and corpses, and about prehistoric animals roaming at large, when all humanity still dwelt in caves, and architects had not yet been invented.

On the 14th we arrived early in the afternoon at Shenchou. As it was too early to eat supper, I rode down among multitudes of beautiful persimmon-trees, to the right bank of the Hwang-ho, where I desired to photograph an imposing Loess-mountain, situated on the opposite bank.

A few big ferry-boats and a couple of salt-barges were lying along the low bank. In order to get an uninterrupted view of the Loess-hill, and to get rid of the ever-increasing number of curious spectators, I jumped onboard one of the craft, busying myself with the kodak.

When I had finished, I noted to my dismay, that the boat was rapidly gliding away from shore, not having been anchored to the bank or to the other craft; but a Chinese lad, who belonged to a salt-barge, discovered my plight, stripped, and jumped into the water, eventually succeeding in pulling the big boat back.

I took a snapshot of the lifeguard youngster and gave him whatever money I had in my saddle-bags. As there were no oars or poles in the blessed scow I might eventually, with luck,

have succeeded in landing somewhere in the Pe-Chili Gulf.

On the evening of October 16th, after a ride of some thirty miles, I had supper with Mr. and Mrs. Stålhammer, missionaries in the town of Mienchi; and two nights later, I was hospitably put up at the Swedish mission in Honan-fu by my friend Pastor Anderson, Dr. Beinhoff being away.

Heavy rains forced me to accept Mr. Anderson's hospitality for another two days, but despite the continuous downpour, I proceeded on the 21st to Yénshih, where once again I was asked to stay overnight with Monsieur Squilbin and his wife.

The wheat that would form the first harvest in 1908 was already shooting forth everywhere, probably owing to the heavy rain-fall.

The last night which I passed in a typical Chinese inn was the night between the 23rd and 24th of October, 1907, at the city of Szeshui-ho, to which point the Pien-Lo railway is practically completed.

I was not unhappy at the thought that the next evening I should have a proper bed, and a servant to wait on me. I got up very early the following morning, and, having saddled "Boozey," I left Szeshui-ho at 5.15 a. m., leaving the luggage to take its own course.

I was going to try to induce Master "Boozey" to show himself equal to a final spurt. He proved himself fairly willing, and, trotting along the railroad-ties some of the way, he made the twenty-six miles to Chengchow in four hours and forty-five minutes, arriving at eleven o'clock at the combination inn-grocery of Messrs. Leca and Luciani, of Corsica, some extra time having been utilized en route for eating a last egg or two.

I had promised Mr. Schaumloeffel to endeavour to sell the pony for him, but unfortunately this proved impossible. I accordingly had to send him back to Sian-fu in the care of some Chinese scoundrels, who delivered up the poor beast, according to my friend's statement, in "a frightful condition."

In order to say good-bye to Captain Perry Ayscough at Kaifeng-fu, I took the train the next day, arriving at the post-office at tea time. As the train did not start until the following morning, I stayed over night with Mr. Ayscough, returning to Chengchow the next day.

My return to Chengchow, from where there was direct railway communication with Peking, as well as with Hankow, really signified the end of my horseback and houseboat travels.

While naturally not including railway journeys or river-steamer voyages, the distance trav-

elled between May 2nd and October 24th on horseback, by native houseboat and cart, and in sedan-chair as an invalid, represented a little over two thousand five hundred miles, approximately equal to the distances from London to Cairo, from Liverpool to Halifax, or from New York to Panama.

The next two weeks I remained quietly at Chengchow waiting for the Replica to arrive. I naturally made allowance for the bad state of the roads, due to the autumn rains, and did not expect that the huge cart would be able to arrive by November 1st as per contract.

During my stay at Chengchow I met two or three American missionary families, who seemed to take a kind interest in my enterprise. They had evidently found the native houses in the city proper too dirty and unhealthy, and had consequently followed the example of their Canadian colleagues at Hwaiking-fu, building some big commodious houses in foreign style outside the city-wall.

I spent the time at Chengchow in long cross-country rides and walks, accompanied by three of the dogs belonging to my two Corsican hosts. The dogs, as well as I myself, thoroughly enjoyed the nice cool weather, which permitted us to cover ten or twelve miles every day.

On the first day of November, the day on

which the Replica was timed to arrive, Monsieur Leca and I took the early freight-train northwards, and after a ride of seventeen miles we arrived at the southern bank of the Yellow River. Here the Kin Han Railway Company completed in 1905 what may be justly termed one of the wonders of the world, the Hwang-ho bridge.

This enormous structure is nearly two miles long, single-tracked, and by night lighted up by some twenty-five large electric arc-lamps. The trains pass over very slowly, in fact with a spread barely equal to nine miles an hour, for the bridge is constructed in the quicksand and mud of the swift Yellow River, and, while the bridge may last for ever so long, every care having been exercised in its building, it is impossible to say when a collapse, or a flood, or both, may occur.

The bridge is rather beautifully constructed and forms quite an imposing spectacle, which the visitor will have difficulty in forgetting. It has been found necessary to have three or four European engineers constantly living on the spot; and immediately after a train has passed over the bridge, it is followed by a trolley, carrying an engineer, who carefully inspects the track and the structure itself.

The service of the Kin Han Railroad, which connects Peking with Hankow by a mostly

single-track line of over seven hundred miles, is, to use a mild expression, still in its infancy.

As has already been mentioned, the line—like other but shorter lines—is officially managed by the Chinese Government. The Chinese officials again are "advised" by a numerous foreign staff, which, in the case of the Kin Han, chiefly consists of Frenchmen and Belgians, the millions for its construction having come from those countries.

The inferior staff, e. g. the engine-drivers, conductors, and overseers on the line, is composed of French, Italian and Greek elements. The character, habits, and way of dressing, peculiar to these men, are hardly of a nature to induce the Chinese to measure the average foreigner by a very high standard—a deplorable fact which eventually will result in the dismissal of most of the foreigners on the line, their places being filled with sons of the country.

The higher European officials seem to shiver at the thought of their Chinese superiors, and I happen to know an inspector-in-chief, of whom there are only three, who was actually afraid to reprimand his Chinese station-master who, in my presence, had insulted a foreign traveller pretty badly. The foreigner naturally complained at headquarters in Peking to that excellent and popular director-general, Monsieur Bouillard,

which brought the chief-inspector a well-deserved rebuke.

The fares on the Kin Han are abnormally high and the freight-tariff practically prohibitive.

The transport of the Replica in a railway-car, packed with other goods, and even crowds of third-class passengers, from Chengchow to Hankow, a distance of some 325 miles, thus cost approximately ten pounds sterling, or fifty dollars gold!

Although practically nobody uses the French language in northern China, where English is universally spoken among foreigners, the traveller who can not converse in French is rather badly off while travelling, for the Chinese employees on this important line, with the sole exception of the dining-car servants in the weekly *train-de-luxe,* a somewhat misguiding designation, are taught only French of all foreign languages.

If this be not altered in a near future, one may safely predict the failure of the Kin Han as a welcome travelling medium for foreigners, especially tourists, who have lately begun to direct their attention toward the wonders of Peking.

Although it is upwards of forty years since the first railway in China, the Shanghai-Woosung line of nine miles, was opened, I am, however, sure that it is only a question of experience, and

consequently of time, when the Chinese Imperial Railways will become as successful as those of other countries.

On the 4th of November I had the unpleasant experience of being attacked at Chengchow by some Chinese assassins, who gave me a blow in the head from behind, which produced a deep wound that showed quite an amazing capacity for bleeding.

As I dropped unconscious, I had no chance to pursue my assailants; but Mr. Luciani, who fortunately arrived very early on the spot, picked me up and sent for the railway surgeon, an able Belgian, who stitched the wound and gave me an injection against the dreaded tetanus, lockjaw being prevalent in those regions owing to the presence of the deadly microbes in the Loess-dust.

Four days later I was about again, but I knew it would be of no avail to report the matter to the Chinese authorities. I entertained a suspicion that this attempt on my life, the fourth I have experienced in the Celestial Empire since 1901, was in some way directed by those who were working against my labourious acquisition of the Replica of the Nestorian Monument of Sian-fu.

Meantime, I received discouraging news concerning the progress of the Replica. The roads were reported to be in a frightful state, one of

the six mules had died, two of the men were wounded, and the caravan-leader in charge had gone back to Sian-fu from Hwayin, where the stone remained, in order to fetch more money and buy another mule.

I believed only certain elements of the story, which reached me partly through the narrative of a native traveller, partly in a letter from the carter addressed to me, although not in any of the envelopes furnished him for just such occasions.

I happened to know that one or two heavy carts *had* successfully passed the bad roads, and although the so-called highway was by no means in an easy condition, I felt much more inclined to believe that the provincial government of Shensi, in spite of the governor's official letter of protection, was working behind the scenes to prevent the transport of the Replica.

My presence at Hwayin, or even my accompanying the Stone the whole distance, would have been of no avail whatsoever.

Whether the petty officials, inspired by their suspicions, or the really bad state of the roads, or perhaps both, were at the bottom of the trouble, I should never have been able to find out by returning to Shensi. I consequently decided to proceed to Peking, there to lay my suspicions before the Russian Minister, then in charge of

Danish interests. I therefore took the weekly express for Peking, with which city I thought I had already finished in April.

On the 12th of November, the Russian Minister, a former banker, named Pokotilow, granted me a lengthy interview, in consequence of which he kindly took it upon himself to despatch a telegram to Governor Chao of Shensi, asking what was the matter.

Not until the 15th did the governor's reply to the minister arrive, in the form of a Chinese ciphergram, a translation of which ran:

> "Danish citizen, Ho-lo-mo, without asking me, secretly hired workmen to execute Replica of the Chingchiaopei. When the copy was ready Ho-lo-mo himself concluded the contract for transportation. The Yang-Wu-Chü only gave a Laissez-Passer ensuring unhindered transport and is otherwise not concerned in the matter. In Shensi it has rained for more than a month, which hinders the progress of the heavy cart. According to yesterday's inquiries one mule fell dead, so it is impossible to proceed. But the local officials made no obstacles to the carrying of the stone.
>
> Chao.

It was gratifying to notice that the old, anti-foreign opium-consumer first of all expeditiously informed the Russian minister that the Replica had been executed without his permission, as if he would ever have consented to grant such a concession had he been asked!

I may as well reiterate here that the Yang Wu Chü, and not "Ho-lo-mo," made all the arrangements for the transport of the Replica, and that the "pass-letter" was only obtained by addressing the governor directly.

The provincial Foreign Office was thus, having practically fixed all the conditions itself, directly responsible for the safe and speedy transport of the Replica, copies of all the documents being even today kept on file in the magistrate's yamen at Sian-fu.

There can be little or no doubt about the fact, however, that the Russian minister's telegraphic inquiry had a lasting moral effect, and it was partially due to the legation's influence that the Replica ever reached Chengchow.

The diplomatic world is always a difficult one for outsiders to fathom, but it is a generally acknowledged fact that an outwardly insignificant matter may often help one party to obtain an advantage over the adversary, which again induces the latter to yield rather than to admit or "feel" the pull. And I have not overlooked the

fact that the negotiations for a new Russo-Chinese treaty took place in Peking during the winter 1907-08.

During my brief November stay at Peking I paid my respects to the illustrious inspector-general of the Chinese Imperial Maritime Customs, Sir Robert Hart, Bart,, G. C. M. G..

Sir Robert received me very cordially at his magnificent residence and was kind enough to display a considerable amount of interest in my two journeys to Sian-fu and my work in connection with the Chingchiaopei, which, of course, he knew all about.

Although Sir Robert told me that "the newspapers had been sending him home for ever so long," it did appear as if he really were to commence a well-earned holiday at home. Sir Robert holds the exalted Chinese title of "Kung-pao" or "Junior Guardian to the Heir Apparent."

Since I was last in Peking, the two viceroys, Yuan-Shi-Kai and Chang-Chi-Tung, have been called from their seats, respectively at Tientsin and Wuchang, to the central government as Grand Councilors of State. It was the general opinion that their views on most political questions of importance were diametrically opposed to one another, and some unrest was undoubtedly felt as to the eventual outcome of such powerful

forces fighting in the shadow of the Dragon Throne.

I had the pleasure of meeting many other men of the moment in Peking, and may perhaps mention among them, Sir John Jordan, British Envoy, Dr. Morrison and Mr. J. O. P. Bland, "Times" correspondent and the Chinese Corporation's representative; Henry P. Fletcher and Don Livio Borghese, the American and Italian chargés d'affaires; Lord Ffrench; M. N. de Savinsky, Imperial Russian Councillor of State; M. Roshdestvensky, principal secretary of the Russian Legation, and many others.

When eventually I received information that the Replica was once more under way, the muddy roads being hard frozen, I returned to Chengchow, where I arrived on November 29th.

During the month of December I paid another short business visit to Peking, which proved a very arctic place indeed; and between Christmas and New Year I made an excursion to the capital of Shansi, Taiyuan-fu, to which important city a new railway line had just been opened.

The line branches off from the Kin Han at the station of Chökiachwang. Leaving this station early in the morning, Taiyuan is reached at about six o'clock, the train running through the most beautiful mountain and river scenery that can possibly be imagined.

At the boundary of the provinces of Chili and Shansi the line passes under a branch of the Great Wall of China. The wall, which is not in very good repair here, nor very high, snakes along the mountain ridge as far as the eye can reach north and south.

Owing to the mountainous character of the country, the Taiyuan railway has been a very difficult one to construct, and bridges of a very artistic design, as well as tunnels, are numerous. The gauge between the rails is only one meter, while the Kin Han's rails are laid with a gauge of 1.4 meter. The latter span has also been used by the engineers of the Pien-lo line.

It is likely to cause a good deal of trouble and annoyance, not to speak of expense, when some time in the future the extensions of the Honan-fu (of gauge 1.4) and the Taiyuan-fu (of gauge 1.0) lines meet at Tungkwan, or when the 1.4 via Tungkwan, and the 1.0 via Sanyuan, eventually join each other at Sian-fu!

Taiyuan-fu is a large and important city within an imposing wall.

Shansi has the reputation of furnishing the empire with its native bankers. In 1900 the Boxers were responsible for savage attacks upon the residing missionaries of various Christian sects.

After passing Christmas of 1907 partly with hospitable railway-engineers, partly in miserable,

cold "Pullman" cars, I returned to Peking for a final round of conferences with various officials and others, whereupon I made up my mind that the time was ripe to return south and meet the Replica at Chengchow.

XV

RETURN TO THE COAST

I SPENT New Year's Day, 1908, in the train ambling south towards Chengchow, where I arrived on the second in the forenoon.

My joy can easily be imagined, when a runner from Magistrate Yih's yamen told me, shortly after I had once again put up under the Corsicans' roof, that the Replica had arrived a couple of days earlier, in good condition!

The head-carter, as is the custom of the land, had not followed my instructions and reported his arrival at the railway-station, in which case the event would have been telegraphed to me; but he had stored the cart, with the precious Replica, in a Chinese inn in the western suburb, the Sikwan.

The Stone was thus delivered into my hands, in spite of contracts, fines, and official protection, exactly two months later than contract time.

As I had the right to impose a fine of seven Taels per day for time overdue, and as the Stone arrived a bagatelle of sixty-three days late, I was entitled to receive 231 taels as indemnity from the carter, the full payment being 210 taels.

However, I chose to impose no fine, even paying the remaining balance in full—a way of procedure which unquestionably had a strange effect on the minds of the Sian-fu mandarins when reported to them after the return of the carters.

Thanks to the moral influence of the telegram from His Muscovite Majesty's Minister in Peking to Governor Chao at Sian-fu, the latter—according to the tale of the carter—had ordered the Replica to be transported without delay to Tungkwan on the Yellow River, where "cart, stone, carters, contractor, guarantor, mules, and some yamen-runners" had embarked on a large government-scow on December 1, 1907, gliding cautiously down the unnavigable Hwang-ho to some place near Kung-hsien, from where the transport had been completed by land.

This was a most extraordinary step to have taken, for the navigation on the Hwang-ho, above 113 degrees E. L., is next to nil, the river being shallow in many places, with one or two low rapids.

Altogether the river-venture looked highly suspicious, and it was a miracle that the Replica was not lost forever.

I at once made arrangements for the transportation of the Stone to Hankow by railroad, and the next morning had the cart removed to the station, where it took us fully two hours to push

and pull the formidable Replica into freight-car number 9017.

The car was put on a reliable underground weighing-machine with and without the uncrated Stone, which gave the exact weight of the Replica as two tons and twenty-five kilogrammes—or 4,464 pounds, English weight.

The Replica departed, well covered with mats, at 4.45 p. m. on January 3rd, while I followed by the daily *train des voyageurs* the next noon, bidding Chengchow a cheerful farewell.

The freight-train with the Stone, and my passenger-train, arrived simultaneously at Hankow, where new trouble awaited us, late in the afternoon on January the 5th.

On the 8th a howling horde of forty-six coolies carried the Replica from the railway-station to the godown, or warehouse, of Messrs. Jardine, Matheson & Company, one of the oldest foreign firms in China. The procession through the streets had quite a funereal aspect, the coolies yelling the usual sing-song, in order to keep step, at the top of their excited voices.

During the next few weeks many a Hankow resident, merchant as well as missionary, came to admire the beautiful work of the Sian-fu stone-cutters, and numerous were the compliments bestowed upon my blushing self for conceiving and carrying out such an enterprise.

Arrival of the two-ton Replica at Hankow Railway-Station.

Various business arrangements kept me in Hankow until January the 20th, on which day I intended to take the steamer for Shanghai, accompanied by the Replica.

I accordingly proceeded to the Chinese Imperial Custom-House, where, in order to save a good deal of time and trouble, I asked to see the Deputy Commissioner personally in order to hand him my export application.

This gentleman had evidently been anticipating such a visit, and escorted me to the commissioner, a Mr. Aglen, "who," he alleged, "was very interested in the matter."

I have till this moment not been able to unravel the mystery that surrounded that officious official's "interest."

After a lengthy conversation, or perhaps rather cross-examination, the commissioner, his deputy, and an examiner accompanied me to the godown of Messrs. Jardine, Matheson & Company, where they commenced to display their confessed interest in quite a singular manner.

The Stone underwent one of the most minute customs examinations I have ever witnessed.

It was an edifying spectacle!

Mr. Aglen and the examiner started fingering, feeling and tapping the astonished Monument, ran their fingers along its edges, and seemed deeply engrossed in meditation over the wedge-

shaped prolongation at the bottom, which was, of course, intended to fix the Replica securely when permanently erected in a vertical position.

I was asked whether there was any inscription on the back of the Stone, which I denied; but nevertheless the Stela had to be raised on edge, so as to verify my statement and give the redoubtable officials a chance to tap the back with inquiring knuckles.

I should willingly have given a few hours of my life, or a cash consideration of note to some deserving charity, if I could have been informed what the eager commissioner's mysterious examination was intended for; but this was not to be, and my friends and I laid our imaginations hopelessly bare in interchanging various conjectures of more or less marked ingenuity.

Did the ardent commissioner think that the Replica was a huge trap, containing precious ore, or perchance the embalmed body of Empress Wu Tse Tien of the Tang dynasty?

Or did he credit H. E. the Governor of Shensi and his mandarins with permitting me to abscond with the original monument?

Or is it perhaps possible, as Hankow gossip asserted, that the commissioner endeavoured to feather his own nest by seeking the advice of the Inspectorate-General at Peking concerning the *affaire?*

Who knows?

When the commissioner had finished demonstrating his monumental interest, he endeavoured to slip away unobserved, but I buttonholed him on the street and asked him what hour I could call for my shipping-permit. Mr. Aglen's Solomonic, if somewhat evasive reply, which I took care immediately to write down, was:

"I must offer you my hearty congratulations on the Replica, you have obtained; it is surely a beautiful piece of work. Unfortunately I do not see my way to grant you a permit today, but I shall wire to Peking for instructions and hope to have an answer in a day or two!"

I asked for a reason, but the Hankow Commissioner of the Chinese Imperial Customs was not willing to furnish me with any; neither did he consent to state his reason to the Danish Vice-Consul, whom I repeatedly sent to remonstrate with him on my behalf during the following weeks of wasted time.

It is interesting to remember that Mr. Aglen's high superior, Sir Robert Hart, when I told him about the Replica at Peking a few weeks earlier, had uttered no objections whatever against its being exported, but had, on the contrary, displayed the warmest sympathy with my work.

The Stone thus officially became "taboo" not for "a day or two," but for twenty-six solid days.

Not until medio February did I receive permission to export the Stone. The procrastinators' license came to me in the form of a holograph letter from Mr. Aglen, which I reproduce *in extenso:*

Custom House,
Hankow, 14th Feb. 1908.

Dear Sir:

I beg leave to inform you that I have today received from the Inspector-General of Customs authority to allow shipment of your Replica of the Hsian Nestorian Tablet.

I am, Dear Sir,
Yours faithfully,
F. A. Aglen,
Commissioner of Customs.

The following day I took out my shipping-permit, which it had taken nearly a month to obtain, and on February the 20th, after one month's delay, I left Hankow for Shanghai by the S. S. "Loong Wo."

Already the day before I had the Stone brought on board the large British river-steamer.

The Yang-tse steamboats, owing to the great difference between summer-high-water and winter-low-water, are all moored alongside hulks, usually old sailing-ships, which are con-

nected with the shore by landings of no imposing strength.

The native foreman at Messrs. Jardines' godown thought that twenty-four coolies might be able to carry the two-ton Replica the short way to the "Loong Wo"; but as it would not be safe to risk the planks of the landing-pier, the Stone was "walked" on board a large pontoon, after a perilous-looking descent from the Bund to the water's edge.

Commissioner Aglen, who happened to come along the Bund on his way home, stopped and evinced additional "interest" in our labours.

The pontoon was swung alongside the "Loong Wo," and the Replica was safely laid in a corner 'tween decks. In less than three days after leaving Hankow, and after an enjoyable trip down the busy, broad Yang-tse, which I had not negotiated for six years, and then in the same boat, we arrived one fine Sunday morning at Shanghai, which I had left over four years previously after a residence of some two years and a half.

I spent six busy days in Shanghai, which I did not find very much altered.

I had the pleasure of meeting many old friends of various nationalities, and my time was fully occupied with business, as well as social engagements.

The newspapers wrote about the Replica, and

the secretary of the Royal Asiatic Society's North China Branch, expressed a desire that it should be exhibited ashore for the benefit of the members of the society, I myself delivering a lecture on my adventures in connection with its acquisition.

This, however, was unfortunately not possible, as the Replica had to be transhipped without delay.

My ultimate destination being New York, I had decided to travel via the Suez Canal, in order to avoid the risk of breaking or chipping the Stone through too many unnecessary transshipments.

The Suez route would, furthermore, be less expensive, while giving me ample time to finish this book.

I was also confident that three months of fresh sea-air would prove a valuable antidote against the inhaling, through many months, of the Loess of North China.

The Standard Oil Company, or, to be correct, the Anglo-American Oil Company's transport, the S. S. "Kennebec" was loading in the Whampoa River and, after having made the necessary arrangements with the agents, I had the Replica hoisted aboard the "Kennebec" on February the 25th, and securely fixed in the hold with a strong skeleton of planks.

Yet, I am not certain that the hoisting aboard of the nine-foot, two-ton Replica was not one of the most nerve-racking moments during the entire Nestorian quest.

It was a principle of the chief-officer of the good vessel "Kennebec" seldom to be quite sober, and he had not abandoned his principle on the occasion when the lighter I had chartered brought my prize alongside the steamer.

I clambered on board, and found to my dismay that the skipper, a stodgy New Jersey salt of uncertain age, was ashore, wherefore I presented myself to the chief-officer, who instantly invited me to partake of a little hospitality in his cabin by way of a "wee nip o' Scotch."

This festivity, however, I managed to postpone until we should have succeeded in getting the Stone onboard, so our assistant mariner at once got busy shouting orders to the lighter-crew and his own Chinese sailors as to how they could best hoist the Replica.

Ropes were laid more or less skillfully under his expert command, and the steam was turned on at the winch.

Slowly the ropes tightened, and the bulky Tablet was lifted two or three feet from the lighter's deck, when—*horribile dictu*—it started sliding through its slings with increasing speed.

I jumped towards the bo'sun, signalling fran-

tically to lower the precious cargo, which was done in the last instant, thus hindering the two-ton bagatelle from crashing through the lighter onto the river's bottom.

It was then that a great and lasting hostility between the chief-officer and myself arose, for I found it essential that I should take the matter in my own hands and display whatever maritime knowledge might yet remain latent within me since naval days.

All knowledge, apparently, had not vanished.

I slid down on the lighter, where I affixed a new set of slings, passing one under the wedge-shaped prolongation at the bottom of the Monument, so that a safe hoist was insured the Replica.

The chief-officer jeered at us.

Nevertheless, I got the "wee nip" before I returned ashore to spend the last couple of days at the old Astor House of many a lively memory.

The "Kennebec" left Shanghai on the 29th of February, the intercalary day of 1908. And, when our pilot, Captain Armistead, whom I had known ever since the spring of 1901, left us in the afternoon, the Replica and I had started on our 16,000 mile homeward voyage after eleven rather strenuous months on Chinese soil.

There is little to say about the trip.

Except for the ship's officers, there was but one white man on board besides myself—strangely

(*Top*) Twenty-four coolies carry the Replica down the Hankow embankment for river transportation to Shanghai.

(*Bottom*) An anxious moment: swinging the ten-foot Replica on board the S.S. "Kennebec," at Shanghai, in the Whampoa River.

enough, a compatriot, turned American, named Carlsen, who, at the age of seventy-two, was on a well-earned venture around the world.

The crew was Chinese, the voyage was interminably long, and there was but scant friendliness on board.

Hongkong, Manila, Cebu, Straits Settlement, Sumatra, and the Suez Canal were put behind one by one, while I was busily engaged editing the literary notes of my quest.

Without work, the voyage would have been torture. Of comforts there were none. Imagine the Red Sea, with kerosene lamps and no refrigerator!

At Algiers old Carlsen had had enough. He somehow had it out with the skipper and quit for pastures European.

Personally, I saw it through, but there came a day, when I could bear up no longer under the strain of the skipper's peculiarities, nor under the oft-exhibited bibulous quarrelsomeness of the chief-officer.

So I translated my longchair from the lower bridge—the only piece of wooden deck on the whole tramp—to the iron quarter-deck aft, where I sat, during leisure hours, with the engineers, who on the whole proved infinitely more pleasant than the officers of the watch.

One day Boston hove into sight!

My reception there, whither clippings from the Far Eastern papers, as well as the cables of James Gordon Bennett, whom I met at Manila where he entertained me on his yacht, the "Lysistrata," had preceded the slow "Kennebec," was, to say the least, festive, for a score of reporters and photographers, as well as a post-graduate student or two from Harvard University, met me at the Mystic Wharf.

It all somewhat embarrassed me, as I wanted to be left alone until I had conferred with my associates. Yet, "Nestorian" publicity has known no let-up, so far as the Replica and, consequently, the present writer, are concerned, since the day I descended upon Hankow with my prize. And that is more than fifteen years ago.

Professor George F. Moore, who holds the chair of Comparative Religion in Harvard University, received me, and I was given a luncheon by some friends in the students' refectory.

On the last day of May, 1908, the "Kennebec" finally reached New York, ninety-two days after leaving Shanghai.

The Replica was safe at what eventually proved but its temporary destination, and I had thus finished my field-task, as well as my second circumnavigation of the globe, in sixteen months.

XVI

FATE OF THE REPLICA

TO write in retrospect at this late date, on the subject of the fate of the two-ton Nestorian Replica is rather a pleasure.

Before the Stone landed in a safe harbour, from where exit or return is unlikely, much had to be experienced by way of hard work, personal sacrifice, bitter fight, and many another phase of life, which the average human is often spared.

Yet, it was all in the day's work!

From the joy of discussing the Monument and the expedition with cultured, interested university professors, clergymen and others, to the bringing of an easily-won libel-suit for curiously fantastic allegations; from lecturing within fields bordered on one side of the Atlantic by Quebec, Mexico City, Boston, and Chicago, and on the other side of the ocean by Copenhagen and Rome, to denying oneself sometimes even necessities in order to be able to give away nine-foot casts of the Replica to eager governments and intent museums; from being loudly lauded in public one day, to being delectably damned with faint praise the next—all of it was experienced

and enjoyed, for it all proved Life, true and unprotected, and sometimes even primitive.

But to go back to the lot of the Replica after its arrival in New York.

Needless to say, one of the first men I looked up was Sir Purdon Clarke, the director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art on Fifth Avenue, whose fatherly interest and advice had encouraged me so much the year before, when I started out.

Sir Purdon's office was bathed in the sunshine of a warm New York spring-day, when he received me with outstretched hand. I almost immediately gave him a photograph of the Monument, as well as one or two others showing various phases of transporting the Replica in China.

"Well," said Sir Purdon pensively, "if your Replica looks anything like that, we certainly want to have it here! But I must tell you that, according to our rules for loaned objects, it will have to remain on view for at least six months."

I agreed.

I did not then anticipate that the new Nestorian Monument was destined to remain in the museum not six months, but eight solid years.

Had I read my accumulated mail at the time I visited Sir Purdon, I might not so readily have agreed to let the museum borrow the Replica.

For, among my innumerable letters from all over the globe, practically all of them dealing in some way with the expedition just finished, I found one from H. E. Dr. Vilhelm Thomsen, a most illustrious compatriot, who had been designated President of the International Congress of Orientalists, to be convoked in Copenhagen during August, 1908.

He now invited me, a youngster of twenty-six, to become a member of the congress, to bring "the very remarkable Replica" to Copenhagen, and there to lecture on the Monument and my expedition before the international gathering, in a charming holograph communication, dated Copenhagen, May 10th, 1908.

Unfortunately, after the heavy expense of the quest, it was not possible for me unconditionally to accept; and I have frequently enough regretted that Professor Thomsen's invitation did not reach me a little earlier, so that I might have gone north, in lieu of west, from the Pillars of Hercules.

Mr. Asa Steele was commissioned by The New York Times to write a full account of my efforts in China, and the publication of his full-page article in its Sunday magazine section inspired new inundations of publicity, national and international, which was indeed highly useful in spreading knowledge about the Nestorian Monu-

ment—hitherto unknown except to a few students—but which did not, I am sorry to say, result in obtaining for the Replica any permanent home.

My family and friends, as well as Messrs. Whelpley and Lyman, who had contributed towards the expenses of the expedition, and I, myself, having sold everything I could go without in order to see the materialization of my hopes, were naturally all anxious to see the Replica "settled" in an appropriate home.

We had expected facilely to bring this about by inducing some man or woman of public-spirited tendencies to donate the beautiful result of the Chinese stone-cutters' art to one of the better museums.

Herein we were grossly mistaken.

Sir Purdon Clarke told me that the Metropolitan Museum would gladly accept the Replica as a gift; but no donor ever turned up, though I searched high and low.

The late Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, whom I met on two or three occasions, and who assured me of his interest in my work, was at that time president of the Metropolitan Museum, but although he and his fellow-trustees were informed about the opportunity of acquiring the Stela at cost, nothing decisive ensued.

Mr. Charles Freer, Mr. Andrew Carnegie,

whom I several times visited in his home at his invitation; Mrs. Russell Sage, who was said to be especially interested, like Mr. Morgan, in the Church; and a number of others, were approached. But they made no move.

It was intimated that, as long as the Stela was publicly and gratis accessible in a municipal museum, there was no reason why the wealthy or the public-spirited, or both, should bother themselves with its acquisition.

The National Museum in Washington, which forms part of the Smithsonian Institution, whose chief was then, and is now, the able Dr. Charles D. Walcott, was anxious to acquire the Replica, but a congressional appropriation was not thought easy of attainment.

Here is what the head of the National Museum, Dr. Rathbun, wrote to his chief, Dr. Walcott, under date of February 4, 1909, while I was myself temporarily employed in that institution:

"—should this Stone be purchased by Mr. Larz Anderson or anyone, as a contribution to the National Museum, it would be a very gracious act, and the object would constitute an important, notable addition to the national collections."

Yet, neither Washington, nor New York, nor Philadelphia, where Dr. S. Weir Mitchell dem-

onstrated considerable interest, nor any of the other large cities, where men and women with national reputations busied themselves for a brief while with the Stone so as to try and divert it to their own centre and obtain the credit that would thus fall due from a grateful community, seemed to succeed in reaching any definite result, although three-quarter promises were as frequent as one dared reasonably to expect.

It was a more or less discouraging situation, and my friends and I soon put the brakes on our own energy, for it became increasingly obvious that we could not hope to become reimbursed, so long as the Replica was publicly accessible.

No one appreciated the need of securing it, when it could be inspected and examined gratis five days a week by anyone interested, and the two remaining days for a quarter!

Meanwhile, the Monument remained at its appointed place in the art museum of New York, close by the entrance to the Bishop jade collection, and many were the distinguished visitors who, as time went by, came from near and far in order to inspect and admire the faithful reproduction of one of history's most interesting inscriptions on stone.

The situation, indeed, was a peculiar one.

Here was the prize of an expedition that had cost thousands of dollars, universally praised by

professors, priests, and press, while others, less professional, sang the chorus.

Here the fruit of a widely lauded endeavour was exhibited in one of the world's richest and most important art museums, receiving visits from lay and learned alike, while theses and treatises were being broadcasted about its history and its rightful rank in archæology, composed in a dozen languages, and printed in a score of countries.

Here the result of a quest into comparatively speaking inaccessible and turbulent regions of the earth, had caused many a learned body in various countries to elect its commander to honorary or corresponding fellowship, even to bestow upon him their medals, presented supposedly for deeds well done; while numerous governments had followed suit by officially recognizing the scientific value of his efforts through conferment of their decorations.

Here was a situation, where an archæologic expedition, conducted intentionally till its very termination without fanfare or extravagance, had won approval to the extent that I had been permitted, and sometimes even re-invited, to lecture in almost all the important universities in the eastern states, and before archæologic and geographic bodies here and abroad.

And yet, the Stela remained in the Metropoli-

tan Museum of Art in New York for eight years—*as a loan!*

It seemed plain that, despite all the enthusiasm, all the favourable publicity, all the three-quarter promises from influential American men and women to acquire the Stone for their country, there was no real, sustained effort to carry out any such intention at all.

It was, to speak inelegantly, all "hot air"—at least, as soon as it came to a question of digging down into one's purse to cover the cost of the quest in order to secure the prize.

The principal part of the capital for the expedition had come out of the United States. It would, consequently, have given me great pleasure to see the Replica remain the property of the nation, placed worthily in the National Museum at the federal capital.

Failing this, I should have been glad if Sir Purdon Clarke's wish to retain the Stone in New York could have been fulfilled, or if the Monument could have gone to any other good museum in the country.

But this was not to be!

Unfortunately, Sir Purdon retired, and eventually died, not long after my return to New York.

His successor, Mr. Edward Robinson, never did manifest any interest in the Monument. He

simply kept quiet and let the Stone stand, remembering, probably, the admitted interest of J. Pierpont Morgan, R. W. de Forest, and other trustees, who were his direct superiors.

Meanwhile, I went on with my work.

The results attained through my expedition I generally divide into chapters, as it were, although I realize that the principal goal of all my efforts was to make known to the world the physical remaining proof of one of the greatest romances of history, that is, the early introduction of Christianity into the Chinese Empire of the golden Tang era, in A. D. 635—more than six centuries and a half ere the arrival of the second mission, that of Rome, under John of Montecorvino in A. D. 1292.

Among the results I count the following:

Obtaining the Replica; presenting a dozen reproductions in plaster of the Replica to so many countries; causing the original Monument to be put under roof; lecturing widely; writing personally and vicariously of the inscription.

Commenting upon these five milestones I am led to observe:

First: An exact Replica—the only one in existence—carved in the same material as the original, of the Nestorian Monument of China was obtained. It was exhibited as a loan in New York from 1908-1916; and early in 1917 it was

put permanently on view in the foremost Christian Museum extant, that of the Lateran in Rome, as pontifical property.

Second: Twelve Casts of the Replica, sturdily made of coloured plaster, have been distributed, as gifts from me, mostly without any subvention whatsoever. They may now be seen in the following places: the National Archæologic Museum of Athens; the Indian Museum of Calcutta; the National Museum of Caracas; the Great Royal Library of Copenhagen; the National Archæologic Museum of Madrid; the National Museum of Mexico City; McGill University of Montreal; Yale University of New Haven; the National Guimet Museum of Paris; and the Biblical Institute of Rome. Two more Casts are on their way to the State Museum for Anthropology of Berlin, and to the Imperial University of Kioto. A thirteenth Cast is ready for Robert College in Constantinople, should that hapless, patriarchal seat of Nestorius ever quiet down again.

I hope yet to distribute one or two Casts to centres that are really interested, although this appreciable strain on my finances must very soon cease forever.

Third: One indirect result of my expedition, that of causing the original Chingchiaopei to be put permanently under roof, in which endeavour

Full-size Cast of the Nestorian Replica in Yale University, the only reproduction in the U.S.A. The author has presented a dozen similar Casts to so many countries as mentioned in the text; one or two more may yet be cast from the Replica in Rome for museums or other centres of learning as gifts

missionaries and diplomats alike had dismally failed for decades, has been related elsewhere; but the removal into Sian-fu of the Monument is so gratifying a fact that, as such, it readily bears repetition.

Fourth: Fifty times, and more, I have delivered my illustrated lecture on the Monument and my expedition, in Europe and America, sometimes speaking in universities, sometimes before learned bodies, sometimes, though more seldom, before private gatherings.

Fifth: Besides the present popular account of my work, I have published technical reports and archæological observations anent the inscription and allied questions, while great numbers of articles in scientific periodicals, popular magazines, and newspapers have appeared, and still do appear, in both capital and minor cities, as well as in the remotest corners of the globe, as evidenced by the necessarily limited contents of my scrapbook, making more widely known the great memorial of what is today termed the East Assyrian Church, the Nestorian Monument of China.

Not everybody, however, seems to have agreed with the above indicated results as facts.

From time to time, a book or two have appeared, the authors of which would prove travellers who had gone as far as Sian-fu—sometimes even farther.

If the mention of the Nestorian Monument by these writers can be taken as a criterion by which to weigh the rest of the information offered in their books, they might better have remained unprinted.

Casually I select the following contributions, intended for an eagerly waiting world of science:

Robert Sterling Clark, an American, wrote a book concerning Shensi and Kansu provinces. In it he mentions Sian-fu and the Monument, and he volunteers the information, referring to the Replica and me, that "after endless trouble with Customs officials and others, he dumped it down and left it somewhere along the Yang-tse."

When Mr. Clark was apprized of his error, he did not prove sportsmanlike enough even to express regret. Probably his own reported troubles with the authorities in China were of such a nature that he was but too anxious to banish everything Celestial from his mind forever.

Then I recall the irrepressible traveller, William Edgar Geil, also an American, who pinned a homemade flag onto what he considered the terminus of the Great Wall, and who later went visiting all eighteen provincial capitals of China proper. Mr. Geil knocks a couple of feet off the height of our Monument in describing it and then goes on to tell about "some white men," who

came upon the Stone, "and made very careful arrangements to reproduce it exactly." Mr. Geil, who avers he outdid Stanley in Africa, concludes: "In this they were so successful that local rumour credited them with the intention of leaving the Replica and marching off with the original—."

Then there was a British consular official, by name Eric Teichman, who went to Shensi recently. Even at this late date, travellers to Sian-fu remain unfamiliar with the work which has been done to make the Stone known. Mr. Teichman proved that he was not well-posted, but, at least, he was sportsman enough to stand corrected when his error was courteously pointed out.

Last, but not least, there was considerable mention in one of Mr. Roy Chapman Andrews's recent articles, in a New York magazine called "Asia," of the city of Sian-fu. In a few lines—a mere paragraph—this zoologist succeeded in presenting more mistakes concerning the Stone than tolerably permissible. A spectral photograph of the Monument in the Peilin accompanied Mr. Andrews's venture into archæology.

It would have been infinitely more thrilling to read about the serious trouble, including arrest according to Mr. Hagquist, that Mr. Andrews and his hunter-companion experienced with the

Christian General Feng in Shensi, who objected to their old-fashioned conception of the white man's rights and burdens and what not.

To return to the question of the fate of the Replica, I remember presenting in the autumn of 1909 a letter of introduction to Dr. N. M. Butler, the head of Columbia University in New York, from a mutual friend, Mr. J. Coleman Drayton, in order to hear whether Professor Butler might be able to offer any suggestion, whereby the Replica could be secured for the United States.

I was referred to Professor Friedrich Hirth, the chief of the Chinese department in the university, who had come with me the year before to the museum in order to inspect the fruit of my labours from the sinological point of view.

Like other sinologues, Dr. Hirth, who had spent several decades in China's foreign custom's service, agreed that the inscription was a speaking proof of the skill of eastern craftsmanship, and even wrote me a cordial letter, dated October 28, 1908, from which I quote the following passage:

"—the scientific value of your expedition to Sian-fu is beyond dispute. The similarity of all the detail in the Chinese and Syriac portions of the text, as compared with both a rubbing and a photograph taken of the original, is quite remarkable, and I think that, next to the original

itself, no reproduction could give us a better idea of the Stone, which ever since its discovery has been regarded as one of the most important subjects of Chinese archæological research. Your idea of having plaster-casts made of your Replica is a good one,—and I hope we shall soon see the Monument represented in that shape in the museums of Europe and America.—"

Dr. Hirth's hope has been fulfilled during his well-earned *otium cum dignitate* in Munich, where this delightful, aged scholar retired after the pact of Versailles.

Professor Hirth, however, is not the only sinologue who has passed on the wonderful accuracy and beauty of the Replica.

The Chinese minister in Rome, Mr. Wang Kuang Ky, who is an acknowledged classical scholar, examined the inscription with care in the Lateran, while the Rev. W. Hagquist, a missionary at Sian-fu, when on furlough in the States, examined it in New York. Both found it highly satisfactory.

Professor Yoshisaburo Okakura of Tokio visited and examined the Replica in New York during 1909 and, according to his colleague, Professor P. Y. Saeki, "found, to his satisfaction, that it was a very good Replica indeed."

Professor Kuwabara, of the Imperial University at Kioto, in company with Professor

Uno, were in Sian-fu for a while in the fall of 1907, and they learned of my task there, although I did not have the honour of making their acquaintance.

Professor Okakura was undoubtedly inspired to make his visit to the museum in New York by the writings of his two compatriots about their travels in northwest China and the Stone.

When the Replica had been in the Metropolitan Museum for eight years, the new curator of Far Eastern art, a Hollander by name of Mr. S. C. Bosch Reitz, decided that he wanted the space occupied by the Stone for something else, and a *ukase* was consequently promulgated to that effect.

Such an occurrence, of course, would have been unthinkable in the days of Sir Purdon Clarke.

It is not for me to divulge in this book the motives behind this move, but I hope to speak of them elsewhere. Suffice it to say that, while some unimportant exhibit was temporarily placed in the space which the Replica had so long occupied, that spot was for years utterly innocent of being invested, except by air, although a piece of ceramic was put there on a wooden pedestal about a year ago according to its Cerberus.

Thus the museum, after eight years loanship, but without prospect of becoming its owner, gratefully ejected the Replica.

The unexpected result of this surprising act was that the Monument, within a few months, came to occupy a place of honour, opposite the principal entrance, amidst the greatest Christian collections ever assembled, namely those in the beautiful former palace of the popes, the Lateran in Rome.

It was during the summer of 1916 that the Stela was laboriously brought downstairs into the basement of the New York Museum, where it enjoyed a well-earned rest behind lock and key, until I had it motor-trucked to the workshop of a moulder, who could build a protecting skeleton of planks around it.

From the workshop, my favourite companion, to wit the Replica, and I set sail on the "Duca d'Aosta" for Genoa on October 21, 1916.

Prolonged negotiations had taken place during the past few months, and the nominal ownership of the Stone had again been transferred.

The new legal owner, a Roman Catholic convert, asked me what I thought best, and I replied that decision depended upon whether one desired to serve one's country or one's spiritual head in such a case.

The donor had the choice of presenting the Monument either to the National Museum in Washington, where Dr. Walter Hough and I had once tentatively selected a suitable spot for

the Stela, or to the Pontiff in Rome, to whom I had myself the year before presented a Cast of the Stone, like those I had given to Denmark and other countries, and which had been set up in the Lateran.

It was finally decided that the Replica should go to Rome, and, truth to tell, I was not against it being lost to the United States, where, for upwards of a decade, men and women had given me the one near-promise of reimbursement after the other, but where no such promise had been redeemed.

To the future pleasure of jotting down some autobiographic notes belong the details of the victorious entry and permanent erection of the Replica in Rome and my own pleasant experiences in the Eternal City.

Here I shall simply outline that—despite Austrian submarines, and a new set of troublesome customs officials—the Stone and I arrived at our destination, and that, on November 26, 1916, at the first of my private audiences of Pope Benedict XV, I formally offered the prize of my Chinese quest to His Holiness on behalf of the distant convert in New York.

There was, financially, something exquisitely humourous in this act of homage!

For the Replica, when it was re-erected in the

Lateran, early in 1917, stood my associates and me in some 140,000 Lire at a moment when the exchange was around 6.40 Lire to the dollar, and of this sum the "donor" had furnished less than one-third, while my family and friends, and I myself, pocketed the remaining two-thirds as a dead loss and let it go at that.

My ten weeks in Rome passed like so many days.

I feel sorry that I am not to relate here all the kindly hospitality that I was the object of, despite the war, nor of the considerable interest that the arrival and erection of the Stela created, among "blacks and whites" alike.

However, besides the gracious benevolence of Pope Benedict, I benefitted by the kind interest and wise decisions of a number of men, among whom I must mention Cardinal Gasparri, Cardinal Gasquet, Cardinal Falconio, Signor Galli, the director-general of the pontifical museums; Commendatore Professor Orazio Marucchi, the famous Vatican archæologist and director of the Christian Museum of the Lateran, and many others, including the charming and accomplished diplomat, Monsignor Sanz de Samper, now pontifical Major Domo.

The Danish minister, an old acquaintance, Mr. Andreas Oldenburg, as well as the Chinese minister, mentioned above, entertained me; while the

American ambassador, the novelist, Dr. Thomas Nelson Page, received me and expressed his interest in the Replica and his deep regret that it had not been retained in America.

The above mentioned names are chosen at random and not out of my diary, so I fear that I may have passed by many a person to whom I am under obligation.

The learned librarian of the Vatican, Monsignor Achille Ratti, with whom I had a long conference about certain Nestorian rubbings in the Vatican collections, and whom I later visited anew, was keenly interested in the Replica.

I was told that the learned librarian, who had long been the head of the Ambrosian Library of Milan, would like to see the Nestorian Cast, which I had presented the year before to the Pope and which was then in the Lateran, ordered to Milan.

Unfortunately, the Pope decided that the Cast should be re-erected in the Biblical Institute in Rome, while the Stone-Replica was set up in the Lateran—not where the Cast had stood, but, as indicated, opposite the main-entrance, which caused considerable expense, re-arrangement, and trouble, as a huge sarcophagus had to be moved upstairs in order to yield the better space.

Now that Monsignor Ratti has been elevated

to the Chair of St. Peter, it is only natural that His Holiness has but to command in order to have a Cast placed at Milan.

I witnessed the creation of a number of cardinals from the diplomatic loge, and I repeatedly visited various catacombs with Professor Marucchi; I lectured under Cardinal Gasquet's roof, with three cardinals—among them Cardinal Bourne from London—and three ministers plenipotentiary to the Vatican in the front *fauteuils,* and I repeated my lecture for Qurinal circles, as it were, in the American Academy on the Janiculum, while I spoke in French at the *Cancelleria* before the members of the Papal Society of Christian Archæology concerning the manner in which accuracy had been attained in inscribing the Replica.

But time flew, and the appointed day for my farewell audience of His Holiness came only too soon.

Never shall I forget the kindness of the little, frail Father in White, who again hindered me from kneeling, when I entered, and who seemed to know all about my lectures and other doings in Rome over the past weeks.

Pope Benedict's last words—we spoke French—as I backed out of his presence were:

"And, when you have once more been on long

journeys, and you come to Rome, you must not go by my door!"

The Pontiff honoured me with an autographed photograph, bearing a holograph inscription lauding my work in generous terms.

I returned to the United States without seeing the Replica actually re-erected in the Lateran—any more than I ever saw the original Stela finally set up in the Peilin of Sian-fu. But I know from photographs, and from relatives who have seen it, that Professor Marucchi saw to it that everything was most satisfactorily finished.

The Replica now rests on a marble-base, which raises it to a total height of over eleven feet.

The pedestal bears an inscription, composed by the Latin secretary to the popes, Monsignor Galli, and indicating to the visitor within the Lateran, what the Chingchiaopei, the MONUMENTUM SYRO-SINICUM, stands for, and how it was brought into the Eternal City to remain under pontifical jurisdiction and ownership.

As to my own share in all of this—I am termed FRIDERICUS HOLM EX DANIA in the Latin inscription—it has magnanimously been distinguished as follows:

DILIGENTISSIME NEC SINE CAPITIS PERICULO.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES:

(Reprinted with minor changes from "Who's Who in America," 1922-23.)

HOLM, Frits (Vilhelm); explorer, author, lecturer; born Charlottenlund, Copenhagen, Denmark, July 23, 1881; elder son of Consul-General Frederik Holm and Emma (Bording) Holm; educated in private and government Latin schools (1887-1895) and Danish Royal Navy (1895-1900); D.C.L. Susquehanna University, LL.D. Lincoln Memorial University, etc.; married at New York, October 9, 1919, Marguerite Macdonough Green, Lady of Grace of the Constantinian Order of St. George, only child of Warren L. Green, President of the American Bank Note Company, and Jeanne (Thierry) Green. In newspaper work China, Japan, U. S. A., England, and Scandinavia since 1901; royal sworn interpreter-translator, Danish government license (1905-21); twice a circumnavigator; Associated Press correspondent at Interparliamentary Conference in House of Lords, July, 1906; commanded the Holm-Nestorian Expedition to Sian-fu (1907-8); government guest in Mexico, 1911; a former editor of "Records of the Past"; a literary critic on the New York Times (1909-12); correspondent to Danish newspapers since 1903, and to Petermann's Mitteilungen; Boy Scout Commissioner (1913-16); chief of naval staff of volunteer F. A. C. (1914-17); mission to the Vatican (1916-17); American war-correspondent for Leslie's, etc., in northern Europe (1917-18); commissioner abroad and delegate-general of Cuban Red Cross (1918-19); although of neutral nationality served 25 months in world war; diplomatic envoy extraordinary of the Republic of San Marino to President Harding's inauguration (1921); hon. Professor in archæology under Mexican Ministry of Public Instruction (1923).

Decorations: Senator-Grand-Cross with Collar of the Constantinian Order of St. George (the most ancient Order

of Chivalry extant, and of which Cardinal Gibbons received the only other Grand Cross ever conferred in the U. S. A.); Grand Cross (for services in the world war) of the Cuban Order of Honour and Merit; Grand Cross with Swords of St. Cyril and St. Methodius; Knight-Commander of the Orders of the Redeemer (Greece), St. Sylvester (Holy See), and the Liberator (U. S. of Venezuela); Coronation Medal and Royal Red Cross (Spain); Cambodgian Medal of Merit in gold (France); additional decorations from Austria, Belgium, Bulgaria, Cuba, France, Holy See, Japan, Liechtenstein, Mexico, Portugal, Russia, and Spain—decorated in all 44 times (1902-22).

Gold-medallist, honorary, corresponding, and life member of 29 scientific and humane societies and royal academies in 13 countries. *Author:* The Nestorian Monument (1909), etc., and numerous magazine articles. Has lectured extensively in Denmark, U. S. A., Canada, Italy, and Mexico. *Clubs:* Royal Yacht (Copenhagen), the Authors' (London). *Office:* 14 John Street, New York; telegraphic address: FRITSHOLM NEWYORK.

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(Certain entries like, for example, "Loess," "Sian-fu," and a few others, have not been mentioned each time they reappear due to too frequent occurrence in the text. The subject-chapters, dealing e. g. with "Sian-fu," are mentioned by page in this Index, but otherwise the extensive existence of certain names and appellations is indicated merely by an "etc.")

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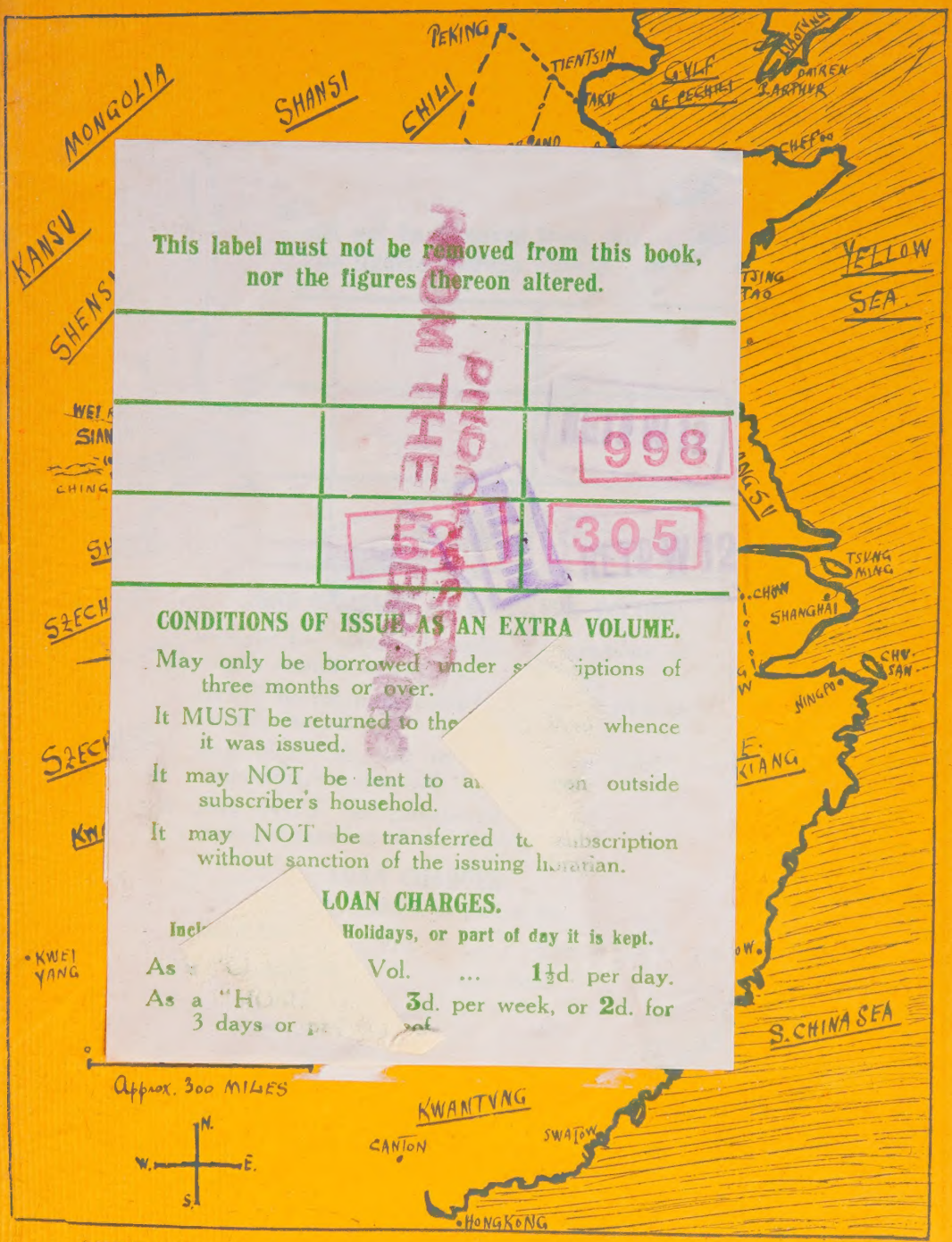

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